Nov. 19, 1960

THE NEW YORKER

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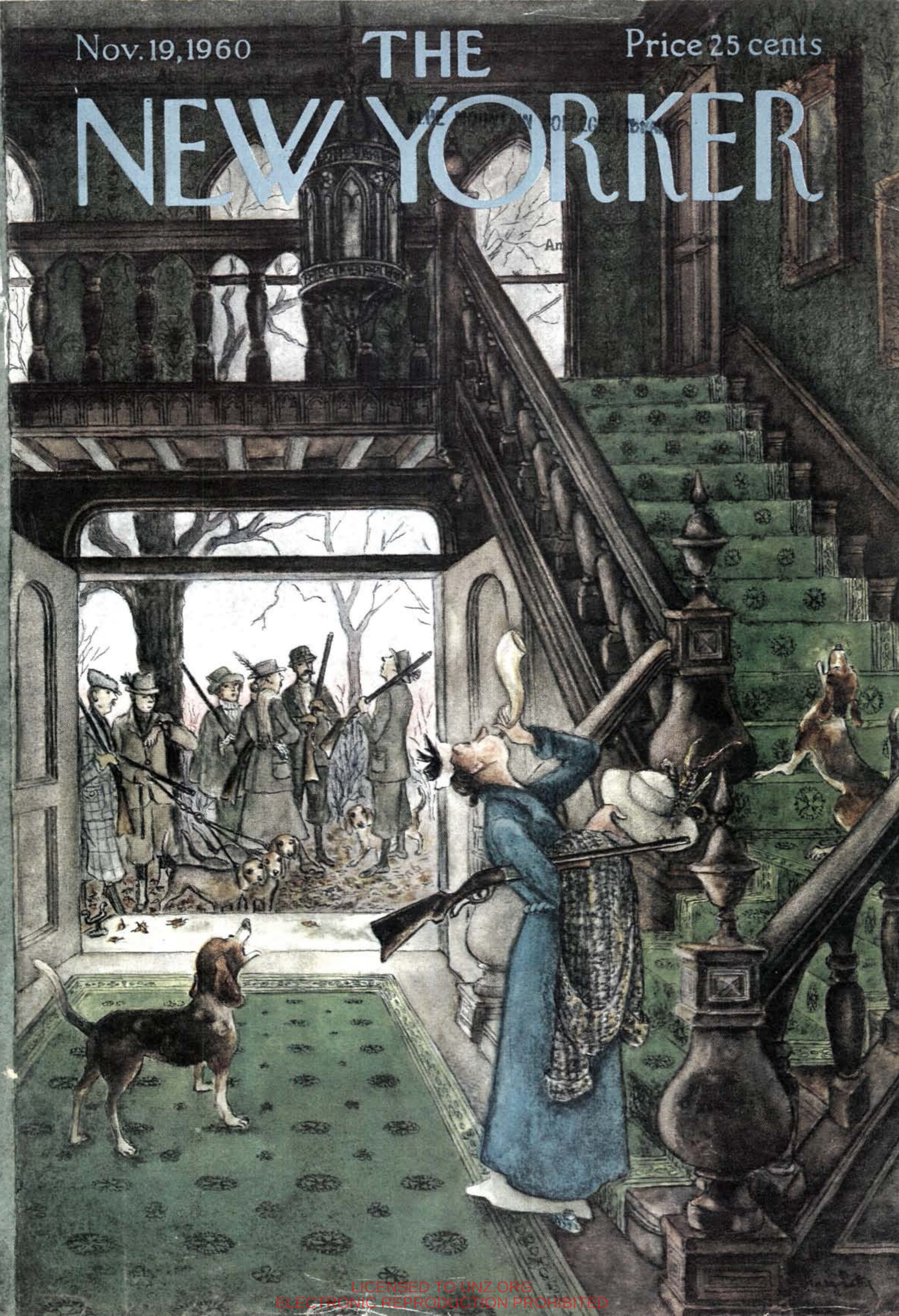

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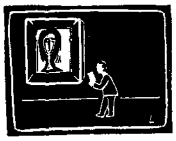
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Becket—Jean Anouilh's lengthy and loosely woven dramatization of the twelfth-century struggle between the Primate of England and his Plantagenet king. Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn represent, respectively, Church and State in the drama, but their styles of acting don't blend very well. Peter Glenville is responsible for the direction. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Best Man—Gore Vidal's lively and provocative view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. Melvyn Douglas (upstanding) and Frank Lovejoy (amoral) are the rivals for the nomination, and they do well, as does Lee Tracy, cast as a former President who doesn't mind principles as long as they don't hurt the Party. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Face of a Hero—Originally a diversion for television, this melodrama concerns itself with all kinds of unlikely situations in telling about the slow corruption of a Northern lawyer in a Southern town. Entrapped in the business are such fine actors as Jack Lemmon, Albert Dekker, James Donald, George Grizzard, Betsy Blair, and Frank Conroy. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik struggles sturdily to establish himself as a domestic tyrant in this gentle comedy about a Jewish family in Syracuse. He never proves his point, but he is reasonably amusing. And so are Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff, who assist him in his endeavors. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Hostage—Brendan Behan's diverting vaudeville, which shoots off uproariously in all directions. The plot (if it can be called that) centers on a British soldier who has been taken captive by the I.R.A. and imprisoned in a Dublin brothel. The play has been skillfully directed by Joan Littlewood, and the performers, headed by Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage, are practically flawless. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Invitation to a March—The Sleeping Beauty legend superimposed on some awkward situations that assorted denizens of the South Shore of Long Island get themselves into when the summer sun is high. Arthur Laurents's comedy hasn't quite the necessary bounce to make fantasy on the dunes entirely entrancing, but it does have the services of such meritorious performers as Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, and Richard Derr. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Period of Adjustment—Tennessee Williams' views on how difficult it is for young people to adapt themselves to matrimony. Mr. Williams' advice isn't very original, and his play—half serious, half comic—isn't very original, either. However, there are solid performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney, a North Country English girl who wrote this play when she was nineteen, has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Angela Lansbury and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Joan Plowright and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Andrew Ray)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. All the actors give excellent performances, but highest honors must be reserved for Miss Plowright. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 20.)

A Thurber Carnival—Burgess Meredith has directed this Thurber medley, which includes stories, drawings, captions, and fables, to say nothing of the acting of Paul Ford and, by golly, of the author himself. In its quiet way, it couldn't be funnier. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

Toys in the Attic—A spinster sister is sensually attracted to her brother, and that isn't all that's wrong with the New Orleans family about whom Lillian Hellman has written this convoluted but stirring play. With Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, and Irene Worth. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23; and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Wall—In this dramatization of the John Hersey novel, Millard Lampell is only fitfully successful in describing the awful plight of the Jews immured in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. The play was directed by Morton DaCosta and has a cast that includes George C. Scott, Yvonne Mitchell, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the miracle worker:** Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Anne Bancroft is the teacher who rescues her. Their author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the tenth man:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A comedy by Lawrence Roman, with Gig Young and Sandra Church. Directed by Joseph Anthony and produced by Frederick Brisson and Roger L. Stevens. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—A delightful surprise: a musical comedy that is both comical and musical. Starring Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke, it has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart, plus dazzling direction by Gower Champion. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce originally created for French consumption by Alexandre Breffort and later put into English by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman. The book and lyrics are pretty offensive as they leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography, by Onna White, displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Under the direction of George Abbott, this musical about the adventures of a minister investigating vice in the low haunts of Manhattan at the turn of the century is loud and active but, alas, not very funny. Mr. Abbott collaborated with Jerome Weidman on the book, Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock provided words and music respectively, and Cecil Beaton created the sets and costumes. Maurice Evans has the role of the Gotham Dante, and Ron Husmann, Wynne

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LANVIN
Our old favorites,
plus one—
Lanvin's brilliant Crescendo
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker are among the others frisking about. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be a lag here and there in this rhythmical description of the ascension of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass in question, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as stimulating as a summer band concert. The sets, by Oliver Smith, and the choreography, by Peter Gennaro, are fetching, and Dore Schary's direction is apt. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiorello!**: The Little Flower transplanted to the stage with appropriate vigor, and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock (q.v. *supra*). Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **gypsy**: The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, put to music by Jule Styne. Ethel Merman is the stripper's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **the music man**: Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Bert Parks) who falls in love with a librarian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady**: Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **la plume de ma tante**: A mosaic of French farce and burlesque. Robert Dhéry and Colette Brosset are among the clowns. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music**: A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **take me along**: William Bendix, Eileen Herlie, Sidney Blackmer, and Robert Morse in a musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **west side story**: "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Carol Lawrence (who will be replaced by Carol Taylor on Monday, Nov. 21) and Allyn Ann McLerie lead the cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Advise and Consent—A dramatization by Loring Mandel of Allen Drury's novel, with a cast that includes Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, and Henry Jones. Presented by Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr, in association with John Herman, and directed by Franklin Schaffner. Opens Thursday, Nov. 17. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Deep Are the Roots—A revival of the Arnaud d'Usseau-James Gow play. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Drums Under the Windows—A crowded, faithful adaptation by Paul Shyre of the third of Sean O'Casey's billowy autobiographical novels. The time is early in the century and the setting Dublin, and it all depends on how much O'Casey prose you can ingest at one sitting. The cast, which includes Martyn Green as the elder O'Casey, is admirable under Mr. Shyre's direction. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

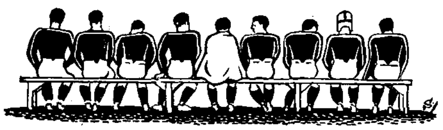
The Fantasticks—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door, chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Greenwich Village, U.S.A.—A musical revue, whose title unfortunately explains all. The cast is extremely peppy, but loses in the end. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a last-minute replacement, concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Here Come the Clowns—Philip Barry, in a cosmological late-thirties frame of mind. The members of the cast, playing a group of vaudevillians, argue a lot about good and evil, toss one another about, and shoot off guns. The dust never quite settles. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and George Bartenieff. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)



Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Man and Superman—A revival of George Bernard Shaw's play, presented by the Gate Repertory Company and directed by Matt Conley. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

La Ronde—Arthur Schnitzler's celebrated sexual circle has all the fascination of a chart of a round-robin golf tournament but little of the fascination of a play. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosemary and **The Alligators**—Jo Van Fleet and Piper Laurie in two one-act plays by Molly Kazan. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

She Stoops to Conquer—An awry production of Goldsmith's schoolboy's-delight spoof of the English country gentry. Stuart Vaughan, who directed, attempts to tone up this thin property with comic textual revisions and by allowing his cast (Gerry Jedd and Juliet Randall are present) to go about its duties with everything but stylishness. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Marked down from fourpence. In the cast are Gerald Price and Nancy Andrews. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Con Amore," "Medea," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 20: "Firebird," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 20: "Fanfare," "Illumina-

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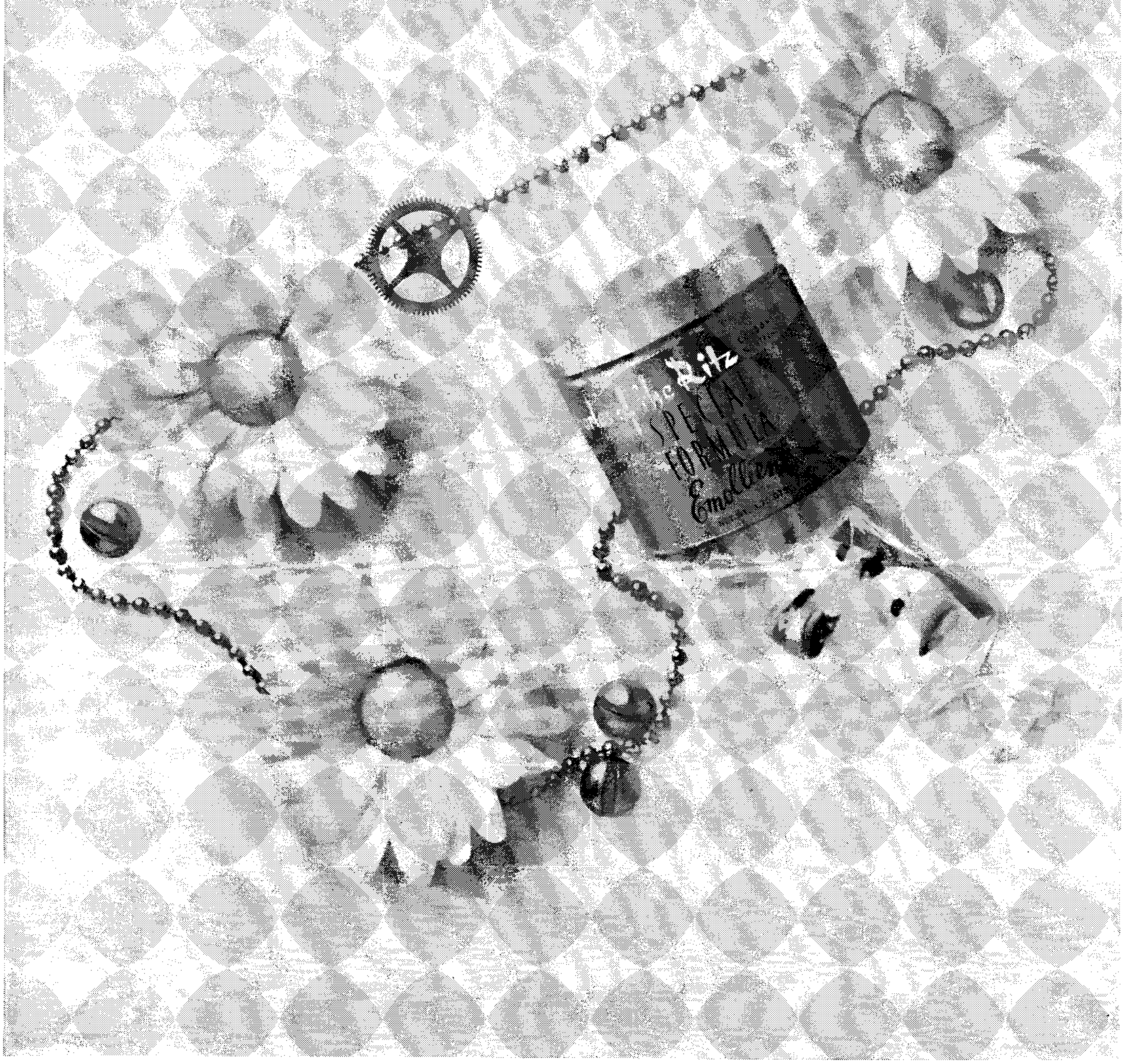

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tions," "Variations from Don Sebastian," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 22: "Interplay," "Liebeslieder Walzer" (première), and "Western Symphony." (A benefit for the New York City Ballet's Production Fund and the Fund for Free Performances for Children.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 23: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Illuminations," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday matinée, Nov. 25: "Fanfare," "Illuminations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 25: "La Sonnambula," "Episodes," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 26: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Dix," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 15.)

Tamiris-Nagrin Dance Company—In its first performance. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

A Curious Evening with Gypsy Rose Lee—The last two in a series of showings of a silent film on her life, assembled and narrated by Miss Lee herself. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Monday, Nov. 21, and Monday, Nov. 28, both at 8:40.)

Mort Sahl—A prominent news psychoanalyst. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—That fine old Hollywood formula—stars in your eyes, maybe even stars in your hair. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The fifty million Frenchmen involved in "The Vagabond King," Rudolf Friml's contribution to science fiction, are represented in the Cotillion Room by Jimmy Carroll, Jack Russell, and the jovial Wilbur Evans, plus a thing of beauty named Norma French. This war with Burgundy, which breaks out at dinner and supper, comes to an end on Sunday, Nov. 20; on Tuesday, Nov. 22, Mr. Carroll and Mr. Evans will be transplanted to a room-size version of Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta." Between the dinner and supper showings, there's dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chargé d'affaires in the amiable old Persian Room is Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate. His musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers do dance music the whole evening. At dinner and supper, there's a grandstand play by Lilo, a songstress out to do or die for *la belle France*. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Maximillian Bergere's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing in the vasty Grill most of the evening. By far the best of it is afforded by a big band, run by Warren Covington's saxophone, that is the heir and assign of Tommy Dorsey. In deference to the management, it keeps its voice low. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening, Gloria De Haven, soprano, does a there's-no-business-like-show-business session with Peter Appleyard's bouncy quartet. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Gunnar Hansen's orchestra are exactly appropriate to the splendid Roman cityscape of the Columns; his dance music is exactly appropriate to the lifetime-in-New-York couples who take to the floor. Charles Holden's band does the rest of the work. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Those reasonably heavenly twins, the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing) and the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin), are at their social whirling most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room is Emil Coleman, a reminder of the days when all New York was a supper club until daybreak. His eloquent dance band alternates with Theo Fanidi's lively little group. Eight-thirty is kickoff time. At nine-thirty and again at midnight, there are visitations by the Kim Sisters, a group of gypsies who give us American popular music (voice and instrument both) and its accompanying gymnastics as seen through the eyes of three impressionable young Koreans. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from six to eight-thirty, music for footwork until one, or even (on Saturdays) two. The small armies of Ray Bari and Michael Zarin do the instrumentation. The Sunday pattern is contemplation from six to eight, footwork until one, and the Baris do the whole job.

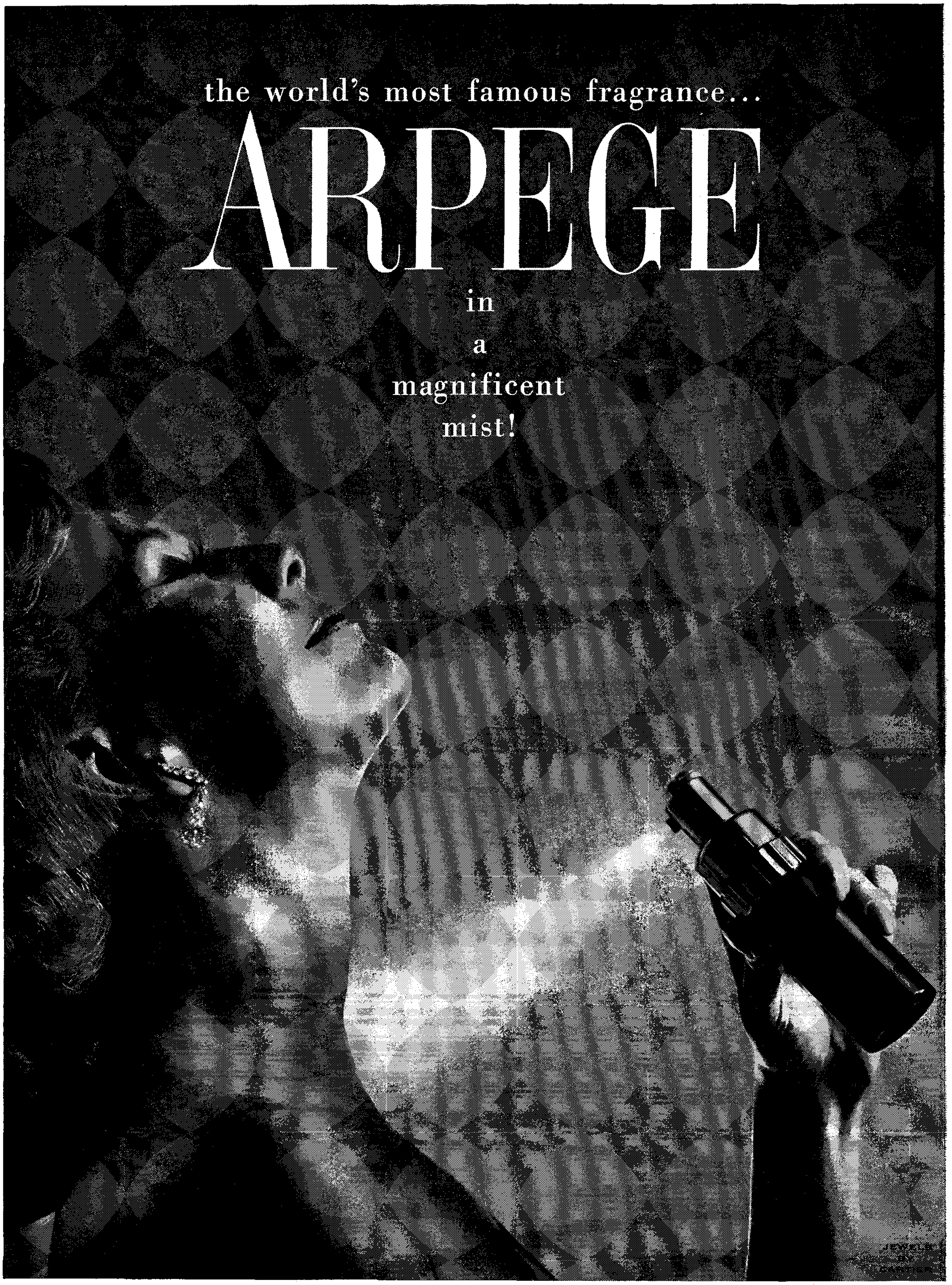
Note—The Rainbow Room, a cloud on point duty over midtown Manhattan, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Show business and the *crême*-of-the-*menthe* club getting along better than anyone expected.

The parade is accompanied by the piano of Jack Banan, a reliable old jazzhound. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The college-entrance exams here are lightly conducted. Some of the old grads hang around, but they leave elbowroom for a good many undergraduates of this definitely coeducational institution. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins, landlord, and Wayne Sanders alternate thereafter until, following the theatre, they close ranks for sassafras four-hand music. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The Taj Mahal in a perfect state of preservation. Unperturbed by its grandeur, Cy Walter cracks many a sly joke in his pianoforte recitations, which occur with considerable frequency between cocktails and one in the morning. Joel Forbes is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): When in Rome, though not with American Express. Herman Honigsberg's plangent choir of mobile violins and a crew of mobile guitarists vie with the visitors from our shores. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence *en famille* is the attitude. Italian, too, is the burden of the sound track, a large part of it (from Thursday through Saturday) being Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. The rest of the week, the busy B. does without his sidekicks. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario of a toy opera company that worships at the shrines of Puccini and Leoncavallo. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle bought intact from the Brothers Grimm surplus stock. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his soulful violin from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this really eminent domain, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin-American song-and-dance team uses the dining room as a gymnasium. There is dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A royal enclosure, with bar. George Feyer, an old family retainer, does his Viennese chopsticks on the piano, beginning at eight-thirty and going through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The Appian way of life in an expansive, leisurely state of mind. No Vespas or Lambrettas to clutter the pavement—only a group of dulcet strolling musicians who are on their inexhaustible feet from six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The sun always shines on this bank of the Blue Danube, where a satisfying picnic lunch is laid out by a swarm of violinists, zimbalon players, and singers. Tibor Rakossy's romantic tenor does the best lyrics; the sopranos can become overwrought. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Captain Cook's tour of Polynesia, with a plausibly indigenous bill of fare, and musicians whanging away at what is certainly Polynesian music. George Taylor, an American tourist, is on hand every night but Sunday to make the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old friend, a bit bigger now around the middle, which you may not recognize in its new Moorish garb. The kitchen, though, is still of the West. Conrad Monjoy cajoles the diners with pillow-talk piano during the evening; Richard Wilson's violin chimes in now and again. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): It's just a short drive from Madrid to this hacienda, where the most noticeable sound all evening is Fernando Sirvent's well-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LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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spoken guitar. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The minute bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for Renato Rossini's Mediterranean guitar. Nine-thirty to one is his orbit. No music Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the salubrious expanse of indoor landscaping called Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A considerable portion of the amusement could be rated as Wiener schnitzel, but then, as of Tuesday, Nov. 22, there will be Yvonne Constant, who has had her moments in "La Plume de Ma Tante," to do an aria or two. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who should be seen and are rarely heard are heaped in every cranny of the tremendous gallimaufry that twice an evening overflows the banks here. The most picturesque are the Rudas Dancers, six Australians who use the stage as a mere launching pad. None of all these estimable ladies are given away as door prizes, more's the pity. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Johnnie Ray, a loadstone that draws all eyes, all ears, is walking his baby, his audience, and his God back home every night in a song recital that is bursting at the seams. Quincy Jones' band, seventeen hands strong, sticks around to operate on its own and also serve as Mr. Ray's background, but George Shearing's quintet is already hull down on a slow dream boat to other climes. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): A central casting office for jokesmiths. Joey Bishop, a prominent pillar of the trade, is doing the interviewing of these wits, who sit around all evening waiting to recite, and is occasionally throwing an outer-world jest at the rest of us. In between, the Four Lads sing as though they were back home on a Canadian sleigh ride, and the gracile ladies of the corps de ballet wave their gracile flippers like untrained seals. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

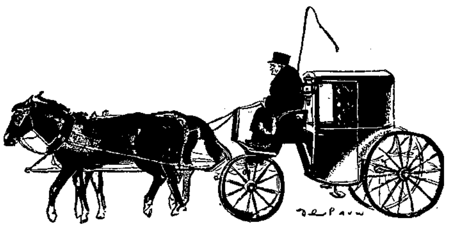
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, pretty and prettily indignant about a world she never made, is proceeding, with the vocal strength of ten, to give it its comeuppance; Irwin Corey, a man of few intelligible words, is paraphrasing the sort of thinking that got the world into the state Miss Loudon is objecting to. The counterpoint to all this banter is Maysa Matarazzo, a Brazilian nightingale with great persuasion. The stage is set by Jimmy Lyons' trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his able-bodied sidemen) and Otis Clements's piano. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Sundays through Fridays, Alex Fogarty does lingering watercolor piano from six to eight, and the Lyonses often contribute a few stanzas early in the morning. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," Julius Monk's newest revue, is a formal affair dedicated to rattling the skeletons in the closets of Park Avenue, Broadway, Washington, and Fort Lauderdale. The resulting report (reading time: ninety minutes) provides some of the lightest bedtime literature on record. The cast—Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl—could only with difficulty be improved upon. William Roy and Carl Norman are the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The launching times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Clark Allen, most recently the musical background that supported "The World of Carl Sandburg," is turning loose voice and guitar; Margarita Allen is his vocal compeer as well as a whirling dervish. This pleasurable pair sets to at ten; Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston start testing the piano for sound at nine. The Allens end their visit on Tuesday, Nov. 22; next evening, Jane Connell and Jack Fletcher will start putting their four heads together and letting the customers in on at least some of the results. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The Bon Soir mixture as before. The important segments of it are Tony and Eddie's ferociously rough-and-ready mimicry of performers who have been injudicious enough to commit their lifework to recordings, and the rantipole music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Jimmie Daniels, the prop., chips in with his boulevardier ballads; Peter Daniels looks after the intermission piano. On Tuesday, Nov. 22, Sallie Blair and her rumpus songs will be added to the blend. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the neighborly alcove off the bar, around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata tells a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. In the refectory, which is to the rear, a revue couched in firecracker Spanish goes off like Old Faithful. It contains Tun Tun, a Mexican street urchin who gets into everybody's act. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton and Ralph Strain have the run of the piano, which consequently is in a very good mood. This eyrie is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Nothing whatever to do with the castle (or the musical) of the same name. At one end of its long, narrow showroom, the completely engaging Matt Dennis plays piano and (floated along by two sidemen) sings songs of the people in that open-all-night voice of his, and a buttercup named Isobel Robins does her happy-go-lucky laments for the gloriously misspent lives of dwellers in Manhattan. Ten is the zero hour; closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Happy as the night is long are the fingers of Ralph Sutton as they cakewalk along the keyboard, and welcome, too, are other long-term absentees, such as Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin, both of them part of the Sutton tour party. Bob Corwin has fun on the piano whenever the band eases offstage. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, sometimes incommunicado for a couple of choruses between the dying leaps of his horn, is supervising a set of four sidemen, Sonny Stitt and Paul Chambers among them. The alternating current of progression comes from the trio of Bill Evans, who thoroughly understands the purpose of a piano. There's also an afternoon session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Clambake time in midtown Manhattan. The incidental music arrives from several sources, the most promising of which is Tyree Glenn's collection of tomfoolers (Jo Jones and Tommy Potter are among those concerned, or unconcerned). Martin Denny's crew of Hawaiian minstrels (too many grace notes spoil the *poi*) and the *bel canto* of Adam Wade, who (when you shut your eyes) could be any singer at all, complete the cast. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Another worthy effort to preserve 52nd Street for posterity. Inside the circular bar sits a piano splendidly stroked by Marian McPartland in a semi-detached modern fashion. She and her trio, in which the resounding bass of Ben Tucker is involved, begin at ten. John Bunch, a prominent member of the new-school introspectionists, gets to the piano a bit earlier, along with Henry Grimes, his bass man. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Salt City Six is settling down for a run. Its musicians believe that what was good enough for Grandpa is, etc. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening sessions; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A crash program, operating day and night to get the work done. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman, the soirées by a staggering array of manpower—Lionel Hampton's house wreckers (off duty Sundays), Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Sol Yaged's quintet (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays), and Buddy Rich and his All-Stars, (who leave on Saturday, Nov. 19). The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . ¶ The small conservatory upstairs will be occupied on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, by the Riches. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Village choir now assembled for the edification of this mighty youth hostel contains the Jazztet, a joint enterprise run by Art Farmer and Benny Golson; Mal Waldron's trio, which comes a bit closer to earth in its orbit than the Jazztet does; and Ernestine Anderson, a singer who amounts to a very pretty tempest in a very small teapot. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): One rally or another is generally in action here, and since Jonah Jones is required to keep his trumpet down among the lower decibels, a fair (or unfair) amount of room noise can creep into the heated sessions of his foursome. Harold Quinn's trio is a paperweight. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): An audience that, for a change, pays strict attention. On the dais above the silent throng is the quintet of Charlie Mingus, one of the seven wonders of the modern (that is to say "progressive") world. It leaves on Sunday, Nov. 20. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Before a student body that seemingly is never assigned homework, Herbie Mann's crew of African and Caribbean beachcombers, along with a myriad drums, sets up rhythms that were meant for pagan ballets. Earl May's trio and Charles Bell's quartet bring up the rear. All hands depart on Wednesday, Nov. 23; the next night, the group belonging to Buddy Rich, who represents joy-of-living North American drummery, and the swarm of musicians belonging to Maynard Ferguson, whose orchestrations are all in praise of St. Vitus, will arrive. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The dialogue conducted by Toshiko Akiyoshi's piano and Charlie Mariano's saxophone is in turn vibrant, casual, and sentimental. These two talents share a quartet, and they are off duty on Tuesdays. The scenery is extremely earth-bound. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Onstage, "X" marks the spot where Thelonious Monk has been known to sit down at his piano and conduct his hope-for-the-future sonatas. He and his disciples take turns with Gil Evans' band, a twelve-man lot whose versatile muse wears



both sock and buskin, both silks-and-satins and sackcloth-and-ashes. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A society for the preservation of American incunabula gathers here every weekend. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, will be Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Claude Hopkins, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Johnny Letman, Mickey Sheen, Henry Goodwin, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Peter Agostini—Bronze and plaster sculptures; through Dec. 10. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

Karel Appel—Abstract Expressionist oils and gouaches by the Dutch painter; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Anne Arnold—Animal sculptures in wood and two large figure pieces in wood and stone; through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Jean Arp and Sophie Taeuber-Arp—Sculptures, paintings, reliefs, and tapestries; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Alexander Brook—Paintings, in his first exhibition in eight years; through Dec. 3. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Rhys Caparn—Bronze sculptures based mainly on landscape and animal forms; through Dec. 3. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—A small, well-selected survey of portraits and portrait drawings by the German artist; through Dec. 3. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Dorothy Dehner—Abstract bronze sculptures rhythmical in movement; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Oils, collages, and other works in a minor retrospective, 1943 to the present; through Dec. 3. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Stephen Etnier—Skillfully handled paintings of Maine and Nassau; through Friday, Nov. 25. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Michael Frary—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Emil Ganso (1895-1941)—Nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Washington Irving Gallery, Irving Pl. at 17th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb—Abstract oils; through Dec. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

José Guerrero—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Paintings by this leading American Impressionist; through Dec. 3. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Fred Hauck (1905-60)—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Albert Hirschfeld—Drawings and gouaches by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Dec. 10. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Holty—Abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Krasner—Abstract oils; through Dec. 10. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Lanskoy—Paintings by a school-of-Paris artist; through Dec. 10. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Welded-metal abstractions; through Dec. 3. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Israel Levitan—Abstract sculptures in wood and stone; through Dec. 10. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Walter Meigs—Semi-abstract landscapes, more notable for color than for form; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

loan exhibit of about seventy paintings by the French Impressionist. For the benefit of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children. Through Dec. 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.) . . . ¶ Another exhibition of her works, this one containing drawings, pastels, and water colors; through Dec. 10. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

August Mosca—Neatly simplified, sinuously patterned landscapes and other oils; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Ivan Mosca—Landscapes and seascapes by an Italian painter; through Dec. 3. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Negri—Bronze and silver sculptures by a modern Italian sculptor; through Dec. 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Betty Parsons—Abstractions, 1957-60; through Dec. 18. (Latow, 13 E. 63rd St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Fairfield Porter—Interiors, figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Abraham Rattner—Landscapes, paintings on religious themes, a series of gargoyles, and a self-portrait; through Dec. 3. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Georges Rouault (1871-1958)—Paintings (dancers, clowns, landscapes) from his later years; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Seventy-five paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionist make up the opening show at the Galerie St. Etienne's new location, 24 W. 57th St.; through Dec. 15.

William E. Sebring—Abstract canvases; through Dec. 7. (Nonagon, 99 Second Ave., at 6th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6:30.)

Kurt Seligmann—Thirty years of etchings and lithographs; through Dec. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Stefanelli—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

John Tunnard—Abstract landscapes in oil and gouache in his first show here in ten years; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851)—Water colors and drawings by the English artist, on loan from museums and private collections; through Dec. 10. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Vickrey—A new set of nostalgically wistful, meticulous paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Villon—Early prints and drawings; through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John von Wicht—Abstract oils, some in the form of scrolls; through Dec. 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jo Warner—Abstract paintings; through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Martha Webster—Paintings and drawings made on a round-the-world trip by an artist born in Glasgow; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4:30.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—A retrospective loan exhibition of more than a hundred oils and other works. Assembled by, and for the benefit of, the Arts Council of Great Britain. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Ulfert Wilke—Water colors, drawings, and sculptures; through Dec. 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Sculptors Guild—Their twentieth annual, composed of about seventy pieces (by Doris Caesar, Chaim Gross, William Zorach, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

African Art—Twenty-five tribes are represented in "Sculpture from the Congo," an exhibition containing masks, stools, goblets, cups, statues, ivory amulets, and so on; through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, and William Gropper; sculptures by Alton Pickens; and a single large painting by Joseph Hirsch; through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Herbert Katzman and Jack Levine (oils), William King (bronzes), and Yutaka Ohashi (collages); through Dec. 3. . . . **ARTISTS EQUITY**, Hotel Seville, 22 E. 29th St.: The first in this season's series of membership shows comprises paintings and sculptures by six artists, including Rudolf Baranik and Louise Nevelson; through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The November show consists of paintings selected by Vaclav Vytlacil, Robert Vickrey, and Adolf Dehn; through Friday, Nov. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Six paintings apiece by Renzo Baldaccini, Morris Gluckman, and four others; through Friday, Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pictures by three California artists—Elmer Bischoff, Richard Diebenkorn, and the late David Park; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: Council members of the Center (Domenico Facci, Gwen Hardy, and E. B. Savage, to mention a few) in an invitation exhibition of works in various mediums; through Dec. 1. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Figurative paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Ben Shahn, Octave Landuyt, and Leonard Baskin; through Tuesday, Nov. 22. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings by Arp, Gris, Schwitters, and other modern masters, predominantly European; through Dec. 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A small exhibition of abstract paintings and drawings (1913-52) by the French master Fernand Léger, also from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.) assembled from public and private collections; through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures, in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, drawings, bindings, incunabula, and autograph manuscripts that have been prized possessions of renowned collectors; through Dec. 10. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Only in New York!," an exhibit of portraits and city scenes by René Bouché; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: Etchings and lithographs by Goya and Manet;

through March 15. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The Twentieth Anniversary Exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, featuring early and late works; through Nov. 27. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures acquired during the past year, including works by John Sloan, Sam Francis, and Isamu Noguchi; through Dec. 4. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Kurt Baum, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, George London, and Barry Morell. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Aïda," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Giulietta Simionato, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Helen Vanni, Eugenio Fernandi, and Lorenzo Testi. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 21: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Cornell MacNeil, William Olvis, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 22: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 23: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Rosalind Elias, Eugenio Fernandi, and Lorenzo Testi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 24: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Christa Ludwig, Giorgio Tozzi, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 25: A new production of Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 26: "Aïda," with Leonie Rysanek, Giulietta Simionato, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "Carmen," with Kerstin Meyer, Heidi Krall, William Olvis, and Mario Sereni. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Carlos Chávez conducting on Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 18, at 2:15; and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30 (all with Guiomar Novaes, piano; Laszlo Varga, cello; and William Lincer, viola); and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3 (with Laszlo Varga, cello, and William Lincer, viola). . . . ¶ Hans Rosbaud conducting on Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 25, at 2:15; and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3 (all with Leonid Kogan, violin). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30 (with Moura Lympany, piano).

National Symphony Orchestra—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano, and Jerome Hines, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

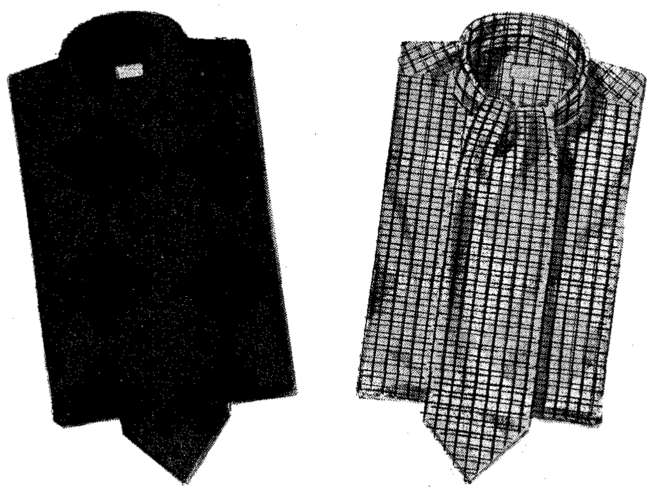
Contemporary Baroque Ensemble—Daniel Antoun conducting, with Anahid Ajemian and Allen Ohmes, violins. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2831.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing, with Eileen Farrell, soprano; Carol Smith, contralto; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Norman Farrow, baritone. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Doda Conrad—Bass, in Schubert's song cycle "Die Winterreise." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:45.)

Louis Kentner—In the last three in a series of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Nov. 18; Sunday, Nov. 20; and Saturday, Nov. 26, all at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 18, and Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30, the first two in a series of five all-Mozart programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:15, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30, the second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The second concert in the series, this one by Ania Dorfmann, piano, and Pierre Fournier, cello. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

David Soyer and Harriet Wingreen—Cello and piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

John Solum—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:40.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Renaissance music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

John Langstaff—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 5:30.)

New School Concerts—An Alban Berg Memorial Concert, consisting of a number of his works performed by Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Jacob Lateiner, piano; Robert Listokin, clarinet; and the Galimir String Quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3 and 9.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Claudette Sorel—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by John Vincent, Jan Meyerowitz, Richard Cumming, and Milton Cherry, performed by Marguerite Meyerowitz, soprano; Jeaneane Dowis, piano; and the Silvermine String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Lee Luvisi—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Kingston Trio—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8 and 11:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—In the third in a series of four concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

New Danish Quartet—Chamber music. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Suzanne Bloch Players and Singers—Three lutanists-singers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Hilde Somer and Carroll Glenn—Piano and violin, in a recital postponed from Nov. 4. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2:30.)

Note—The Vienna Philharmonic Wind Ensemble and Friedrich Gulda, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 21, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Mantovani—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Anna Russell—Vocal caricaturist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—The Modern Jazz Quartet, Dave Brubeck's quartet, and Chris Connor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 11:45.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 18, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7: Cincinnati vs. Los Angeles and Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 9: Knicks vs. Boston.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 19: Henry Hank vs. Gene (Ace) Armstrong, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26: Billy Hunter vs. Mike DeJohn, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 19 (all at 1:30): Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . THANKSGIVING DAY: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 26 (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2:05.). . . ¶ Titans vs. Dallas Texans. (Polo Grounds. Thanksgiving Day at 11.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 26-27.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 12; through Wednesday, Nov. 30. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 19; the Firenze Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 24; and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 26.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Wednesday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—Gigantic figures (among them a gobbler and a dragon) bobbling along above nine floats, four thousand costumed marchers, and twelve bands. Starts at 9:45 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about noon.

Recital—Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Alexander Schneider, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 3. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Stage Shows—By the PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES: "Dick Whittington," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 24-26, all at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.). . . CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . PAT DEANE PRODUCTIONS: "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271.). . . MERRI-MIMES: "Alice in Wonderland." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.). . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30; Sundays at 1; and Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS: "Witches Are for Wearing," Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ "It's So Nice to Be a Fish," Saturday, Nov. 26. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call

WA 9-7407.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)...¶ "Thanksgiving Festival." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 3.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Nov. 25, at 11 and 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)...¶ Paintings by children of Chile; *through Dec. 4.* (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 11 and 1 to 5; Saturdays, 3 to 5; and Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "20,000 Leagues Above the Sea," studies the area presently being invaded by rockets and satellites; through Dec. 5. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 25, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 25, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30....¶ Every night except Monday and Thanksgiving Day, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 25, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

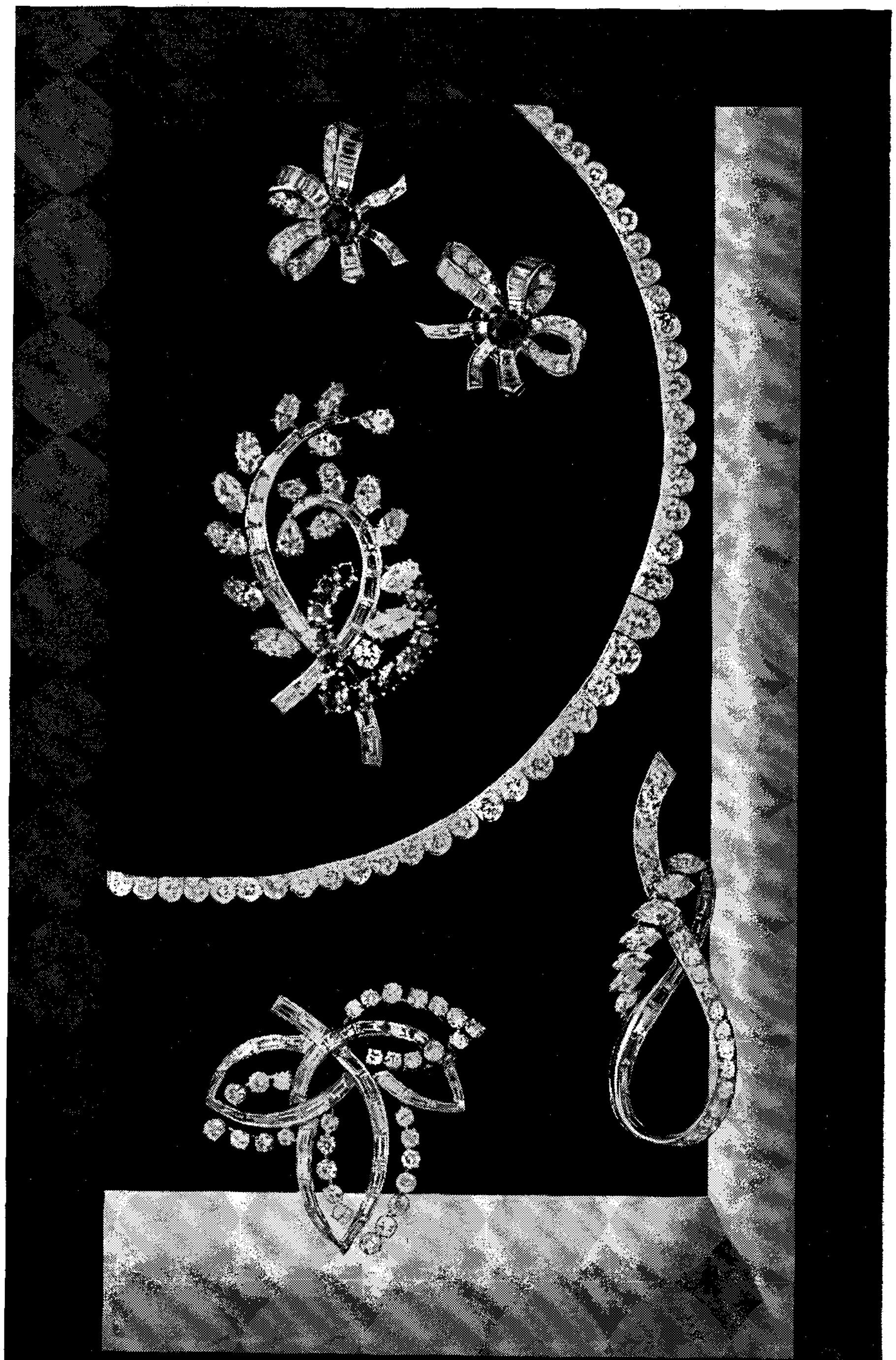
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films on General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30....¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

DRAMA READINGS—A group of actors, including Dina Merrill, Kenneth Whitlock, and Jack Manning, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in readings of Shakespeare's "Othello." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30....¶ Helen Hayes Equity Group Theatre, 145 Bleecker St. Sundays at 8. For tickets, call PL 3-2310.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—In this twelfth annual exhibit, the United States Post Office Department will display a branch post office in actual operation, the new four-cent Lincoln Credo stamp, which will be issued on the second day of the show, and the celebrated collection the Department put together for the first International Philatelic Congress, in Barcelona. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 20, from 2 to 8.)

FLOWER SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 9:30 to 4; through Dec. 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 17, at 1:45; Friday, Nov. 18, at 10:15 and 1:45; and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 1:45: English and American furniture, lacy and pattern glass, Georgian and other old silver, porcelains, American paintings and drawings, and rugs; from the estate of Marguerite A. Keasbey and from other sources.



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BEN-HUR—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

THE ENTERTAINER—The reasons for subjecting yourself to this ugly, powerful depiction of English lower-class decay is Laurence Olivier, who plays a corrupt and talentless little music-hall performer so brilliantly that we believe even in the performer's lack of talent. Also in the picture, and also first-rate, are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR—An imaginative, lyrical, and absorbing French film that tells of a tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. The direction, by Alain Resnais, is fascinating, and in the principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are most satisfactory. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 23, tentative.)

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Peter Sellers doing a highly droll interpretation of a shop steward in an English plant where the workers—featherbedders one and all—have got the upper hand. The capitalists in this arrangement, among them Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough, are also a little short on ethics. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

PICNIC ON THE GRASS—The trick here is to sit back and relax, letting the scenery of Provence and the irrational antics of a score of assorted characters sift slowly down over you like sunlight. Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a pretty girl in her skin. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Nov. 20.)

THE SAVAGE EYE—In this low-budget picture, the result of a collaboration among Ben Maddow, Joseph Strick and Sidney Meyers, all the tortures of loneliness are explored as the film follows its heroine (Barbara Baxley) through some of the cultural deserts of Los Angeles, where she has taken up residence after the collapse of her marriage. Semi-documentary in style, and a model of skillful photography. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 22, tentative.)

SONS AND LOVERS—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son is treated with a kind of static delicacy in this English-American film, and so is Lawrence's excellent dialogue, which has been lifted with gloved hands from the novel. However, Trevor Howard, as the black-faced, drunken miner, is remarkably good, and Wendy Hiller, as his misused wife, is not far behind. Dean Stockwell, who plays the son, is flippant, brooding, and restless, and sometimes suggests Elvis Presley trying to act. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 20-22.)

REVIVALS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin musical. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 23.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 23. On Monday, Nov. 21, only, the last showing will begin at 3.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 23.)

DEAD OF NIGHT (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 21, at 7 and 9:30.)

THE 400 BLOWS (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 18.)

GIGI (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Nov. 23.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 23.)

ROSEMARY (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 22, tentative.)

THE ROSE TATTOO (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 23.)

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC (1956)—The Kaufman-Teichmann comedy concerning the financial adventures of a flighty lady. With Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 19.)

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 20-22.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series of films called "Americana"—Through Nov. 19: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), with James Cagney and Joan Blondell. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 20: "David Harum" (1934), with Will Rogers and Louise Dresser. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Nov. 17, at 8:30: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.
From Nov. 18: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Crowning Experience," Muriel Smith, Ann Buckles.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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20	21	22	23			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 22 (tentative): **THE SAVAGE EYE.**
From Nov. 23 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Nov. 22: "High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian; and "David and Bathsheba," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.
From Nov. 23: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 22 (tentative): "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Nov. 23 (tentative): "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Easiest Profession" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE ENTERTAINER.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 22: "High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian; and "David and Bathsheba," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.
From Nov. 23: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Nov. 21: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).
From Nov. 22: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Come Dance with Me!" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Love Game" (in French), Geneviève Cluny, Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Nov. 20: "The Sword and the Dragon," Boris Andreyev; and "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff.
Nov. 21-22: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Witt Bissell.
From Nov. 23: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 22: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Nov. 23: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 22: "High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian; and "David and Bathsheba," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.
From Nov. 23: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 20: "The Sword and the Dragon," Boris Andreyev; and "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff.
Nov. 21-22: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Witt Bissell.
From Nov. 23: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Nov. 23: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS,** revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 19: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire; and "Under Ten Flags," Van Heflin, Charles Laughton.
Nov. 20-22: "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
From Nov. 23: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons," George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 19: **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC,** revival; and "The Marrying Kind," revival, Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray.
Nov. 20-22: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN,** revival; and "The Wrong Man," revival, Henry Fonda, Vera Miles.
From Nov. 23: "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Easiest Profession" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 20: "The Sword and the Dragon," Boris Andreyev; and "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff.
Nov. 21-22: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Witt Bissell.
From Nov. 23: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 19: "Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms; and "Mating Time" (formerly called "The Bridal Path"), revival, Bill Travers.
Nov. 20-22: **SONS AND LOVERS;** and "The 3rd Voice," Edmond O'Brien, Laraine Day.
From Nov. 23: **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival; and **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Belles and Ballets," a film made up of excerpts from six ballets performed by the Ballet de l'Étoile.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Nov. 17: "The Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes.
From Nov. 18: **GIGI,** revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Nov. 20: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS.**
From Nov. 21: "General della Rovere" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Hans Messemer.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 20: "The Sword and the Dragon," Boris Andreyev; and "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff.
Nov. 21-22: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Witt Bissell.
From Nov. 23: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 23: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival. (On Monday, Nov. 21, only, the last showing will begin at 3. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of **DEAD OF NIGHT,** revival.)

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 22: "She Walks by Night," revival, Belinda Lee; and "Manon" (in French), revival, Cecile Aubry.
From Nov. 23: "Henri IV" (in Italian), revival; and another feature to be announced.

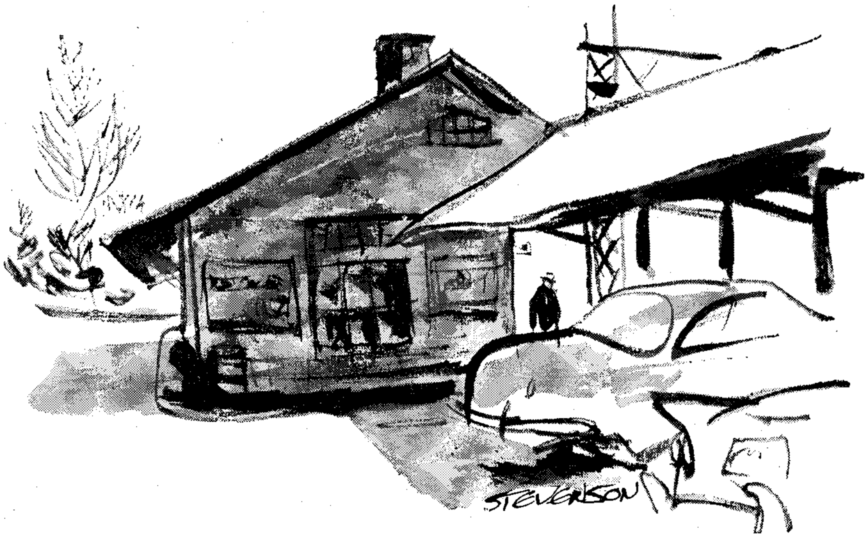
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 17: "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
From Nov. 18: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.

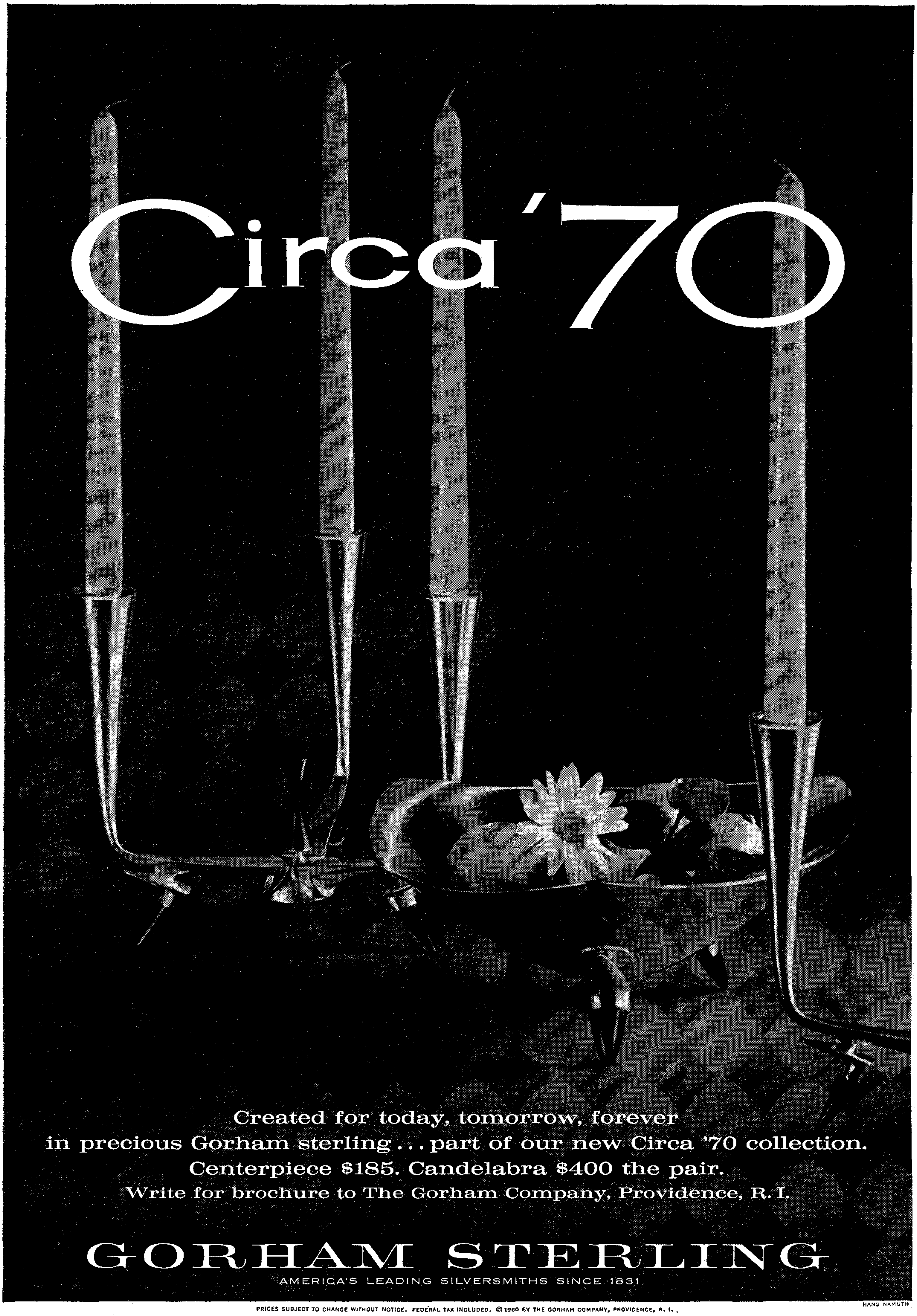
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 22: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons," George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.
From Nov. 23: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 22 (tentative): **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Nude in a White Car," Marina Vlady, Robert Hossein.
From Nov. 23 (tentative): "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," Anthony Quayle, Anna Neagle.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 20: "The Sword and the Dragon," Boris Andreyev; and "Frankenstein—1970," Boris Karloff.
Nov. 21-22: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Witt Bissell.
From Nov. 23: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Nov. 22: "High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian; and "David and Bathsheba," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.
From Nov. 23: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.





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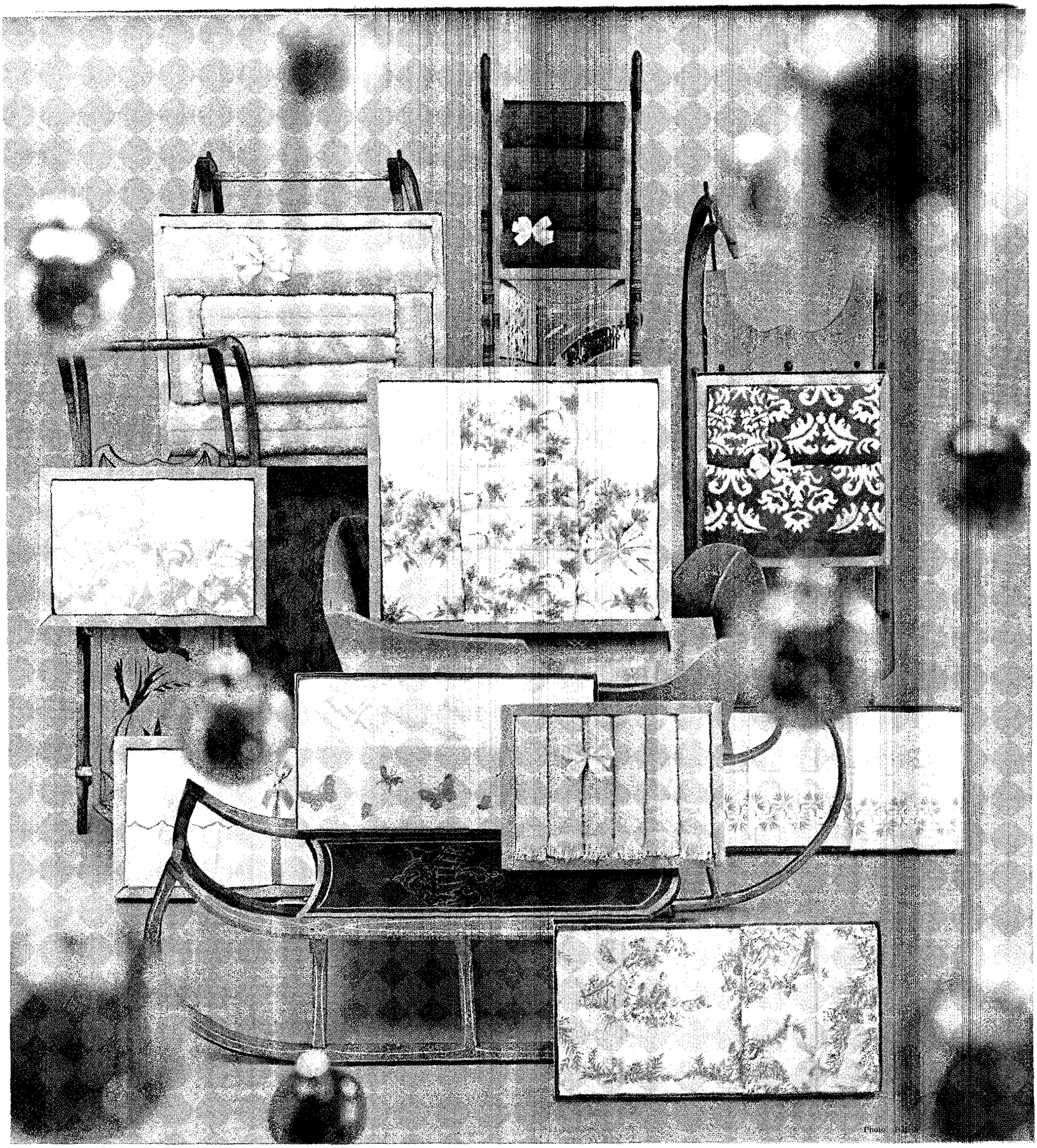

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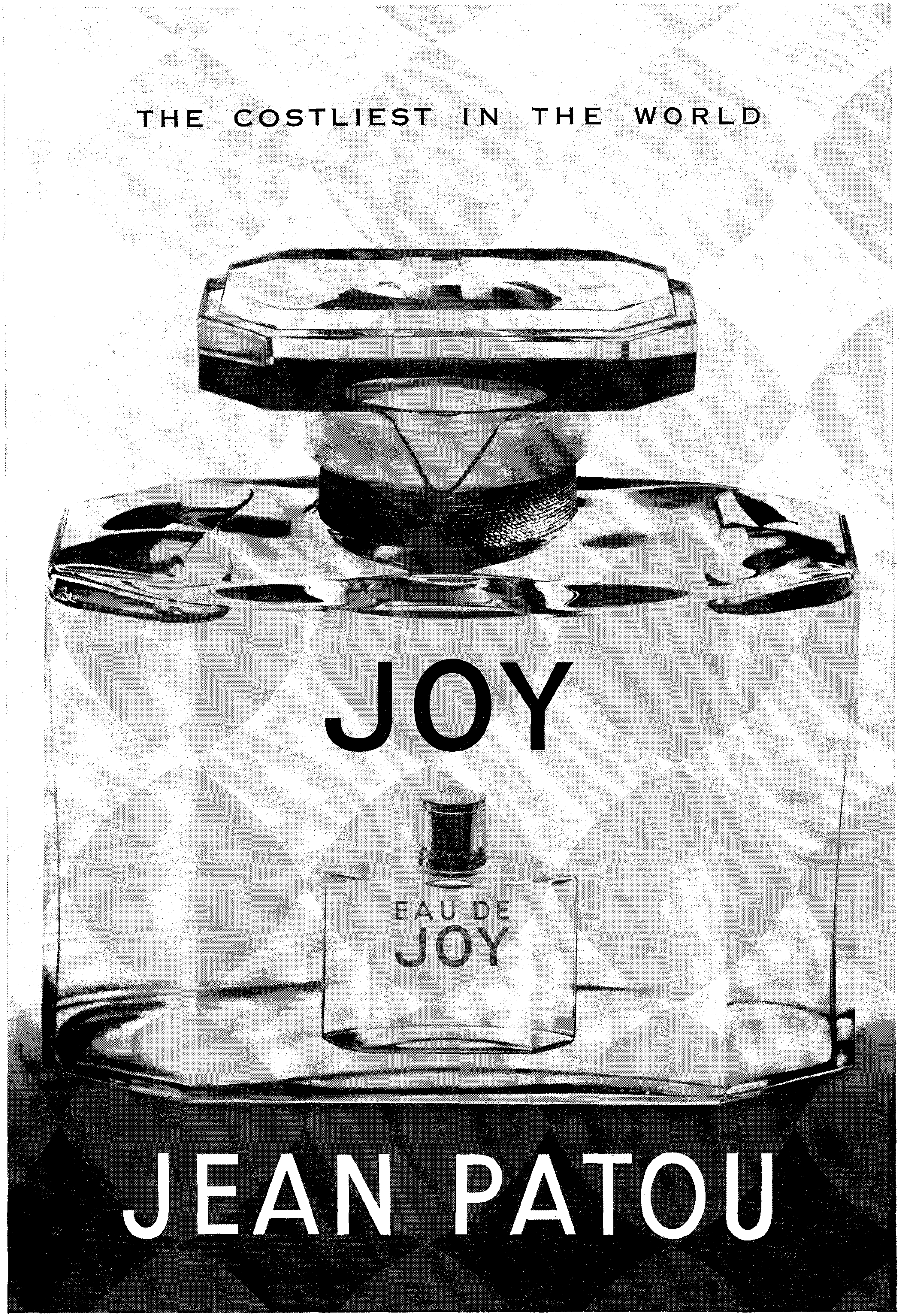
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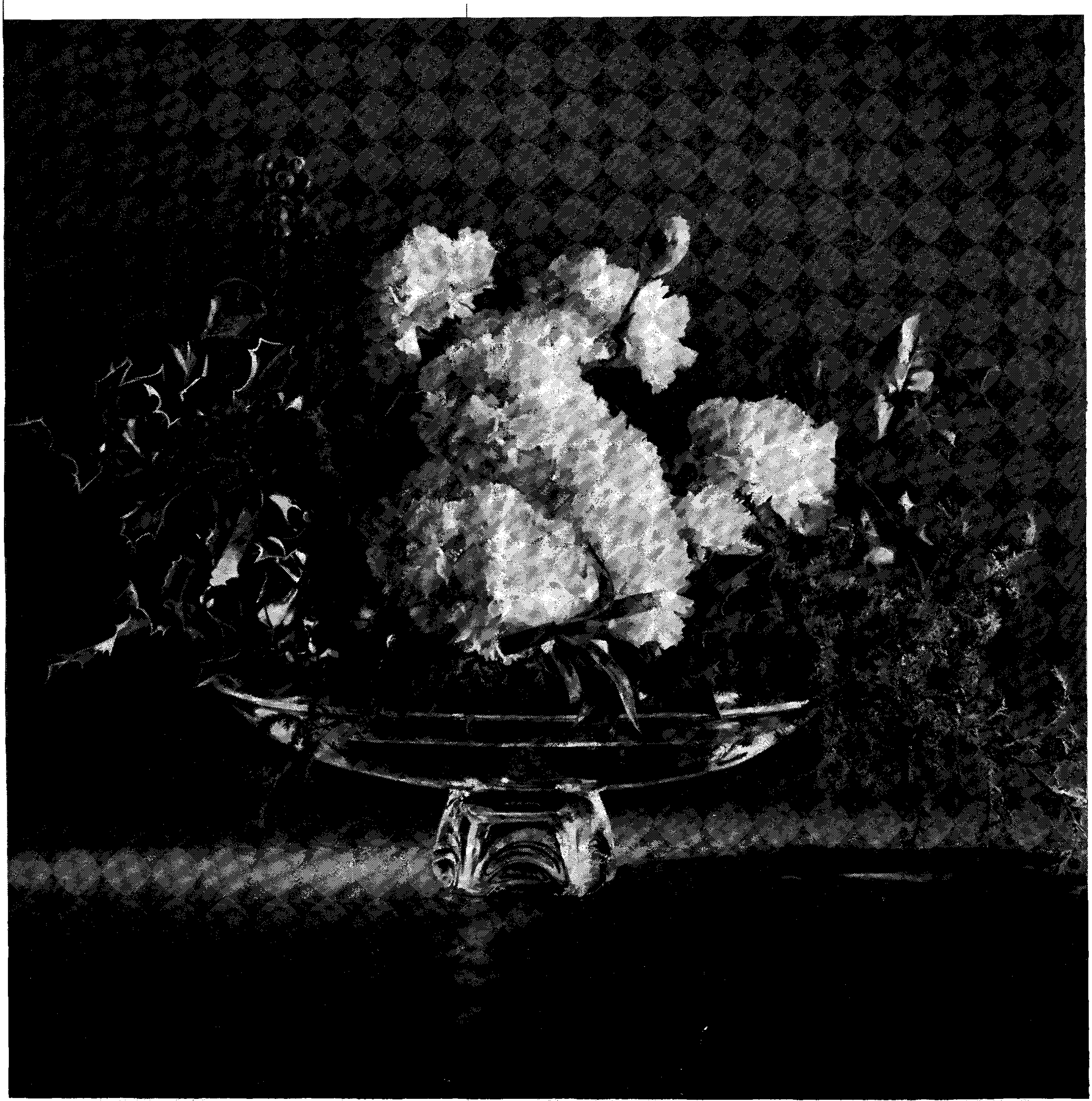

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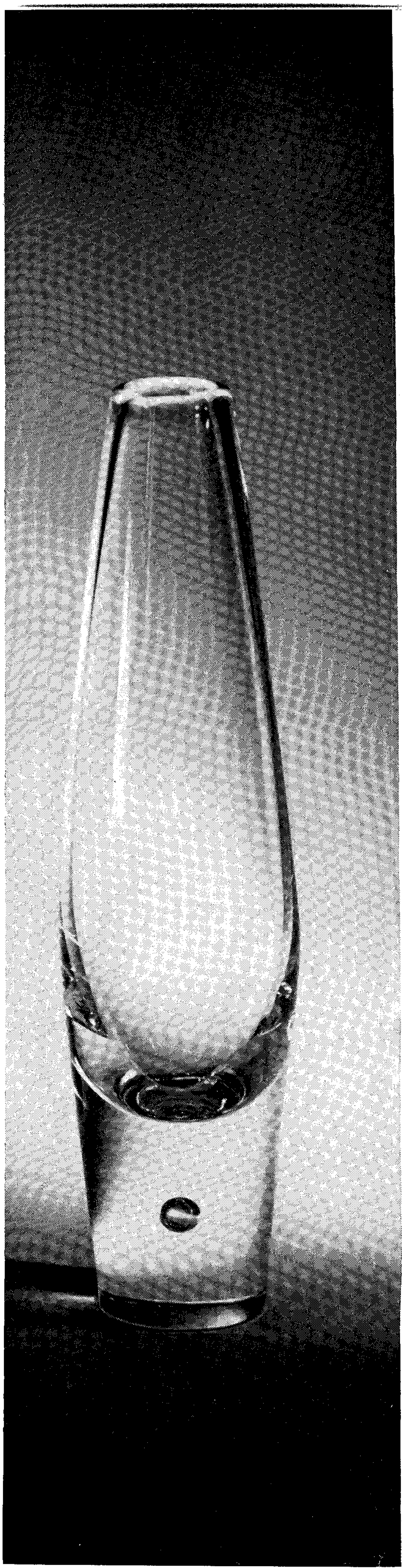

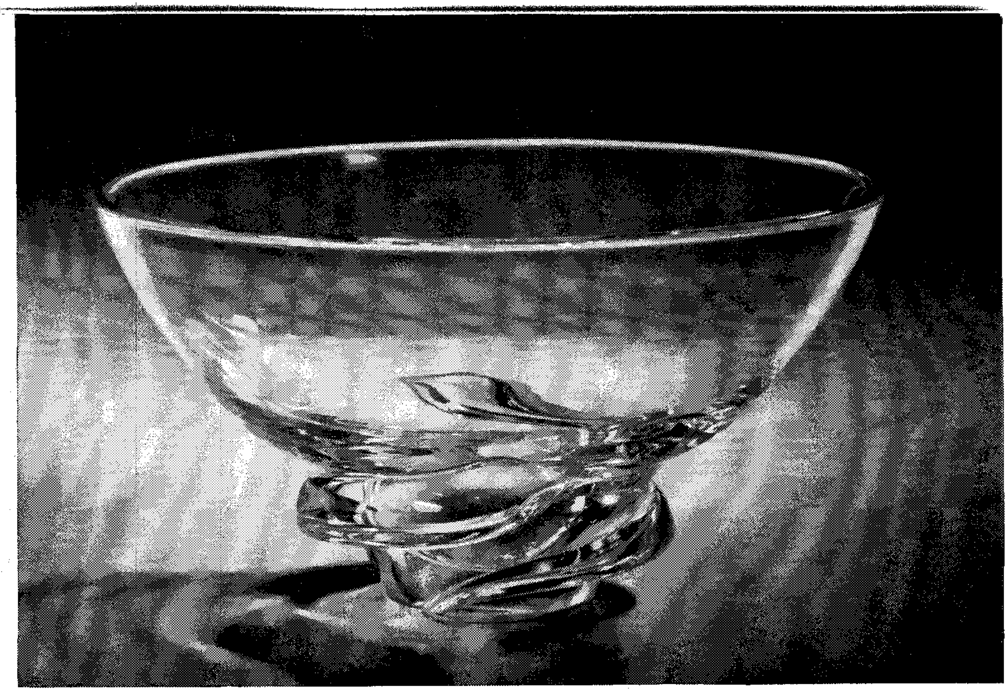

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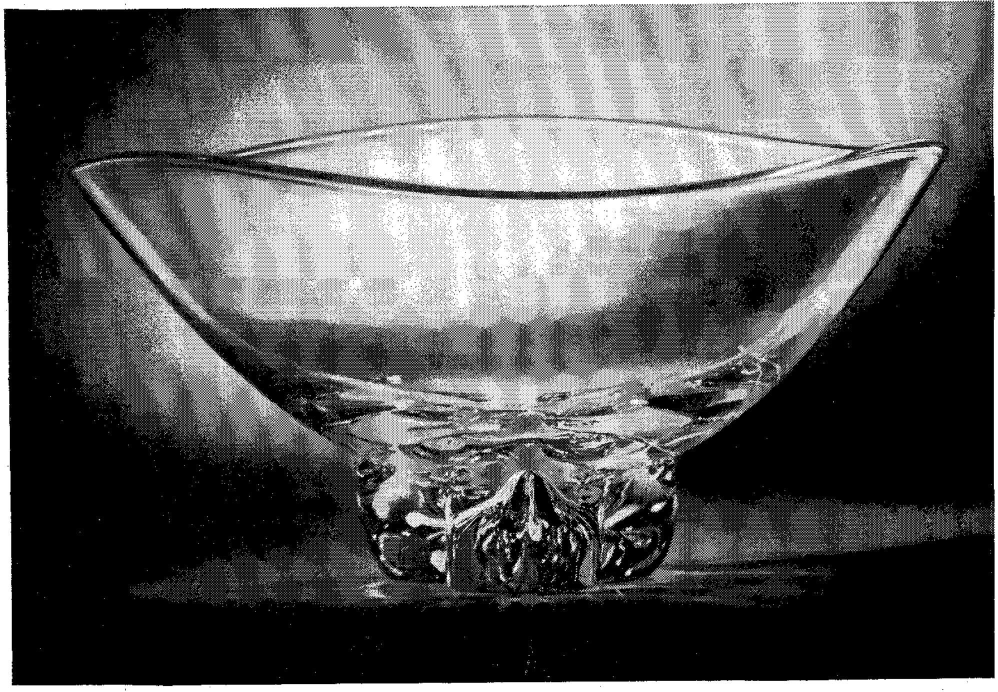

Above: Trillium Bowl · Width 10″ · $50

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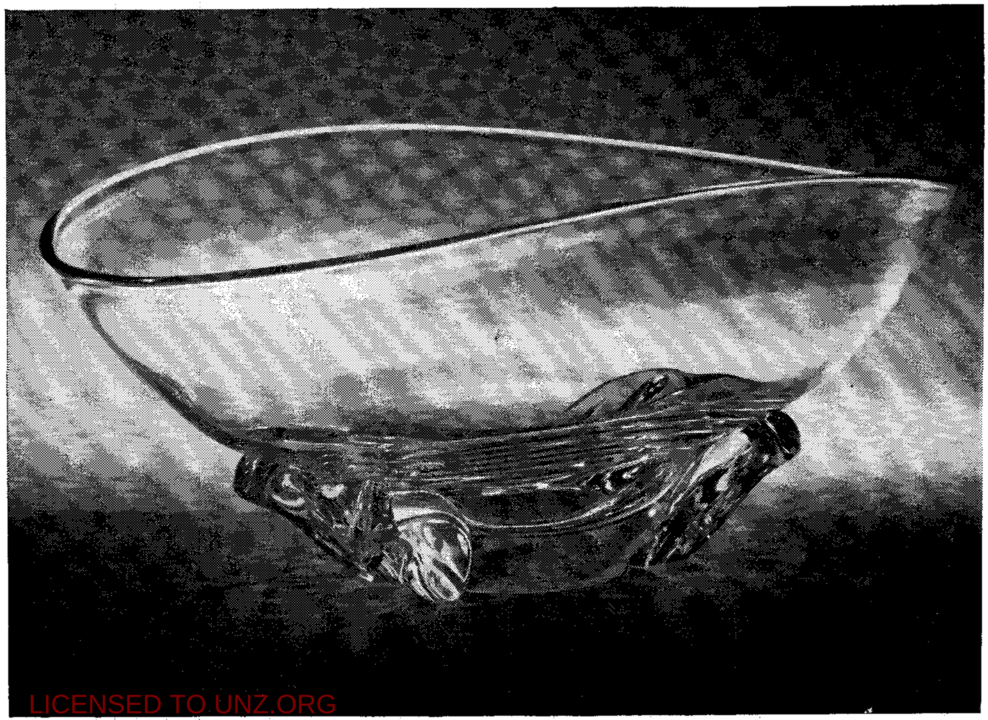

AS NATURE'S PATIENCE PRODUCES DIAMONDS

The Patience of Patek Philippe Produces A Watch

If you were at this moment to flick open the watch illustrated here, it would tell you, within seconds, the time now being recorded at the Greenwich Observatory in England.

For Patek Philippe's chief designer, *Monsieur Albert,* it has just won a grand slam of the most coveted awards in the art of watch-designing: Patek Philippe's third consecutive annual Diamonds-International Award, in addition to both first prizes awarded by the City of Geneva for designs recently displayed in the *Montres et Bijoux* exhibit at *Le Musée Rath.*

It is the only watch of its kind in the world. It has 197 beautifully matched diamonds (43.95 carats, set in platinum). It costs $25,000. And it helps illustrate an important achievement.

You may know that Patek Philippe takes eight months to complete just one man's watch. Only 23 or so reach completion on any given day. This is probably a slower, more painstaking schedule than you will find anywhere else in the world of watch-making. It is typical of the patience of Patek Philippe.

Measured against the eons that turn carbon into diamonds, the century of patience that produced *this* watch does not seem so very long after all. But it has spanned a large segment of the entire history of watch-making.

The quest for an accurate, yet fashionably small, ladies' watch began as early as 1851, when Queen Victoria wore a Patek Philippe watch in her lapel. It was a beautiful object, and reliable, but ponderous. In 1868, Patek Philippe introduced what was probably the first wrist watch for women. This too was of stalwart proportions. Housed in its nineteenth century ornamentation, it was a massive thing for a lady to carry.

Although many an illustrious lady has preferred Patek precision to plain prettiness, Patek Philippe's scientists and technicians in Geneva have been striving incessantly to make a ladies' watch that would satisfy, simultaneously, fashion's standards of daintiness and Patek's standards of accuracy. Art and science have rarely been at sharper cross purposes. On one hand Patek Philippe kept reducing Geneva's acceptable margin of deviation from absolute exactitude. On the other, Paris and New York kept calling for slimmer, more delicate pieces.

The impasse was widened when, with the invention of the perpetually adjusted Gyromax Balance, Patek Philippe's men's watches established astonishing new records for accuracy and dependability. Meanwhile Patek laboratory zealots perfected their famous portable Quartz Clock which is exact to within .004 of a second in 24 hours—*four one-thousandths of a second in eighty-six thousand, four hundred seconds.*

These dedicated men, working toward absolute perfection for the sheer academic joy of it, simply would not design watch movements of indifferent accuracy. To them, smallness achieved at the expense of precision was a small achievement indeed. No watch would bear the imprimatur of the world's most accurate time-pieces unless it *was* such a timepiece.

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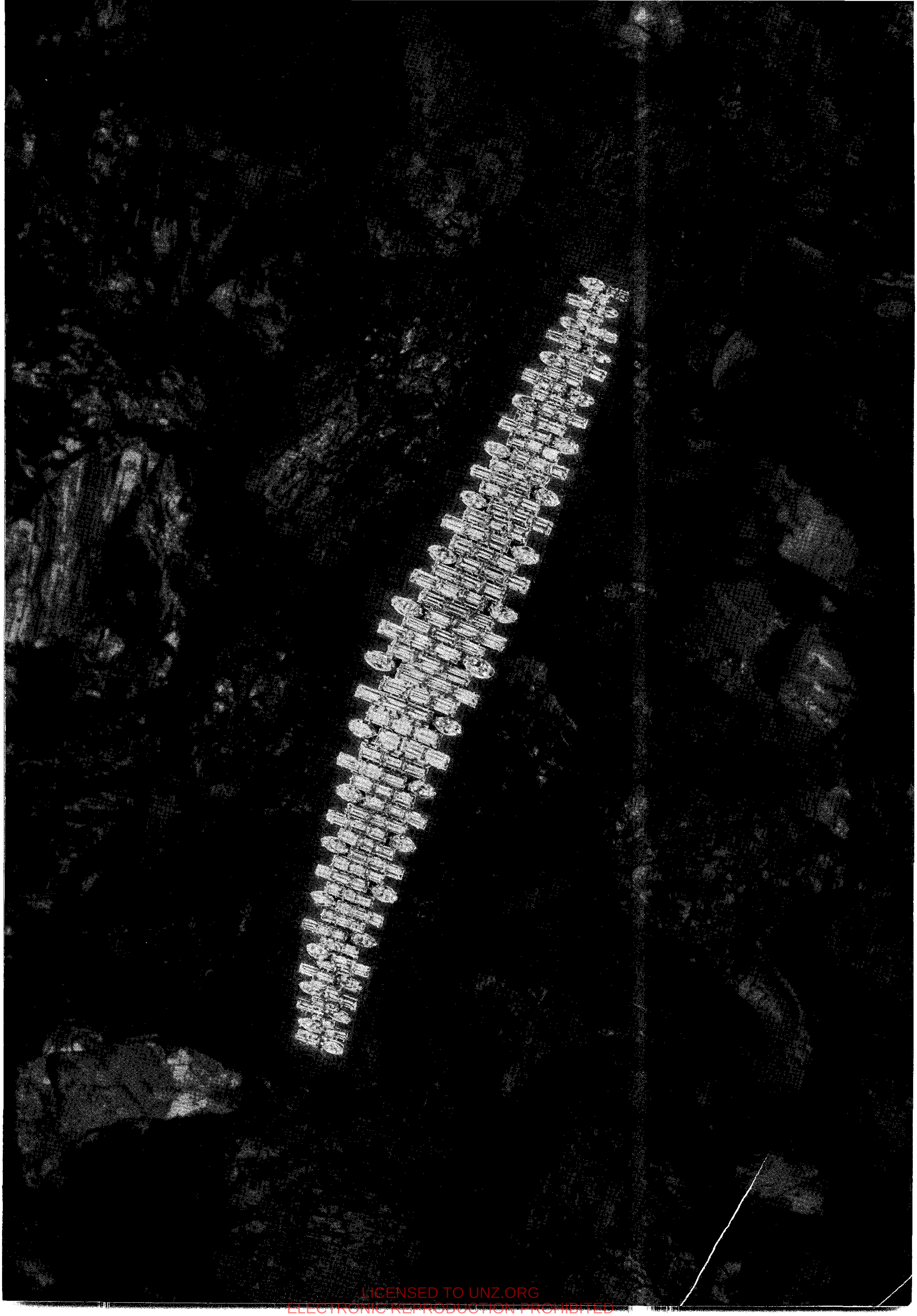

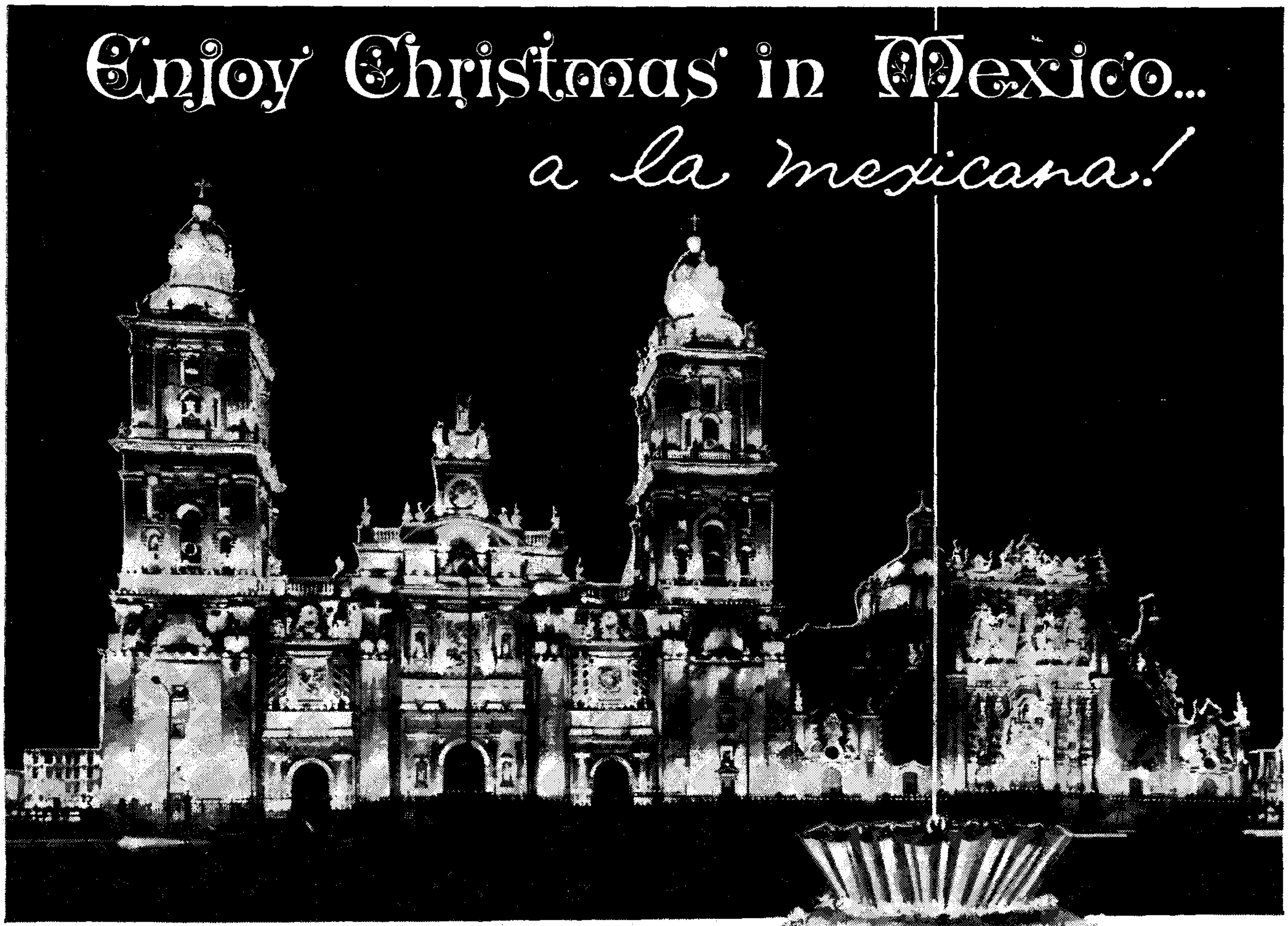

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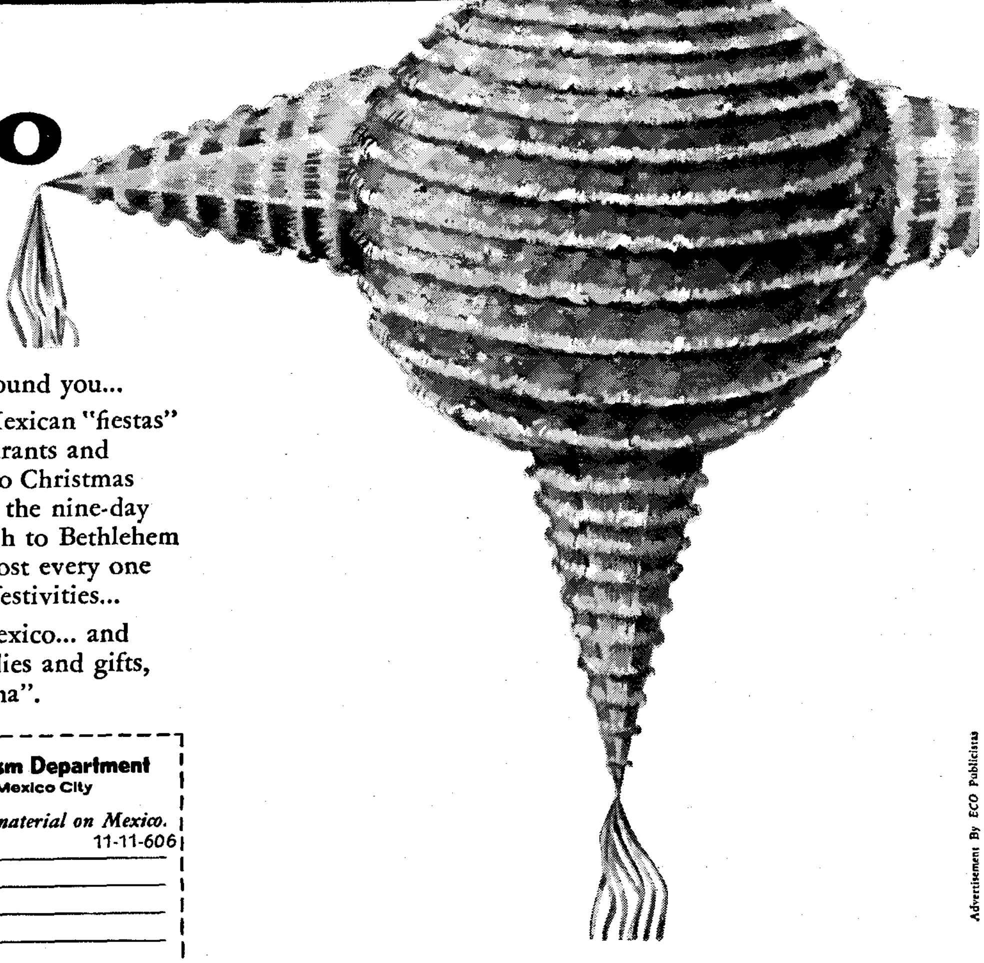

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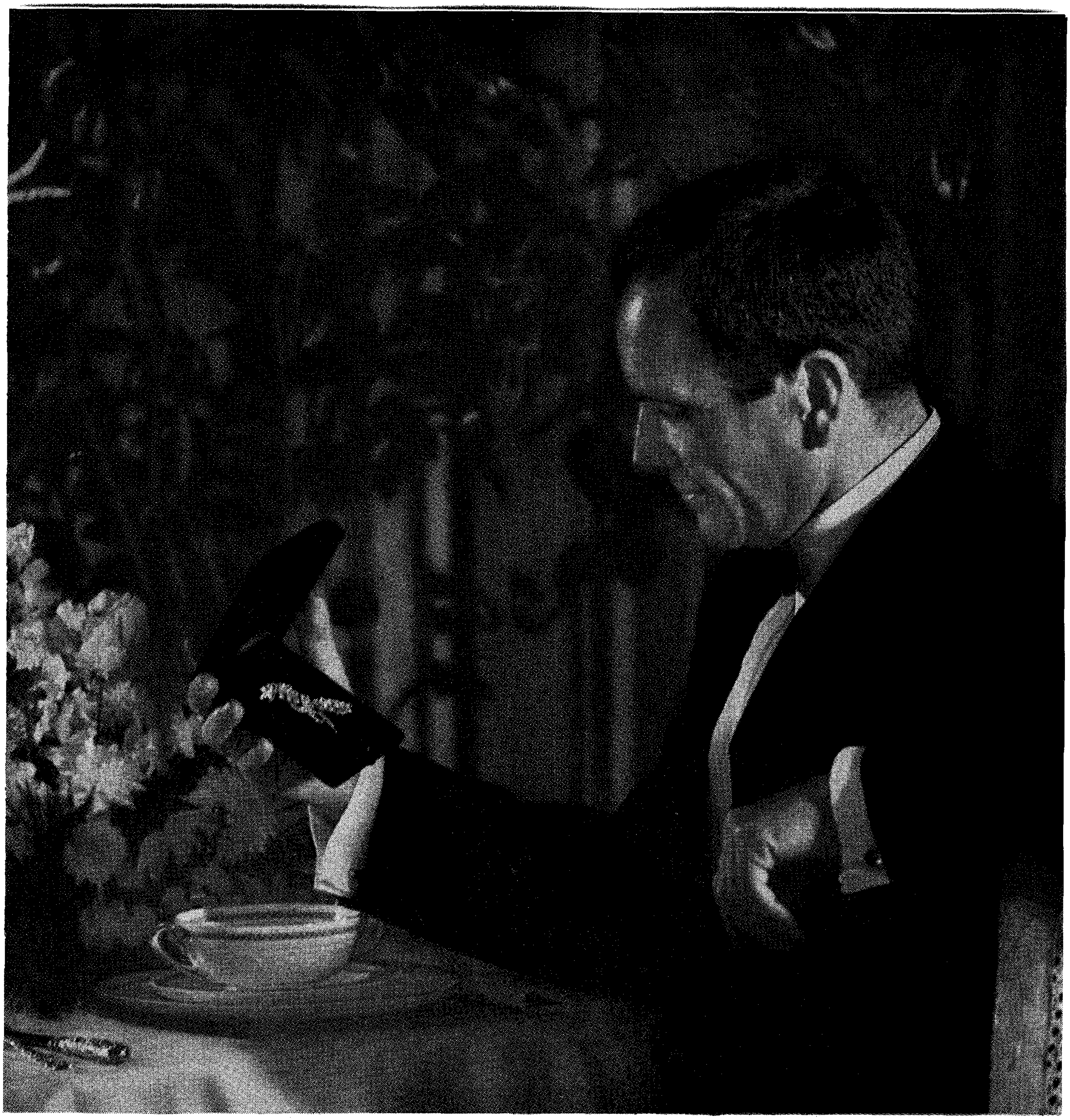

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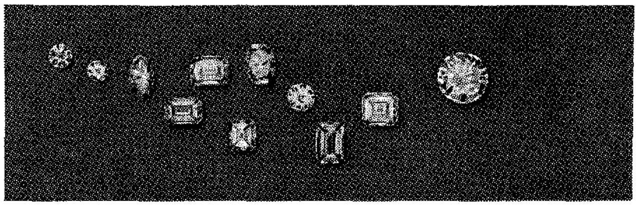

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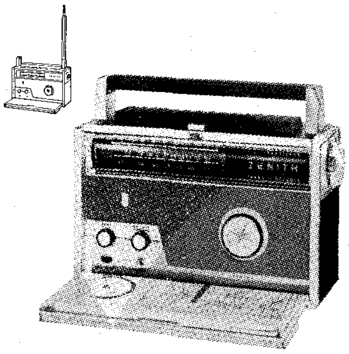

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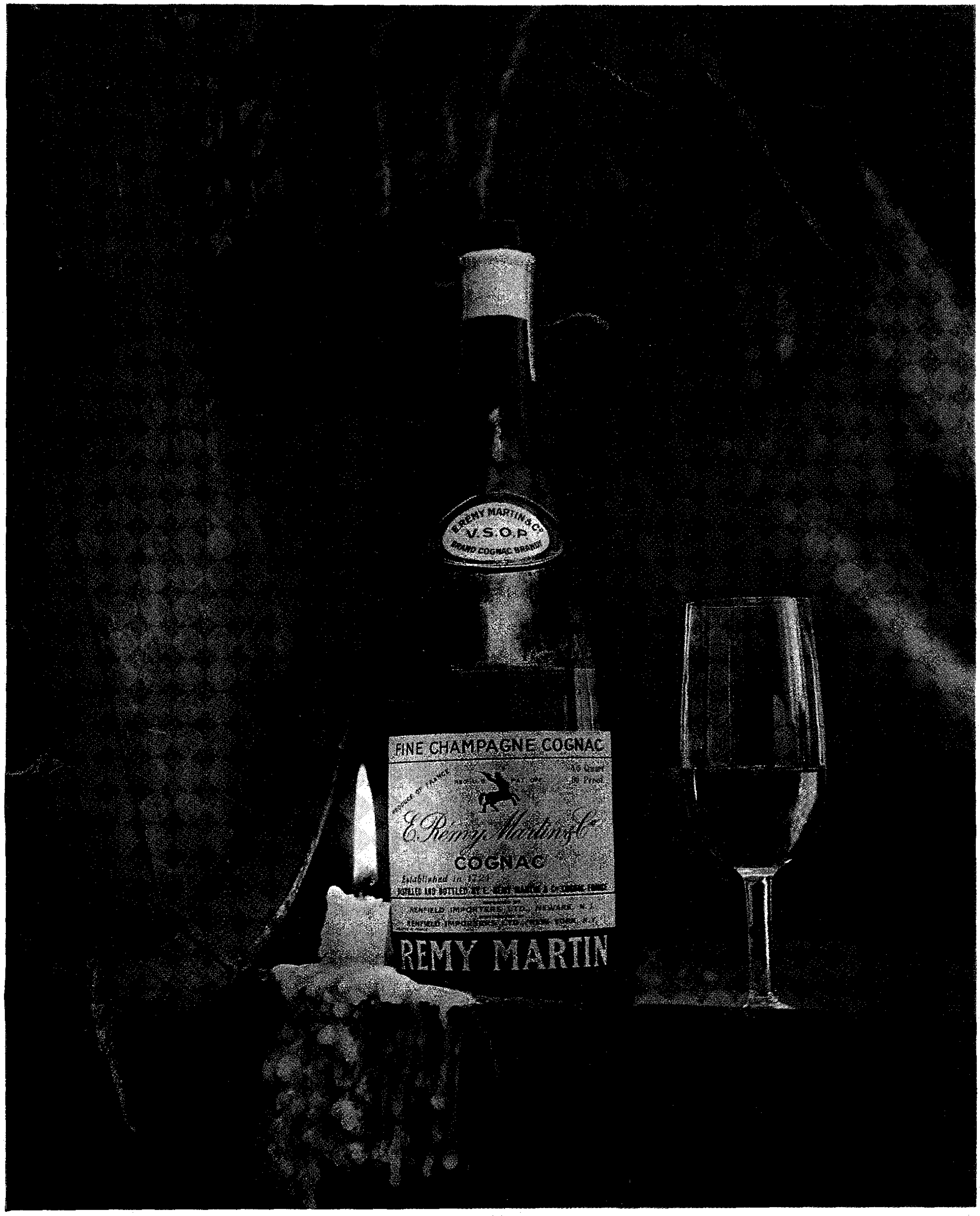
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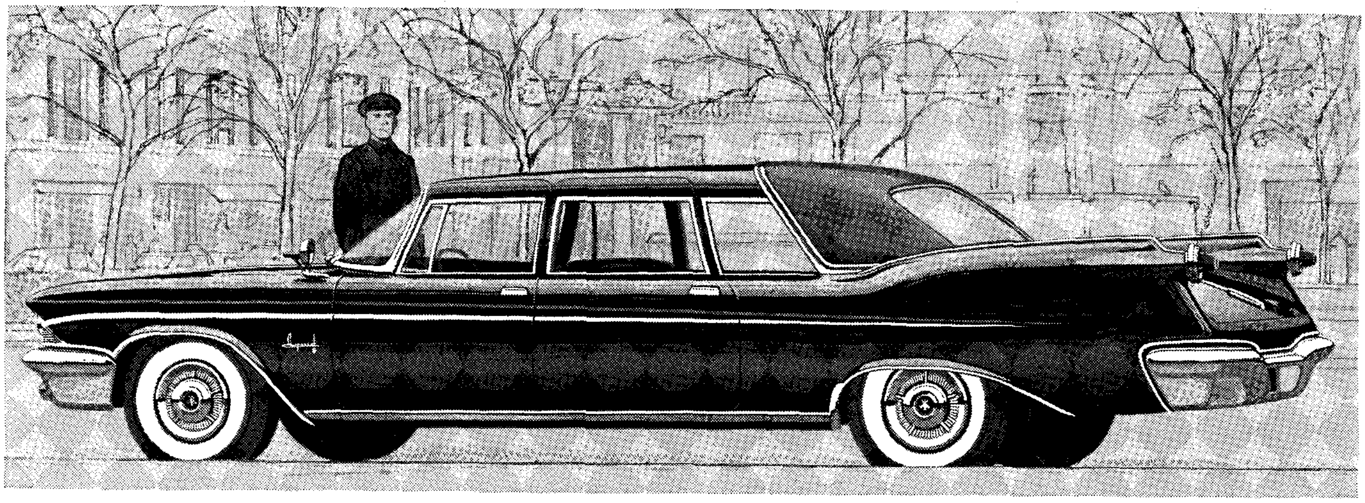

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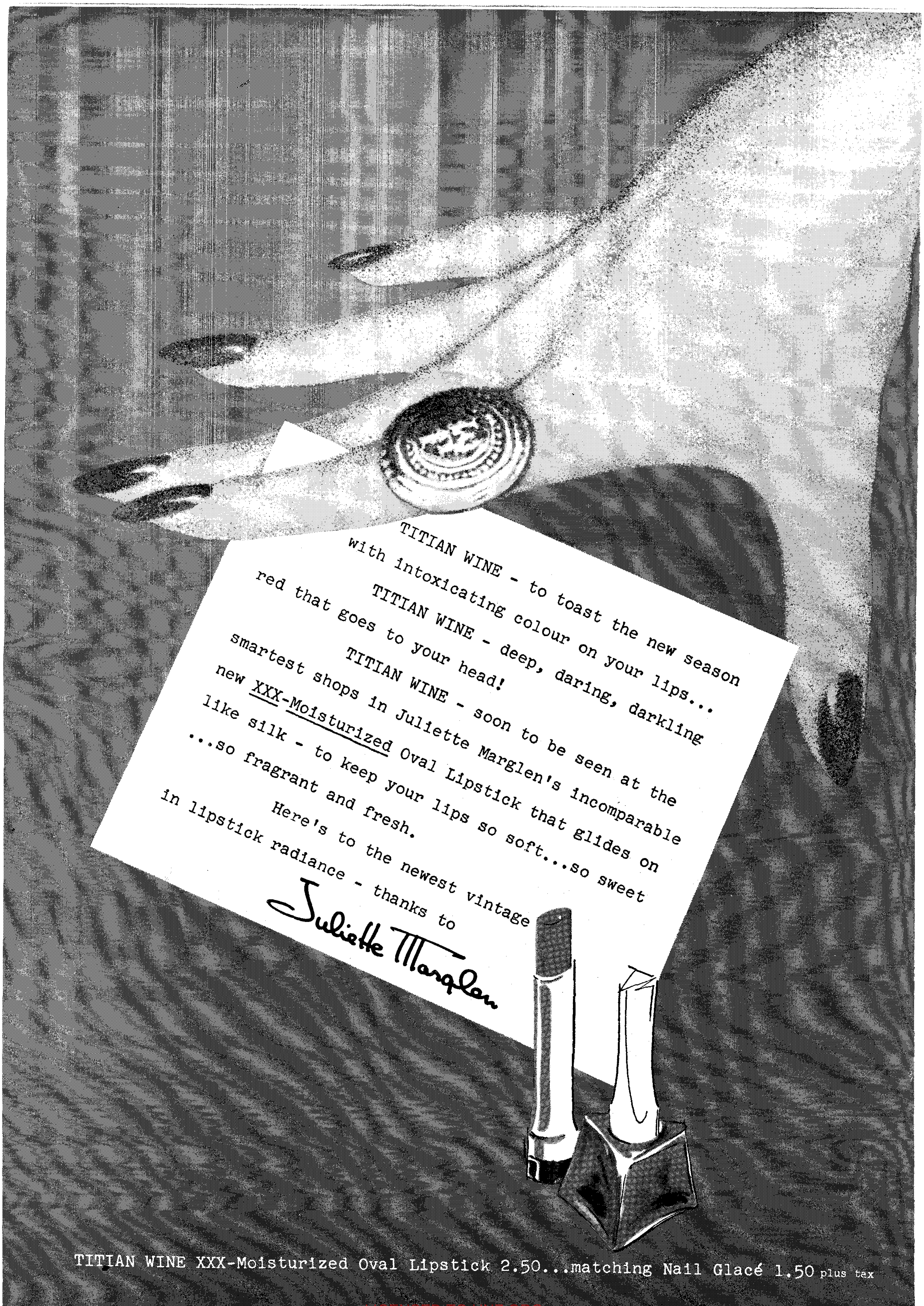

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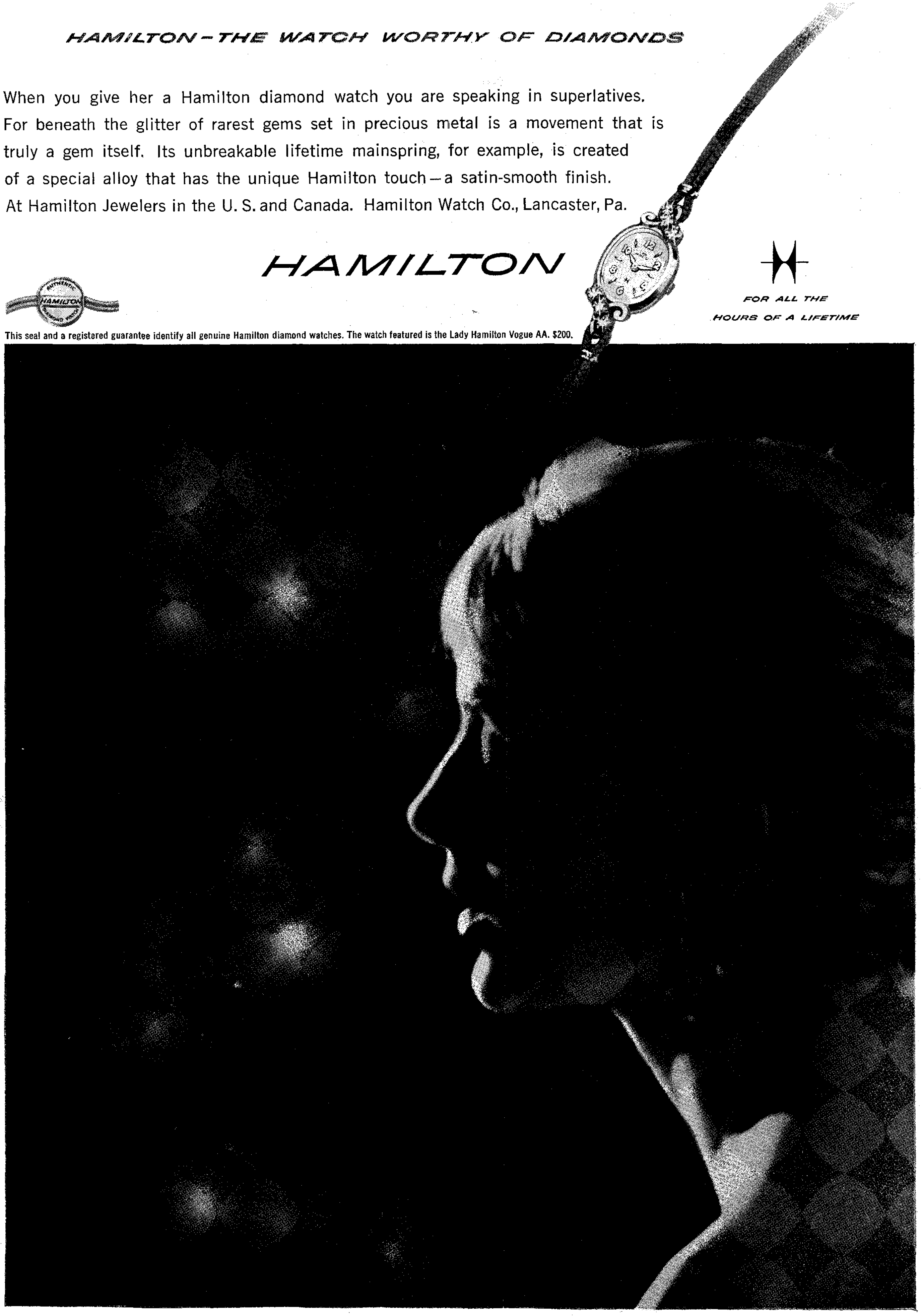

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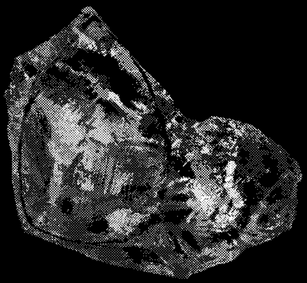

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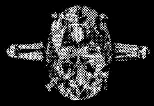

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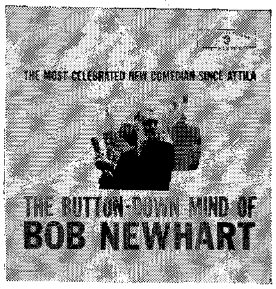
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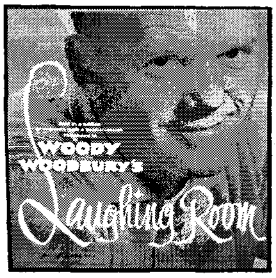
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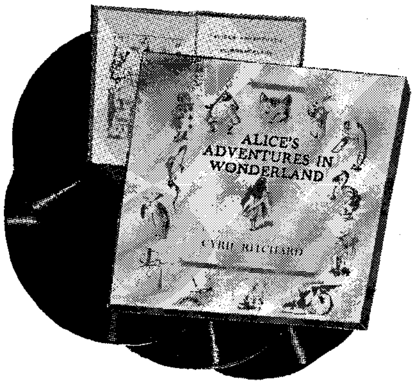
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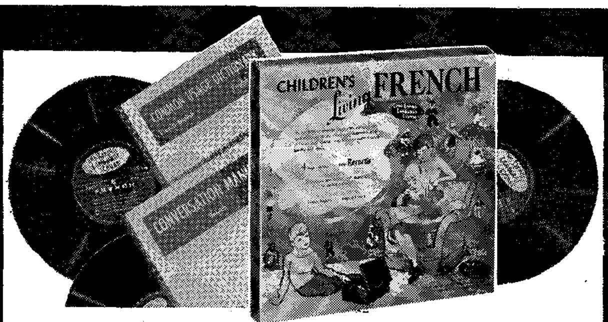
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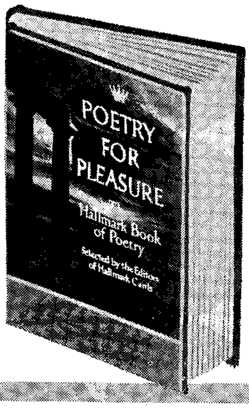
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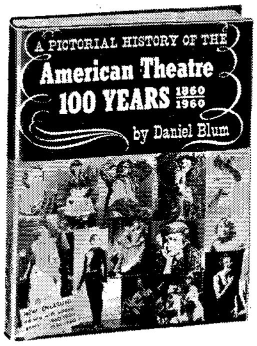
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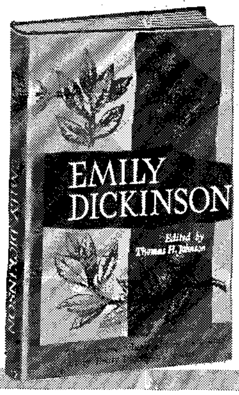
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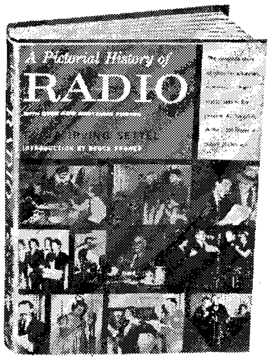
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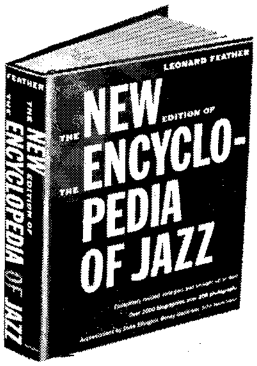
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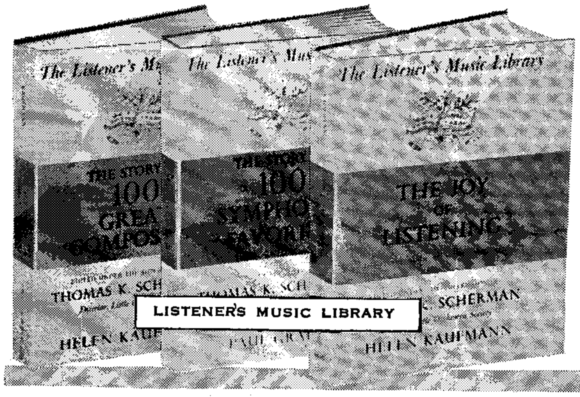
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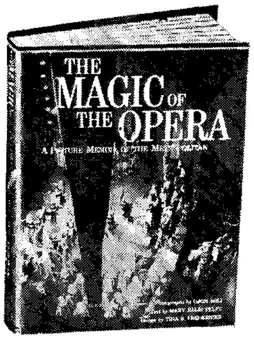
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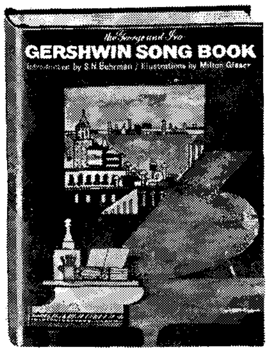
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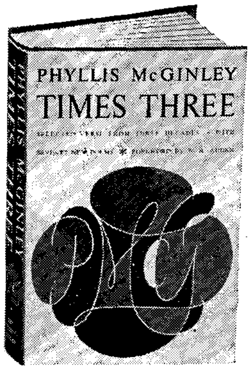
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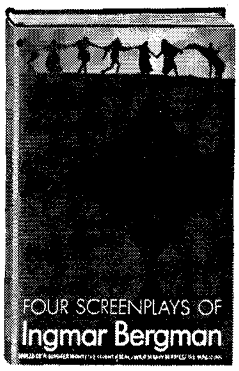
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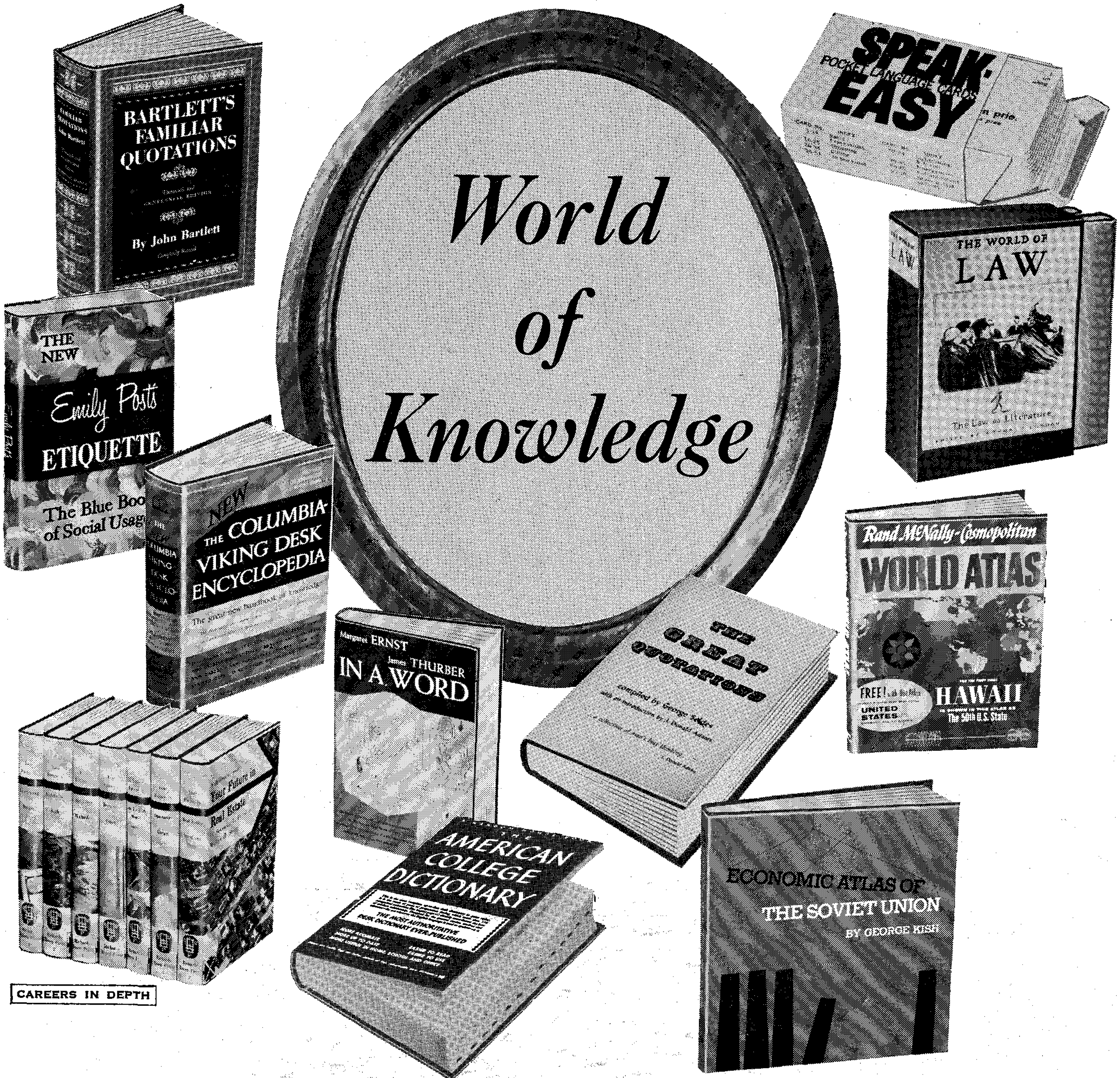
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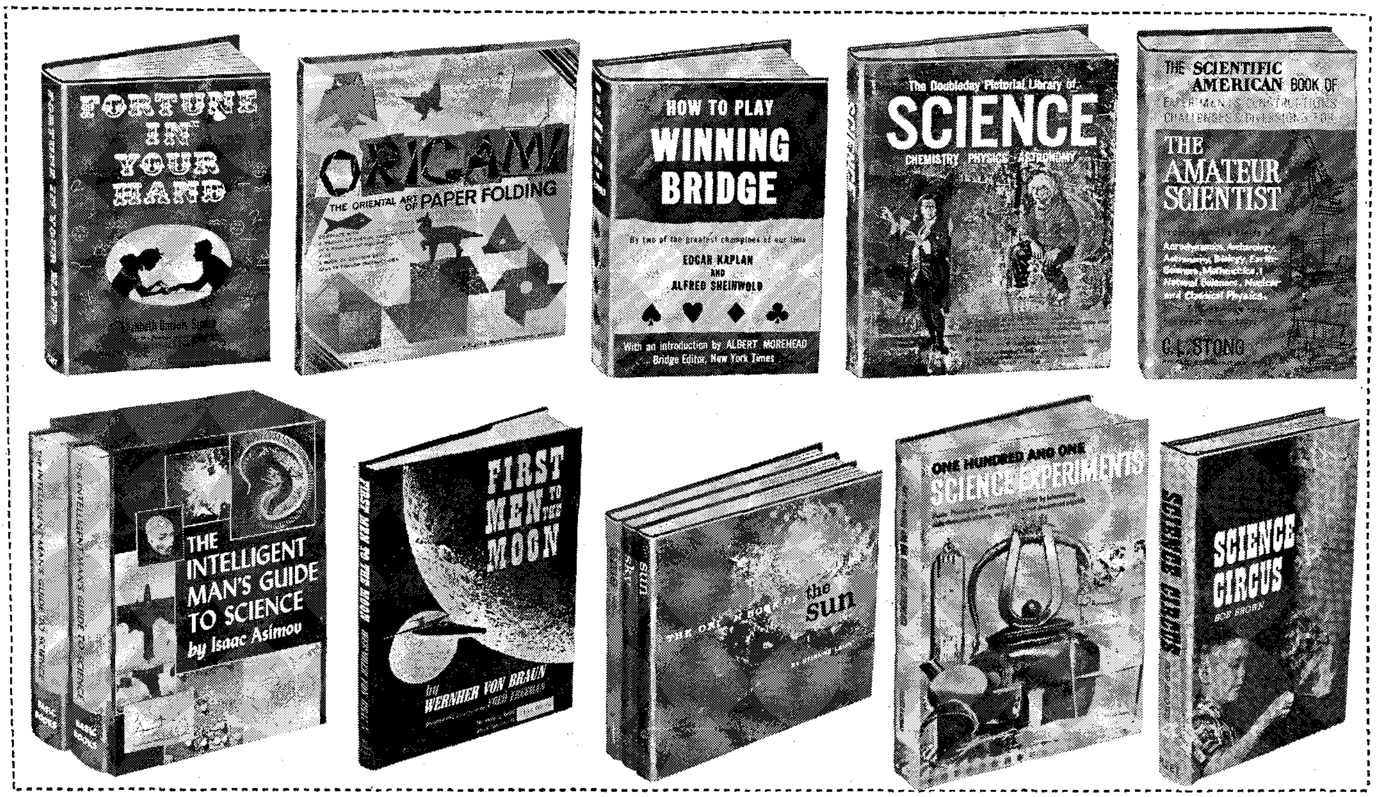
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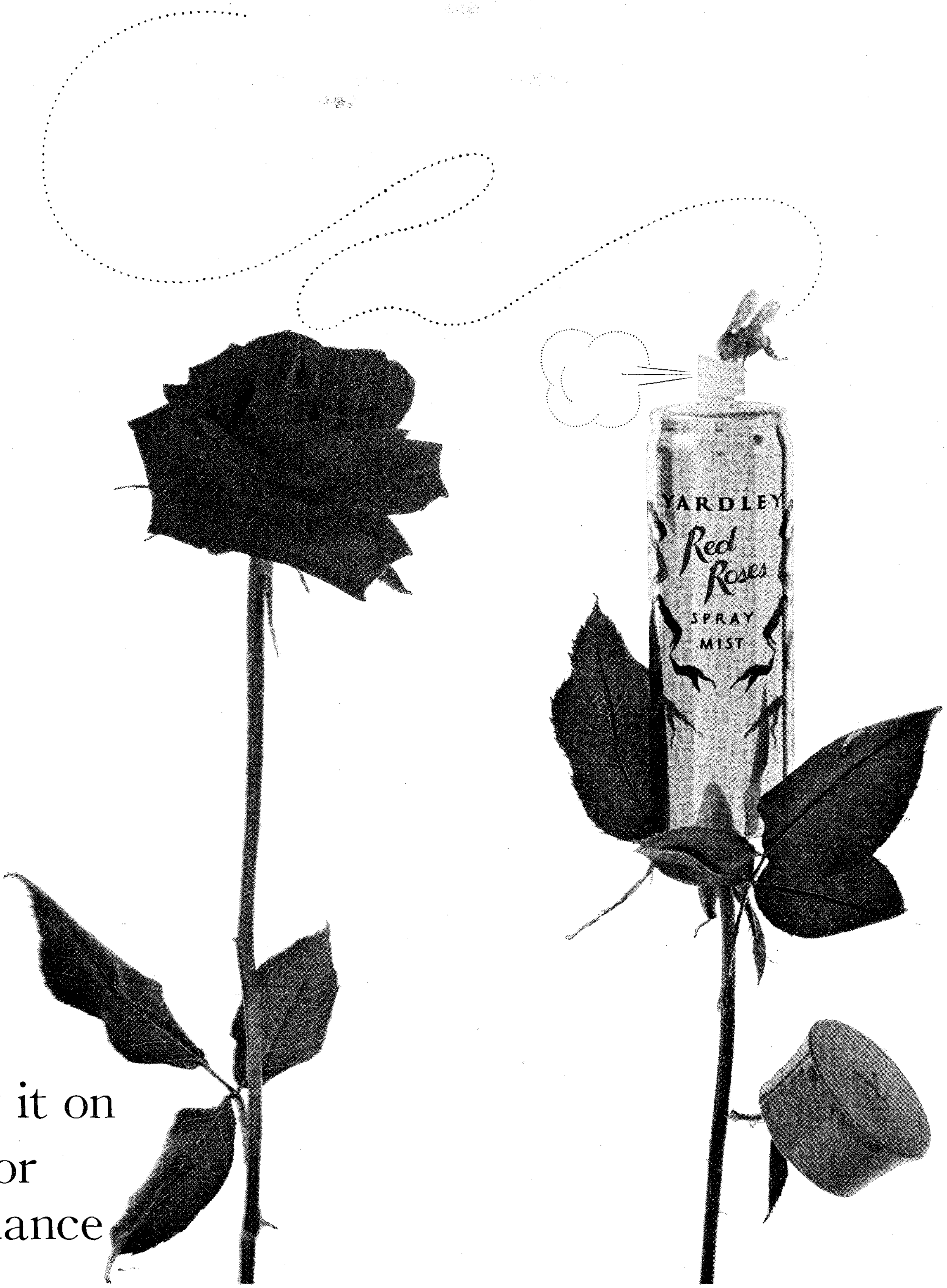

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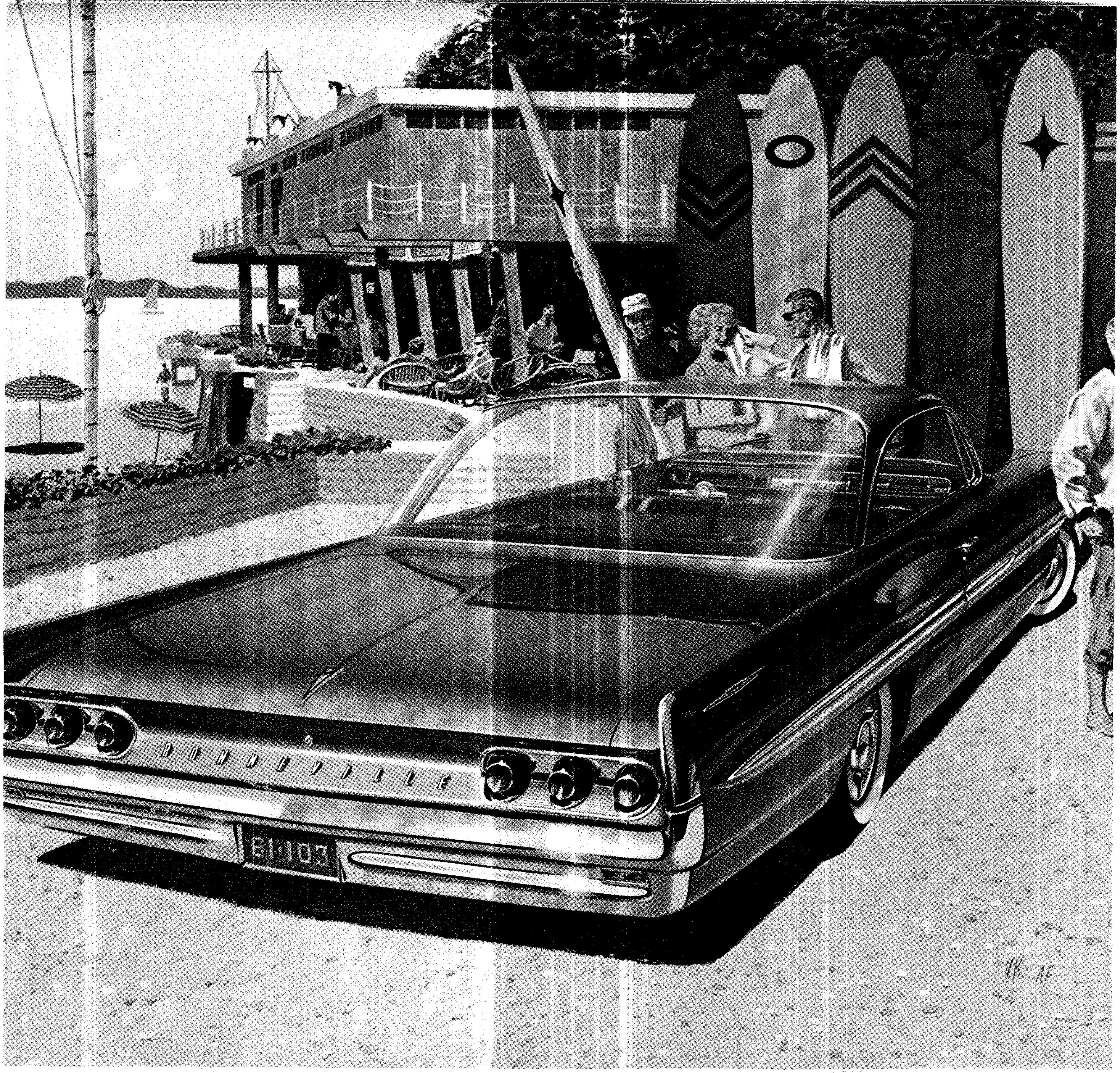

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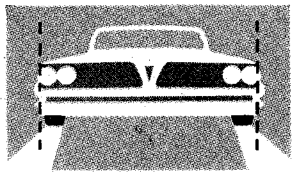

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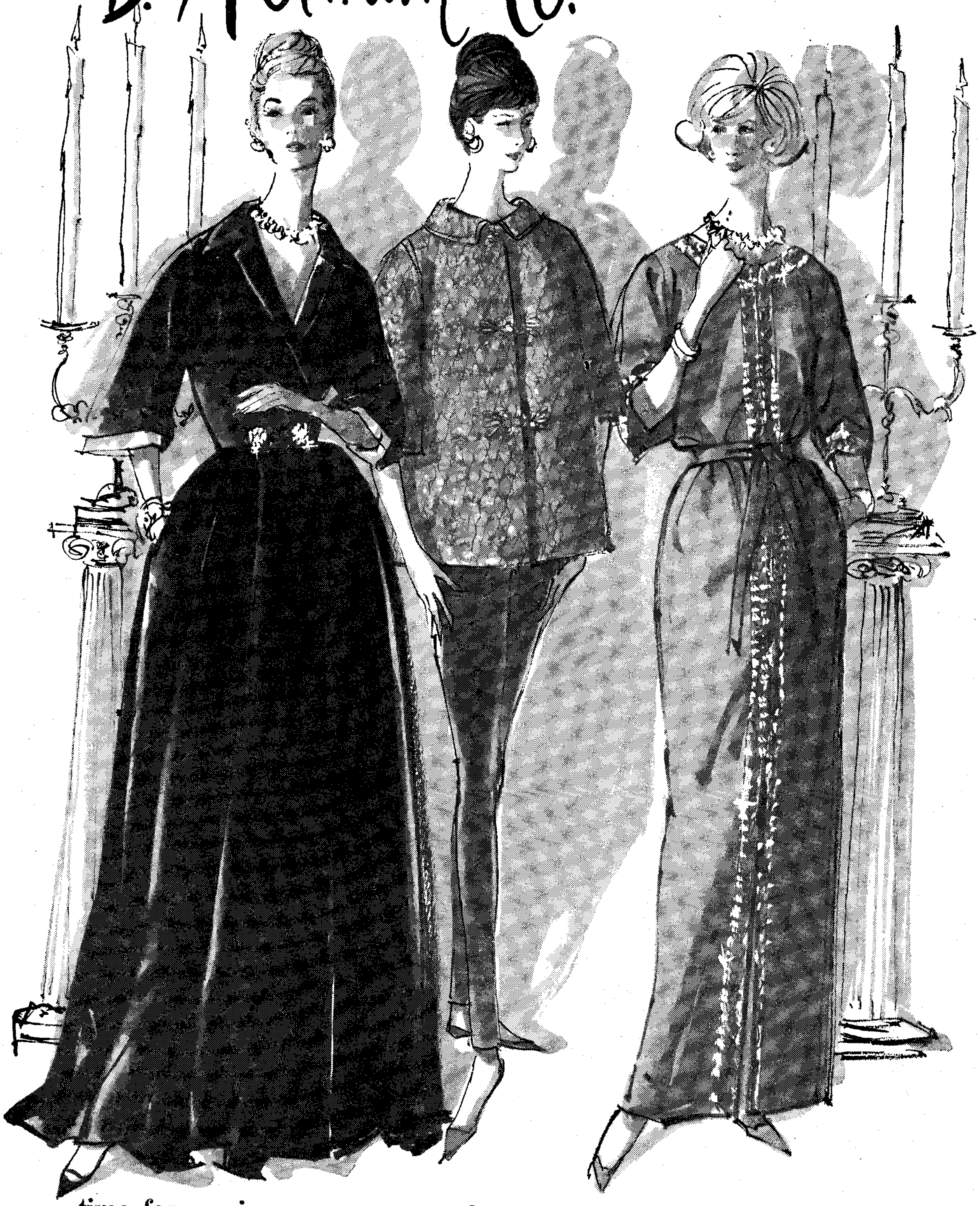

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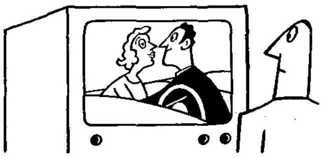
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IMAGES of Election Night on television fade and fuse, like punctured shiny beer cans disappearing into the water of a murky harbor. It is just as well. We could not bear to live with them; they have a nightmare quality. One thing we fear we'll always remember about that historic vigil is a man who asked every hour on the hour, and later, it seemed, every ten minutes on the ten minutes, what was the secret ingredient in coffee? Then a dollar sign that had broken loose from its moorings would float across the screen, and the man would say "Money," because money bought the coffee beans, and that was why you paid more. He never said more than what, or whether you paid more because the coffee beans were bought with money than you would if they were bought with something else. Then we would see, or hallucinate, a pretty girl and a handsome man sitting in a convertible and working into a clinch. Their heads would draw together, like Senator Kennedy and the number of electoral votes needed for victory, and a moment later the man would look surprised and fade, like Vote No. 269. The girl would sit there, hurt and humiliated, and we would hear a dream ditty that said, approximately, "Don't let romance slink away, hey, nonny-nonny, fight tooth decay."



There would follow, sometimes, a brief vision of a newsroom where there was no news, and one of the fellows we were waiting to hear tell us news would say, "And now here is Joe Unbekannt, with news from—" and there would be a drumbeat and Joe would say, "If the South had won the Civil War..." This, another voice would say, was the title of a story that was about to appear in a magazine whose name we failed to catch. Fifes would play "Dixie" and there would be a picture of General Grant, who was ineligible to run, because of the no-third-term rule. (His leitmotiv was not "Dixie" anyway.) Next would appear an elephant tracking up a nine-by-twelve-foot hunk of imitation linoleum—for God's sake, why?—and a pretty girl, not the one in the convertible, saying, with a glance of complicity, "Don't be switched." The newsroom again, and a fellow saying, "We think we are about to have something about the situation in California, where there is an astounding revelation, and in the meanwhile—" Then an enormous cigarette, like a pooka in an Irish fairy tale, would drift past our eyes while a celestial choir sang, "Got the flavor, got the blend, when will human folly end?"

The captives in the newsroom, it seemed to us, were playing the role of the talker in front of the hoochy-cooch tent at Coney Island, who used to say, "In just a moment, the little ladies will be out on this platform to entertain you, and in the meanwhile my assistant will pass among you and sell Parisian Crackerjack, a guaranteed eye-opening French novelty in every package." The night, and the long morning, wore on. It was like an honest wrestling match we once watched endlessly at the old Hippodrome. Nixon couldn't get on top and Kennedy couldn't pin him. With each pinch of digits the broadcasters doled out, they enclosed a warning that it didn't necessarily mean anything. Then the riddle about coffee would recur, or the girl who used the wrong toothpaste would again suffer needless public humiliation. We began to think more about the hallucinatory episodes than about the election. What was so secret about coffee being bought with money? Why worry about if the South had won the Civil War? We once knew a general—a Southerner, at that—who used to say, "If a bullfrog had wings, it wouldn't hit its bottom on the ground when it landed." As for the elephant, how did it get onto the linoleum substitute and why didn't the other girl want us to be switched? So went our thoughts while the candidates, wiser, slept.

The British Broadcasting Corporation does as good, and as dull, a job of reporting an election as our people, and without subjecting its watcher-listeners to this degrading form of hazing. Our method puts the watcher in the position of a mission bum who must listen to a sermon before he receives his sandwich. People who want to see private-eye serials are willing to undergo advertising as the price of their pleasure, but the public has a right to straight news tribute-free for at least one night every four years. Computation, in any case, is impossible to dramatize. The votes are in, they are to be counted, and we want the results, which arrive according to their own rhythm. There is a great deal to be said for the old system of getting the returns, when they come in, over a ticker, and writing them up on a slate in front of a saloon.

Entertainment's Tots

WHILE we were having a cocktail at Sardi's the other day, we were introduced to a gentleman named Joseph Sturm, who, in the course of the ensuing conversation, said he was a teacher.

"Of the drama or the dance?" we inquired, those being the subjects that most commonly preoccupy the tutors who frequent that theatrical bar.

Mr. Sturm informed us that the drama and the dance were strictly incidental to his work, since he was executive director of the Professional Children's School, which was founded in 1914 by two Episcopalian ladies, Deaconess Jane Hall and Mrs. Franklin Robinson, in order to give stage-struck children—many of whom were running loose in Herald Square at the time—a chance to pick up an education. "Why don't you come over and see us?" said Mr. Sturm. "We're just to the west of Broadway on Sixtieth Street, and we take children from the first grade right through high school." He went on to tell us that the pupils at his school were busy extracurricularly with everything from modelling to performing in "The Music Man," "Gypsy," and "Camelot," and we had a notion that they might be too precocious a handful to encounter en masse.

However, Mr. Sturm turned out to be a persuasive man, and so one morning last week we looked him up in his pedagogical haunts, which, it developed, are across the street from what will be the midtown campus of Fordham University when Lincoln Center rises from the current rubble, and adjacent to the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, whose choristers are pretty famous performers themselves. In the foyer of the school, where Mr. Sturm took us in hand, we noticed several bronze plaques, representing memorials to such theatrical eminents as Larry Hart (donated by Richard Rodgers), Gilbert Miller, Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic, Irving Berlin, and Alexander Woollcott (the last through the generosity of Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin). "Except for a scholarship fund, we're not endowed, and we have to depend on donors like these to keep our deficits down to size," Mr. Sturm said. "Our tuition runs from five hundred dollars annually, for elementary students, to seven hundred, for kids of high-school age. But before I go further into the workings of the school, let me show you some marvellous lithographs." He led us to a corridor, off the foyer, that was decorated with large and stimulating posters of Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, Maxine Elliott, Peter F. Dailey, Marie Wainwright, and Mrs. Leslie Carter, and a particularly radiant poster of Sarah Bernhardt. "We acquired these from one of our board members," observed Mr. Sturm. "I'm sometimes tempted to take a couple home with me."

Then we were off on a tour of the premises, which, Mr. Sturm explained, used to be occupied by the College of Ophthalmology of Columbia University. "We bought this place five years ago, and found, to our dismay, that all the windows had been painted black," he continued. "Now, as you see, they are all splendidly transparent. Before moving here, we were at Sixtieth and Broadway, but the rent there became impossible." In passing, we noticed a couple of pay phones, and asked Mr. Sturm about them. "We have to have pay phones, because the children or their mothers have to keep in touch with theatrical agents," he explained. "After all, these kids are professionals, and they have to be on the alert for jobs. They get time off on matinée days, and when they're on the road they keep up with their studies by correspondence. The regular school day runs from nine-forty-five until two in the afternoon, with a brief lunch period. Some of the mothers stick around with the very young children—most of them are models, since a youngster has to be at least seven to perform in the theatre—but they really don't give us any particular trouble." Mr. Sturm waved us into an elevator full of respectful young professionals, and presently we were in the school auditorium, where Mrs. Frederick S. Hoppin, the academic director, was leading an assemblage of adolescents in prayer and song. This concluded, she went on to read an article about Phillips Exeter Academy by John Crosby, and said that she hoped the Professional Children's School would inculcate into its pupils the same values that, according to Mr. Crosby, were inculcated into the pupils of Exeter. Mr. C. T. Perkinson, the musical director of the school, a Negro who is a jazz expert as well as a classical-music scholar, proceeded to extoll the late Dimitri Mitropoulos, and then bade one of the pupils come up to the piano. The pupil, a youth in tortoise-shell glasses, immediately tackled the first movement of Vincent Persichetti's Third Piano Sonata, and did Mr. Perkinson proud.

SUB
Albert Hubbell

The behavior of the students was exemplary, and we asked Mr. Sturm if they were putting on an act.

"You must remember that these are hard-working youngsters, and that what they learn here has to be supplemented outside the school by courses in dancing, fencing, elocution, and what have you," he said. "They have very little time to frivol away. The only thing we really find to complain about is a tendency on the part of some of them to stare out of the library window at the Hudson River or the new development around us. Sometimes, I don't blame them. I find myself staring down at the Grace Mansion, across the street—it's going to be moved, you know—and drifting into a daydream about old New York myself."

Our next stop was the lunchroom, where several extremely small children were wolfing down spaghetti, which, as one of them pointed out, is much more filling than a sandwich, and more fun to manipulate. Some of them interrupted their meal to line out the nursery rhyme "Ring Around the Rosie." Among the singers was a little Japanese girl. "Just a child," Mr. Sturm remarked, "and yet she's a violin virtuoso who can handle Bach and Scarlatti with ease."

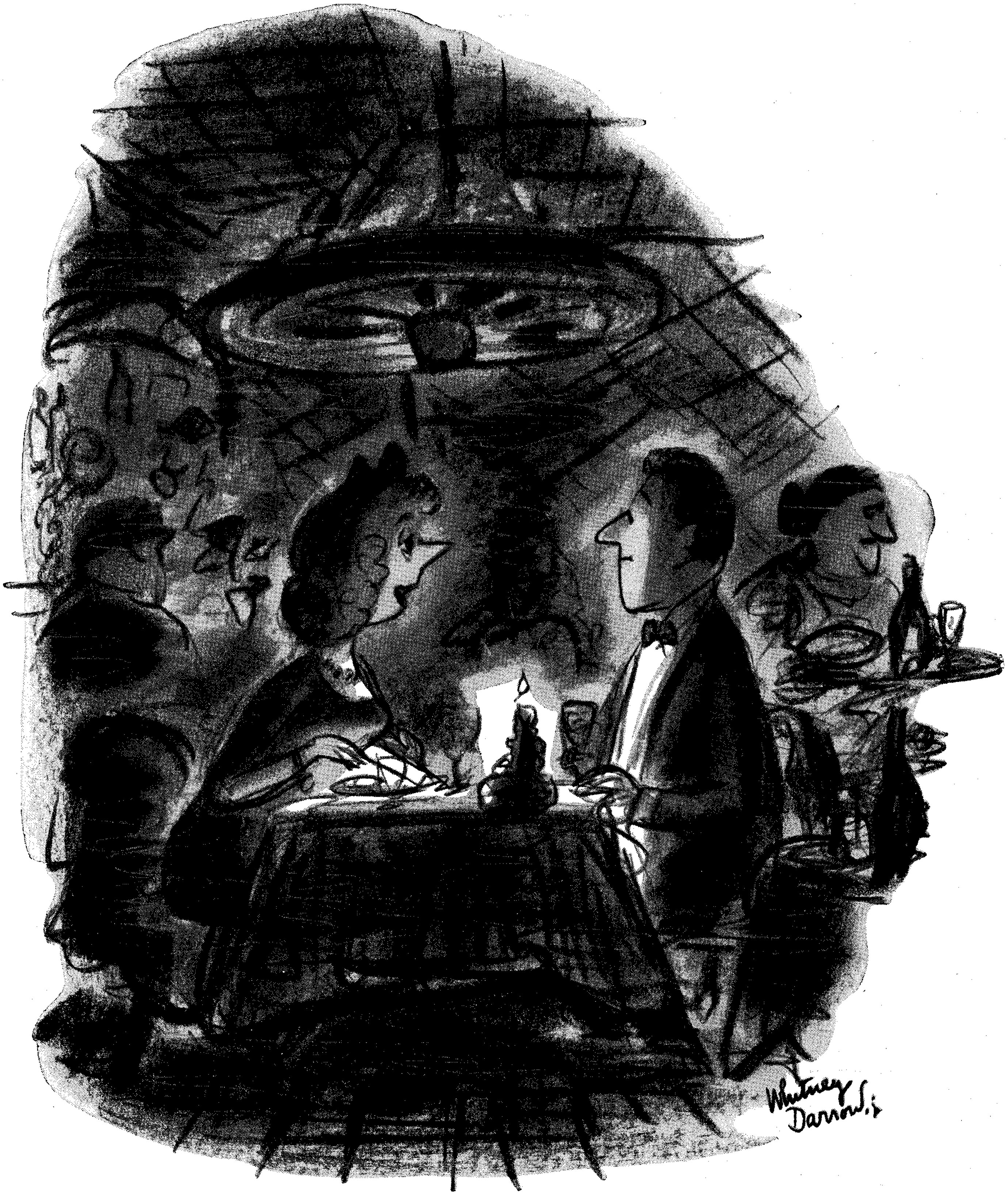
While Mr. Sturm was admiring his charges, we asked him about himself, and learned that he is a product of both the University of Wisconsin and Harvard, has taught in Middle Western colleges, has done publicity for opera singers, and joined the Professional Children's School five years ago, at the urging of John Hammond, the jazz authority, whose family has long supported the institution. "I guess these kids have a right to be spoiled brats," Mr. Sturm said, "but that's one right I seldom see exercised around here."

•

OVERHEARD on the lower level of Grand Central Terminal, one attaché-case holder to another: "We really had to put our foot down when he wanted to rhyme the annual golf-club report."

Bubbles

WHEN it was announced, a couple of weeks ago, that this year's winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics was Dr. Donald A. Glaser, of the University


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"We can't go on meeting like this, Allen. It's ruining my eyes."

• •

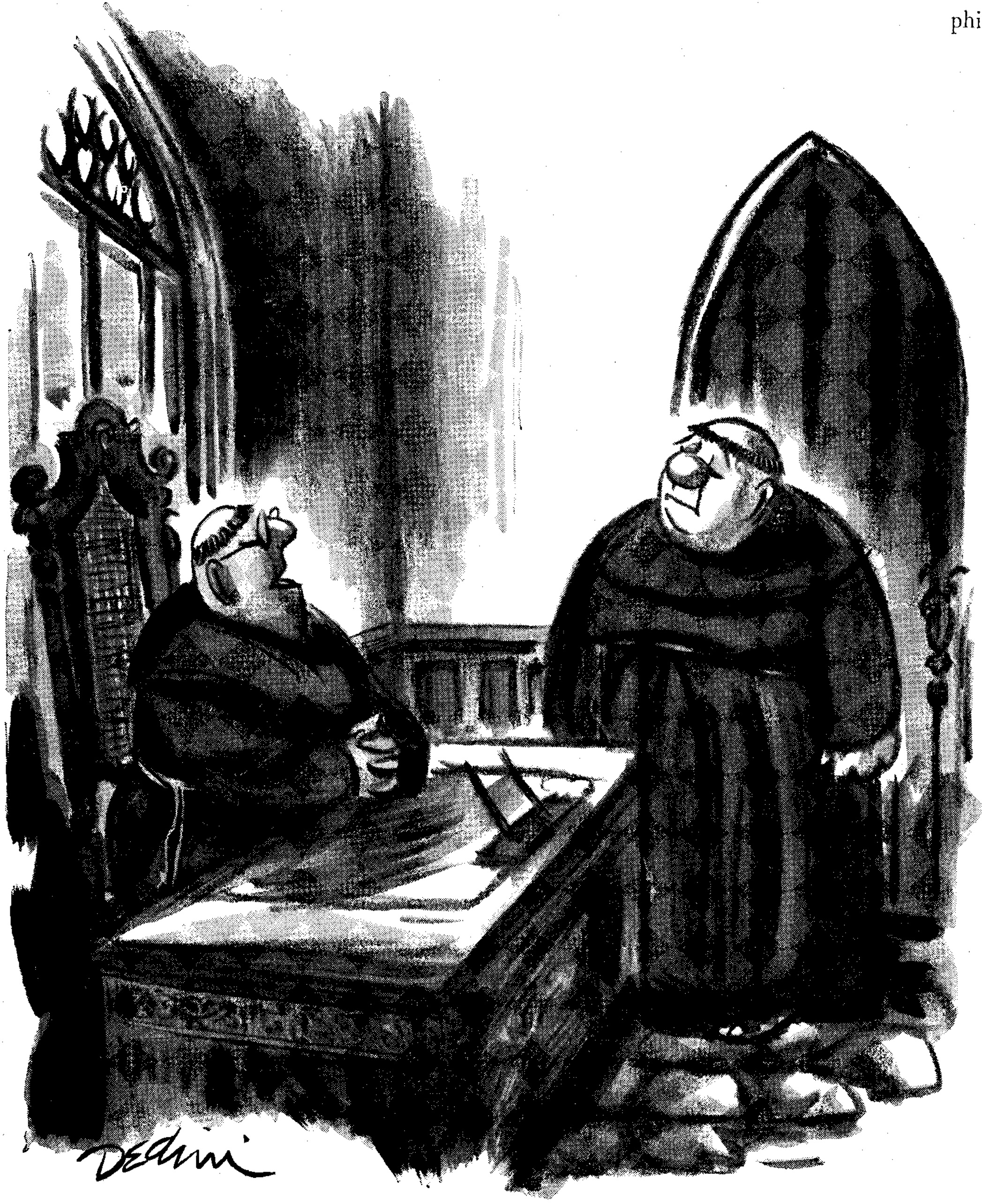
of California, a member of our staff who was vacationing in San Francisco instantly leaped into reportorial harness, got in touch with Dr. Glaser, and was invited to the Doctor's house for a cup of jasmine tea, thus providing us with an unexpected transcontinental interview. Dr. Glaser, a thirty-four-year-old bachelor, is one of the youngest men ever to cop a Nobel Prize. (The actual copping of the prize, which amounts to something over forty-three thousand dollars, will take place in Stockholm on December 10th.) He lives in the outskirts of Berkeley, in a little teahouse perched on the side of a very steep hill dotted with houses of U. of C. faculty members; his house is in the best contemporary Californian style, having redwood walls both outside and in, and floor-to-ceiling windows that look out over what is, even for that famously beautiful part of the country, a breathtaking view—Berkeley below, the blue bay in the middle distance, and, some ten miles off, the skyline of San Francisco.

Dr. Glaser is just under six feet tall, has dark-brown hair and hazel eyes, and favors an undergraduate informality of dress that goes so far as to include maroon socks and brown sandals with red rubber soles. The hullabaloo that always accompanies a Nobel Prize has raised hob with his normally quiet private life. "I find the commotion—telegrams, phone calls, letters, visitors—very exciting, but I'll be glad when it's over," he said. "I must have given out twenty statements to radio stations alone. They tape them over the phone, you know. It's challenging to be put on the spot like that—to speak for thirty seconds without advance notice and still make sense. I have to keep on with my regular work as well. I have a full teaching schedule, and, like most of my colleagues, usually put in an eleven-hour day from Monday through Friday, plus six hours on Saturday. Once a week, I take a date in to San Francisco to see a play, hear a concert, or just walk around and have dinner. For recreation, I play chamber music with local groups. My instrument is the viola. Weekends, when the weather is good, I sail. Last year, I bought a twenty-five-foot sloop, which I keep at a marina in Oakland. In winter, I ski. I also cook, but for a bachelor that is less a matter of recreation than of survival."

Dr. Glaser's parents came from Russia and settled in Cleveland, where his father started a wholesale notions business, and where Donald was born. As a child, he proved gifted in both mathematics and music, and at sixteen he was a violist with the Cleveland Philharmonic, a semi-professional orchestra, and was studying composition at the Cleveland Institute of Music. A couple of years later, he decided that he would never make a really brilliant composer and that it would be more interesting to be, if necessary, a mediocre physicist than to be a mediocre musician. He enrolled at the Case Institute of Technology, in Cleveland, and graduated in 1946. Four years later, he got his Ph.D. from the California Institute of Technology. Having accepted a position as instructor in physics at the University of Michigan, he began there, in the fall of 1952, the so-called bubble-chamber experiments that led straight to the Nobel Prize.

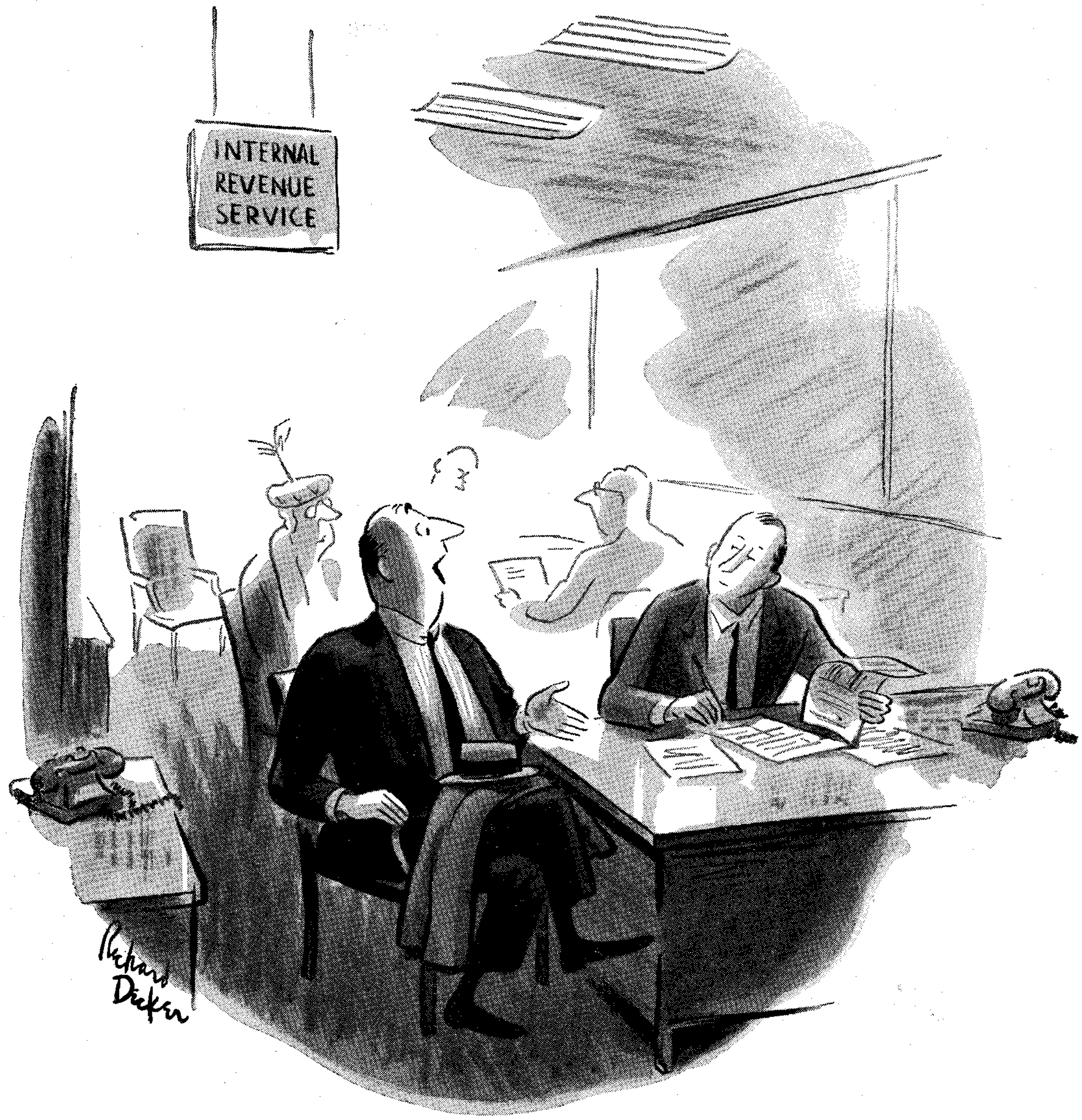
" 'Bubble chamber' isn't a very scientific name for my device," Dr. Glaser said. "I tried to think of a more sophisticated name but couldn't. What I was looking for in my experiments was a detector for nuclear particles that would be capable of collecting information at a faster rate than existing instruments. My bubble chamber allows us to study the trajectories of subatomic and elementary particles in much the same way you might study the mechanics of colliding billiard balls on a billiard table, with this proviso—that you have to imagine the balls as invisible but covered with water and therefore capable of leaving trails of water on the felt. Since the particles are much smaller than the wave length of visible light, we will never be able to see them directly, so we resort to the trick of photographing their trails of very fine bubbles. These trails help to reveal most of what we want to know about the particles—how fast they spin, their mass, their electric charge, their lifetime, and so on. Once we've learned those things, we can go into the really *deep* issues."

Between fifty and a hundred bubble chambers are now in use in this country, and there are perhaps a hundred more scattered throughout the world. Dr. Glaser has built a dozen chambers himself, one as small as his thumb and one as big as a Volkswagen bus. The jumbo of bubble chambers is at Berkeley, to which he moved his experiments last year; its over-all dimensions are those of a good-sized two-story house. The scale and expense of such objects tend to depress Dr. Glaser.



"Brother Anselm, I'm sure we've all enjoyed it, but don't you think it's time now to give your Khrushchev imitation a rest?"

He began his bubble-chamber experiments by exposing half a dozen bottles of beer to a strong radioactive source; he feels a long way from beer bottles now. "I'm increasingly dissatisfied with my general field of research," he said. "Everything seems to require such large sums of money and so much heavy equipment. Lately, I've developed an interest in biology—biophysics, microbiology, neurophysiology, and all that. I'm very much tempted to switch over."



"What's so wrong with caviar? It's rich in iodine and protein."

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Cooler

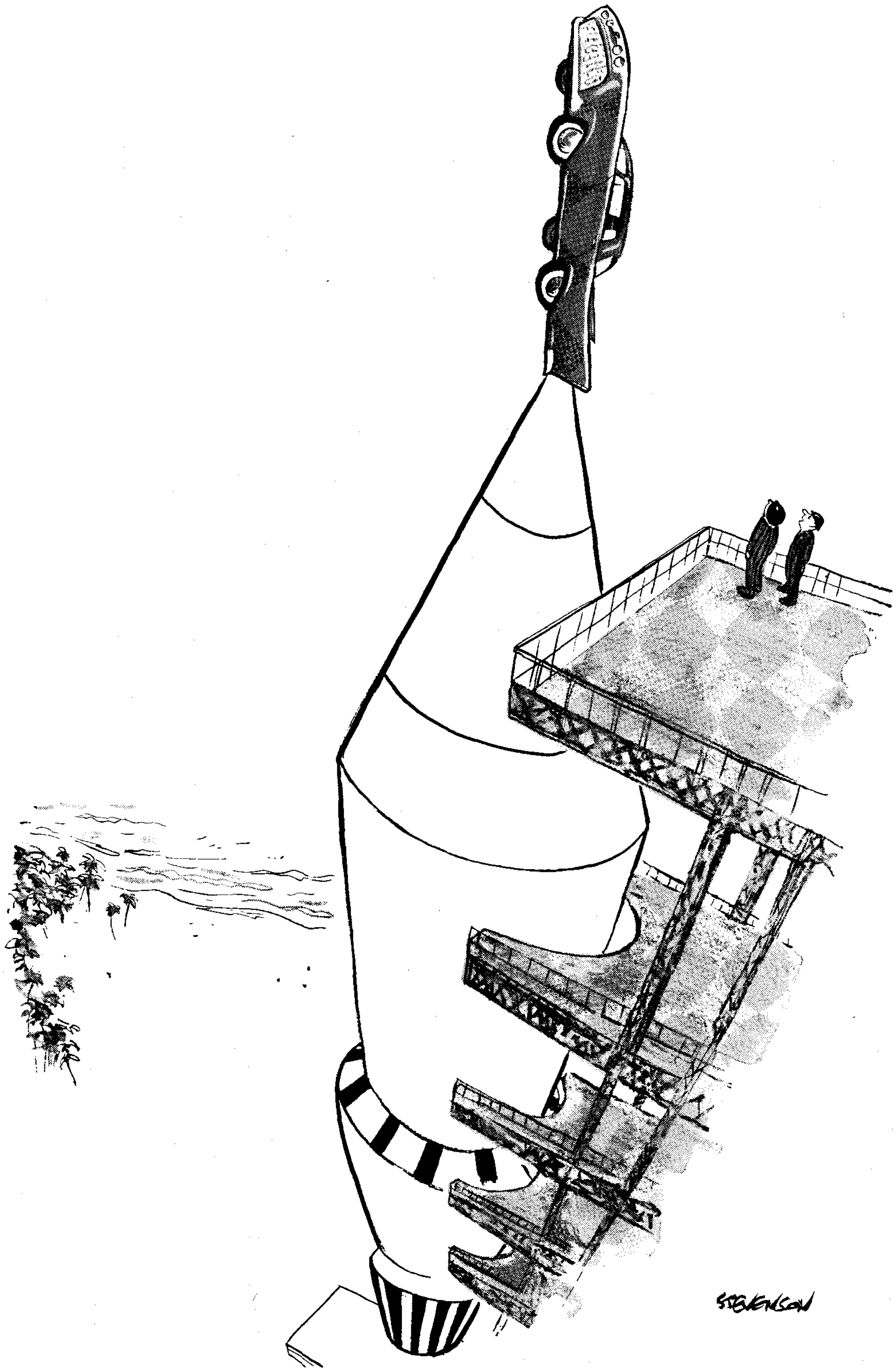
A LAWYER we know has told us of a tiny, complex misadventure that befell him and a party of fellow-picnickers before the Princeton-Yale game last Saturday. He was one of a group of a dozen friends who drove to New Haven in three cars and met, by prearrangement, in a parking lot behind an Esso station hard by the Yale Bowl. Each couple had brought some part of the communal lunch, which started with Martinis prepared by a Princeton man (class of '11) and poured into paper cups from a large thermos. The first sip established beyond a doubt that these Martinis were being served at room temperature; indeed, our informant said, he thought he detected a faint curl of steam rising from his cup into the cool November air.

"Ice!" cried the Martini-maker's wife. "You forgot to put in ice!"

"I didn't *forget* the ice," the man replied, frowning. "I made the drinks last night, at home. I mixed up a whole pitcherful, six to one, and then I poured it into this thermos. I left out the ice, because after I put the cork and cap on the thermos, I stuck it into the deep freeze to stand overnight and get nice and— Oh!"

Lonely Day

Election Day, here in the city, is one of the quietest of all days. We voted early. We were up and out of the house and headed for the polls a few minutes before six. Our street was dark and silent, the air was crisp and brilliant, and the day held promise. We don't have far to go to reach the polls—a few steps south, past the barbershop, the hardware shop, and the tailor shop, and a few steps east, downhill (with the river at the foot of the hill). On our way south, we saw the moon, and a faint light in the rear of Mr. Strandbury's store (he delivers papers); his newsstand was still bare. Turning east, we saw the river far below, and streaks of blue and orange in the morning sky. We vote in a luggage shop barely the size of a steamer trunk—a cramped, cluttered establishment, its floor covered with suitcases, handbags, and piles of old belts, its walls inexplicably plastered, from floor to ceiling, with photographs of stars of stage, screen, and television. At one minute to six, we were outside its doors. Two people were ahead of us—a ruddy-faced man, gray at the temples and wearing a trim brown topcoat, and a shambling, preoccupied man, coatless. "I vote at the crack of dawn because I like to vote at the crack of dawn," volunteered the ruddy-faced man. "Besides, I work in Brooklyn, and I've got a ride ahead of me." The coatless man had something on his mind. "Somebody has to lose," he said, half to himself. We peered through the window of the store. It was ablaze with light. Precinct workers bustled around a long table, clearing away paper cups and cartons of coffee and opening long, narrow registration books. We spied Jackie Gleason on the wall, smiling, and Bing Crosby beside him. Crosby looked serious. "We Can't Please Everybody But We Try," said a sign in the window. "Deposit Required on All Repair Work." A young policeman was hovering over the voting



"*It'll be more than just a space achievement, Larry. It'll be a symbol to the world of our abundant way of life.*"

• •

machine. He unlocked something on one side and tested the green curtain, and the door to the luggage shop was opened. It was precisely six o'clock.

Voting was swift and silent. The ruddy-faced man was a man of decision—in and out and off to Brooklyn. The coatless man took a moment longer, but merely a moment. Then he, too, was off, still preoccupied, still pondering. Our turn came next. For us, voting is a moment of controlled breathlessness. We promise ourself each time to be calm, collected, master of the machine and of ourself, and yet when the curtain closes and we are alone, we pull down the levers with passionate haste. In a moment, we were again outside the booth, having voted. A line had formed behind us, bursting the confines of the luggage shop and spreading out to the street. Nobody said anything.

Day had reached the city with the swiftness of our vote. The sun was over the river's edge now, and the orange-and-blue streaks were becoming a deep and satisfying blue. We walked around for quite a while. It seems to us now that we must have walked around most of the day, as preoccupied as the man who had preceded us into the booth. Fruit stores were the first to open, displaying their seasonal riches—the purple grapes, the shiny red apples. The fruit stands seemed to hold promise. Next, the flower stores opened, and we saw row upon row of mellow, rust-colored pompons. The streets were still silent, and the traffic was light. People were coming out of the apartment houses now, silent and determined, aloof and subdued, acting very much alone even when they were walking with others. We looked in on many schoolhouses, with long lines edging toward the green curtains and the levers and the moment of doing what one thinks is right, and it seemed to us that this was also, perhaps, one of the most private of all days, each man an impressive island unto himself and yet each man a part of the whole. We went down to the office and tried working, but it was no go. The silence of the city, the thought of all those lines edging forward, was too much with us, and we started to wander again. A minor errand (made work, really) took us down to Astor Place, and we passed Cooper Union, shut tight, its Great Hall closed. We stopped to read a plaque commemorating the appearance there of Lincoln, not yet nominated, in 1860. He had come East in a new, ill-fitting broadcloth suit to plead, with eloquence and hard facts, the cause of the Union. Lincoln, we thought, would have been comforted by the long lines at the many polling places, and by the solemn faces of the people. One thought leads to another (work was now out of the question), and we strolled uptown, past lines in front of schools, churches, and shops, and into the American Wing of the Metropolitan. Our thoughts stretched ahead into the future, but we wanted to touch the past. We walked through the proud old rooms from Ipswich, and King George County, in Virginia, and Albany, and looked at the bright handmade silver, the Gilbert Stuarts, the mantelpieces, and the gleaming gold mirrors surmounted by eagles. Dusk was settling in when we left the Museum, and our path home took us again past those long, silent lines. When the polls closed, we settled down to await the returns.

"GONE WITH THE WIND," MAYBE

AT the beach, it was raining almost noiselessly, with gray lumps of wetness hanging over the sand dunes and the houses behind them. In the living room of the 1928-ish gabled, clapboard year-round house at the beach front, a small fire in the brick fireplace gave out no heat and slowly died as father and child sat on the sofa together in disharmony. Andy, at five, could be troublesome if he wanted to, and, sitting—or, rather, spread out in dissatisfaction—on Mike's lap, he wanted to. Mike had some difficulty holding the book in his hand as the boy, whining, squirmed. A neighbor's child, also five, stood in front of them, his buck-toothed face three inches from Mike's, noticing everything.

"The name of this book is 'One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish,' " Mike said. Hugging the boy on his lap with his elbows, pointing over him with his chin, in encouragement, to the appropriately colored words on the title page, he said, "Now you read it, Andy."

Before Andy could open his mouth, the buck-toothed wonder from the house across the street put in breathlessly, "One fish two fish red fish blue fish I know the one fish book I learned it all Dr. Melvin. I learned the whole book I know it."

"Very good, Guy," Mike said evenly, surprised at the power of the sudden rage within himself at this interference.

Guy's legs gradually slid away from each other in a split. His sun-bleached yellow mop of hair was uncut and uncombed. He was wearing light-blue cotton shorts with an elastic top, and they were several sizes too large for him. The Indian on horseback embossed at the hemline came below the little boy's kneecap. The shorts were all he was wearing against the cold, damp autumn day. He smelled of sea salt and ice cream.

"Come on, fella," Mike said to Andy, edging back on the sofa, away from the blunt, untroubled stare of the visitor. "Don't you want to read the fish book?"

Mike felt the sullenness in the child on his lap, felt it matching his own. He was pinned down in the house on this rain-soaked day while Joy marched off to the city to see the damn psychoanalyst. There would be no relief for hours. She wouldn't get back until after six. From the psychoanalyst, she was going shopping for new clothes, she had announced. What on earth was there about psychoanalysis that sent wives steaming away straight from the couch into Bergdorf Goodman? Little directives on how to buy clothes, no doubt, as well as on how to eat, how to talk, how to think, how to be popular, how to make love. The latest directive was that Mike should spend at least one afternoon a week in the house taking care of Andy. So, to please Joy's psychoanalyst, he had been forced to readjust his office hours and reschedule visits to patients in and out of the hospital who had serious physical illnesses that were a damn sight more important than anything that was the matter with Joy. And for what? Joy was becoming impossible. She kept throwing meaningless, pseudo-psychiatric jargon around and didn't have the faintest understanding of what it meant. Everything she didn't like at the moment or couldn't comprehend, about Mike or anybody else, was labelled "not normal." And, by some coincidence, Andy now spent over half his life whining about everything, normal and not normal.

"Guy, don't you want to sit down?" Mike asked, trying to disguise his impatience.

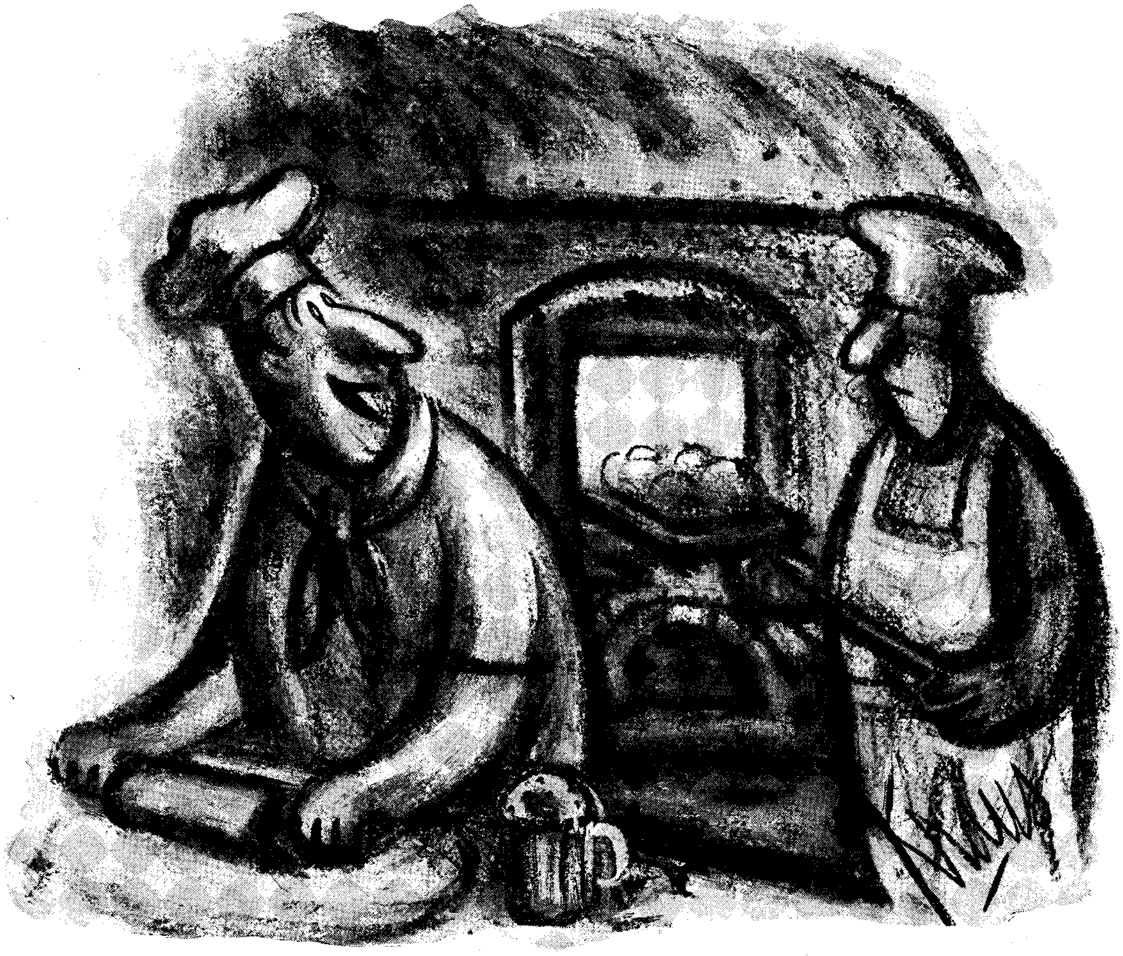
"Uh-uh." Guy moved in half an inch closer.

In the kitchen, which was next to the living room, the washer-dryer, set going by Joy before she took off, shifted gears loudly; the clanking wheeze became a nerve-racking buzz as the machine got ready to toss the clothes around inside. There was an equally violent commotion on Mike's lap. Andy had pulled off his white sandals and white socks, and was simultaneously struggling to rip off his white T shirt and kicking at Guy.

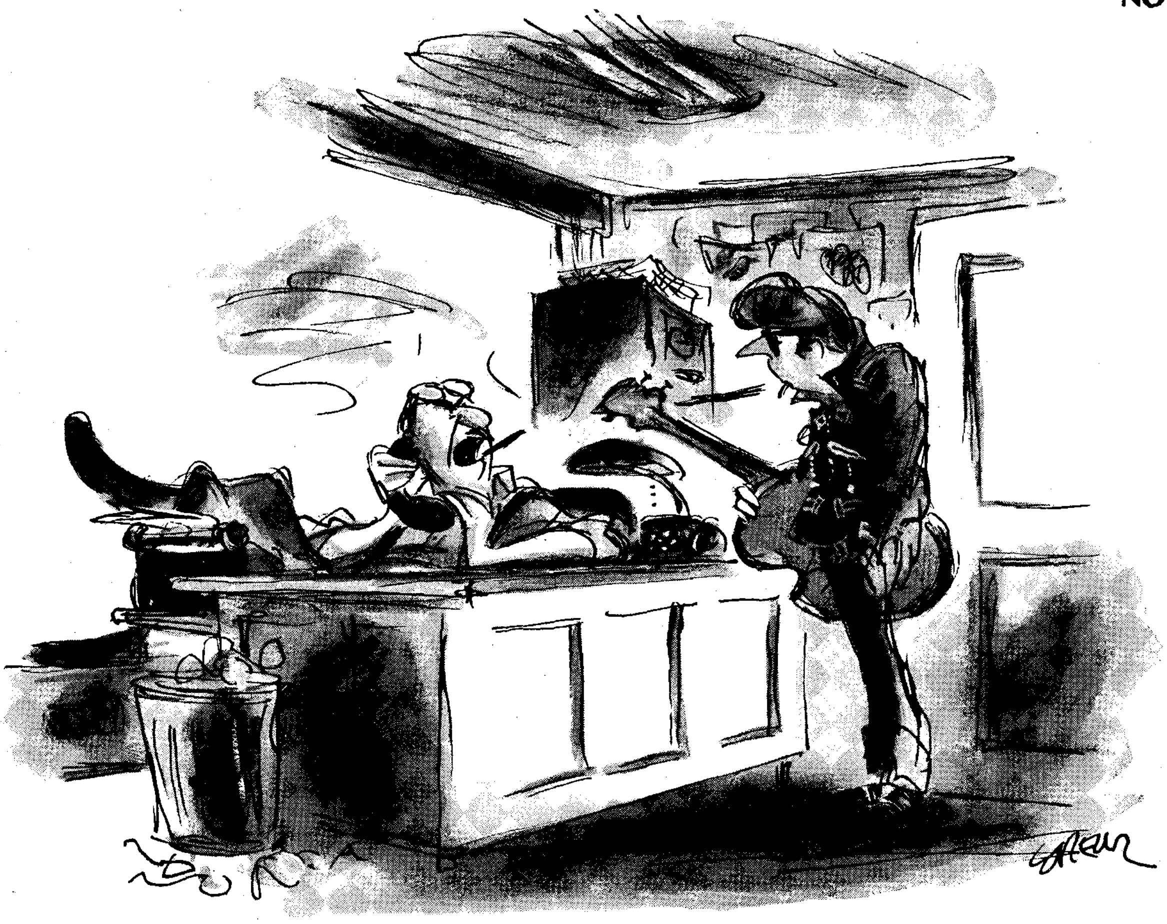
Mike stopped him, replaced white socks and white sandals, and held down the T shirt. "Come on, now, fella, you'll catch cold," he said, aware of the ingratiating, placating, babying tone in his voice. Andy started to kick and cry again.

"He's upset Dr. Melvin because he pushed over the monkey-sticks bridge you built before and now he's sorry he did it," Guy volunteered.

Before the reading session, Mike had



"Don't you just love the smell of fresh-baked bread?"



"When I've made you a living legend, I'll let you know!"

• •

spent a half hour building Andy and Guy a four-level bridge with sharply pointed plastic sticks—an unworthy substitute for the Erector set that was the delight of his own boyhood. The moment it was completed, Andy had struck it down. He had been crying and whining since. The afternoon had got off to a beaut of a start.

"He won't catch cold, Dr. Melvin," Guy said. "Look at me I never wear shoes unless we go to Manhattan. We may go to Manhattan tomorrow and then I'll wear shoes."

"Life is simple for some people," Mike said, secure in the knowledge that only a couple of five-year-olds heard him.

"Feel me I'm hot," said Guy, eagerly taking Mike's free fist and kneading it. Sure enough, the visitor's little brown hand pulsed with fire and energy. Mike became aware of the cool clamminess of his own hand.

Andy dove off his lap and made for the telephone, near the steep, zigzag, linoleum-covered stairway leading to the bedrooms upstairs. He picked up the receiver, dialled a few digits, and said into the telephone, "Tell her to call me up right away because I have to do something. I don't know what I have to do but I have to do it." He hung up and, apparently feeling better, returned to his father's lap. In passing Guy, he stepped craftily on Guy's foot.

"Ow!" said Guy.

"Now you read, Andy," Mike said, snubbing the guest's protest.

"I hate this *book*," Andy said.

"One fish, two fish—" Mike began.

"Stupid fish, foo-foo fish," Andy said. He looked up in pleased amazement as Guy echoed shrilly, "Foo-foo fish!"

Guy then lay belly down on the floor, in a breast-stroke position. "Foo-foo fish!" he shrieked. Andy slid down to the floor and imitated him. In the background, the duomatic washing machine whistled three times and moved ahead into dry cycle or delayed bleach or some goddam fool thing.

"Blinkyfish! Stinkyfish! Stunkyfish!" Guy yelled, leaping up. He headed for the stairway. Andy followed him. From upstairs, the pounding of five-year-old feet thudded at Mike's temples, and his head began to ache. Then the herd crashed down the linoleum-covered stairs and returned, screaming, to the living room.

"Tell you what, fellas!" Mike shouted above the din as Guy led an obstacle race over the furniture and climbed up on the coffee table. Andy climbed up after him and started kicking a few fresh dents into the teak-topped Georg Jensen table, which dated back nine years to wedding-present days.

"Get off that table! Off! Off the table!" The proper note, for a change, was sounded. The boys wilted, momentarily.

"Fellas, now everybody," Mike said. "How about some movies? I can get out the movie machine."

"Donald Duck!" Guy yelled, panting.

Andy picked up a butterfly net and brought it down over Guy's head. "I hate stinky Donald Duck," he said, and Guy said, "Dammit get this butterfly net off my head!"

His parents believed in freedom of speech for everybody, including children. Maybe that was the way to do things. But Joy had made a big complaining point about how such lack of discipline produces insecurity, free speech to Joy being synonymous with lack of discipline. So Mike, feeling bored and tired, and hearing the washing machine clatter with finality and subside, made a stab at pleasing his absent wife. "Take it easy, fella," he said to Guy. "You don't have to use naughty words." Naughty. The word gave him a swift pain. But it was one of Joy's words, and he went along with it.

" 'Dammit' is O.K., Dr. Melvin. My mother said 'dammit' is O.K."

"We don't use naughty words in this house."

Guy stared him down. "My mother said not to pay attention if people tell me something is naughty, she said 'naughty' doesn't mean anything."

"Dammit!" Andy yelled. "Dammit dammit! I hate Donald Duck!" He nabbed Guy again with the butterfly net.

Guy pulled the net off his head and, letting go abruptly, caused Andy to fall back on the hard linoleum.

More crying. Wailing.

"Shut up!" Mike shouted. "Maybe I'll show 'Ben-Hur.' Clark Gable and Charles Laughton in 'Mutiny on the Bounty,' maybe. Orson Welles in 'Citizen Kane'! 'Hell's Angels,' with Jean Harlow! 'Gone with the Wind'!"

The distraction worked. Mike continued shouting like a maniac, and the boys giggled at him in united admiration.

"'Destry Rides Again'! 'The Asphalt Jungle'! 'Children of Paradise'! 'Bride of Frankenstein'! 'À Nous la Liberté'! 'Potemkin'! 'Ten Days That Shook the World.' 'The Sea Wolf.' I'm going to show movies," Mike went on, in a calmer tone. "I'm going to show 'The Big Parade' maybe, and maybe not, maybe 'Little Women,' and maybe not, maybe 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,' maybe not—" He continued talking thoughtfully, hypnotically, and led his charges over to the front closet, where he rummaged around on the shelf for the movie projector, the portable screen, and the boxes in which he kept all the home movies he had made since he was in college. For the past five years, almost all of the movies had starred Andy.

"And if I can't find Jean Harlow or 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,' I'll show movies of Andy as a little baby," Mike went on, sensing, for the first time that afternoon, that peace was at hand; the boys were with him. They stood behind him respectfully as he took all the equipment and movie files down from the closet shelf. They tried to help him as he put up the white screen at one end of the room, closed the window blinds, placed the projector in position, and haphazardly opened boxes containing the reels of film.

"Now, let's see," Mike continued. "'Ben-Hur,' 'Ben-Hur,' or shall we have a little Jean Harlow, maybe, or Greta Garbo or Carole Lombard—hey, fellas?"

He pawed over reels labelled "HOSPITAL—GOING HOME—JULY 1955" and "BATH—SUMMER 1955" and "XMAS 1958" and "BIRTHDAY PARTY—FOURTH—7/10/59."

"Daddy, will you show the movie of the little tiny baby getting his hair washed and Mommy is holding him?" Andy asked, changed into a new boy—obliging, sweet, rational, eager, filial, coöperative.

"Lights, Andy!" Mike commanded. His son jumped to obey, turning on the light switch, awaiting further orders. A pleasure. Mike fitted a reel into position and got ready to roll.

"Lights out!" Mike said. Again Andy, knowing what was expected of him, did what Mike wanted, and then ran to his place on the sofa, facing the screen.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS 1958"

The boys watched, bouncing up and down with enjoyment, as the color movie showed a red-ribboned sparkling green-paper wrapping being torn off a box by out-of-focus hands.

Andy called the scenes out in advance, knowing the shots by heart. "Andy's first suit!" he announced, standing up, as a collarless, lapel-less navy-blue jacket with short pants was handed over in anonymous hands to Mike on the screen. "Daddy tickles the suit!" On the screen, Mike obeyed, taking the suit, turning it face up, and indeed tickling a middle jacket button.

The other member of the audience hummed in enthusiastic appreciation. All was still well.

Another reel was started.

"SUMMER 1955"

Reverent silence in the audience as Joy came on the screen, wearing a housecoat, holding an eyes-closed, head-teetering weeks-old baby on her shoulder.

"Andy! Andy! It's Andy!" Andy exclaimed.

Joy held the baby to her cheek. She held the baby aloft. She put the baby on her lap. Closeup of the baby sleeping in his crib. Closeup of Daddy—a slimmer, glazed-eyed Daddy—his finger held in the baby's fist. Closeup of Joy, a rather puzzled-looking Joy, pretty, stiff, wary, her Buster Brown hair style impeccably in place, looking down at the baby in his crib. Then the camera came closer to the crib, closer and closer to the baby, blank-faced and blurred, and the reel was finished.

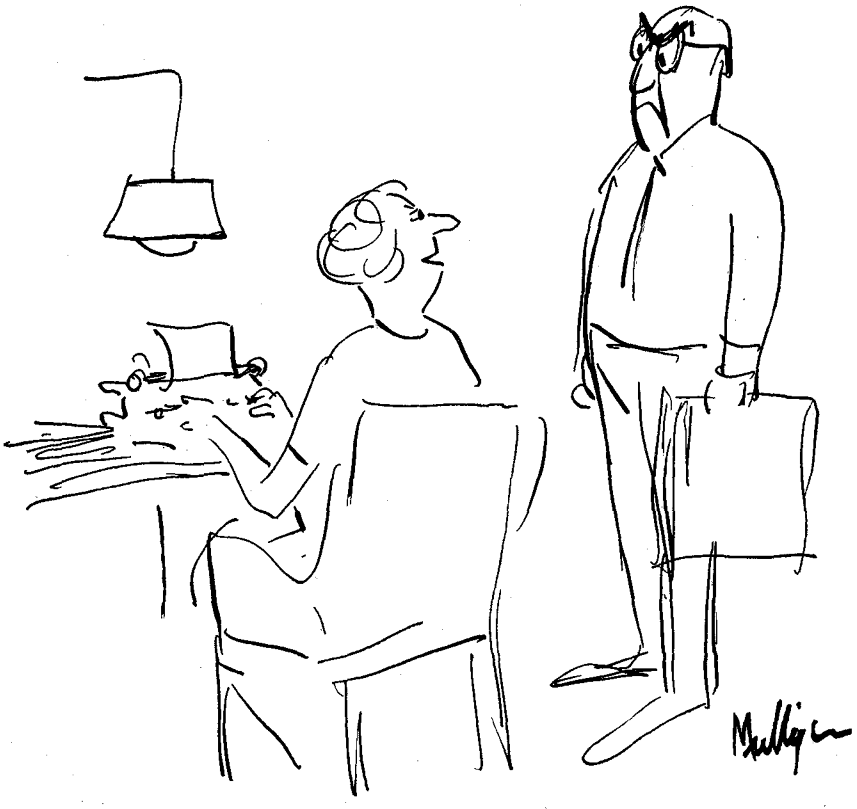
"Lights!" Mike shouted.

Guy usurped the privilege, turning on the switch. Andy did not object.

"Daddy, you didn't show where the little tiny baby is getting his hair washed."

"Well, we'll see about that," Mike said. "We'll show that one a little later, if we can." He rewound the film and then, fumbling with another reel, fitted it into the projector. "Now, let's see what we have here. Lights out! . . . Well, what do you know?" Mike said, in mock surprise. "This movie is of Daddy in the old days, when Daddy went to school."

No opposition from the audience. On the screen, the beautiful, beautiful green hills; the town at the foothills where he had roomed with Mrs. Kelly, who had taken six dollars a week and left him alone; where Geraldine had a ground-floor apartment complete with icebox and stove, with the oversized studio bed that could hold nine people sitting upright at parties, and with the fireplace, the portable record-player, and the stacks of books and magazines on the floor. A shot of the rooming house, gray and wooden, not unlike his present home. The back-door entrance to Geraldine's room. Oh, my God! The warmth in that room! Even in upstate winters, with the snow piled ten feet high outside and the temperature down



"It's tentatively titled 'I Married a Grouch.'"

to six below, it was always warm in that room. On terribly cold nights, Geraldine would light the oven and heat up her nightgown, along with his pajamas, like bread. And they would get into bed warm.

"Where is the school, Daddy? I don't see the school."

Mike could feel his heart palpitating. His head throbbed. He took off his glasses and put them aside. He could not look away from the screen to the boy. Nearsighted as he was, he could clearly see the image on the screen without his glasses. He could see every small detail on the old house. The white-and-red French curtain on the windowed door to Geraldine's room. "This is a different kind of school. It's where Daddy went to medical school, where he learned how to make sick people get all better," he said mechanically. He was in that room. He could feel it. He could smell it. Oven-baked pajamas.

Tennis courts on the screen. Geraldine playing tennis with him on the courts behind the Social Science Building. Peggy or Len must have taken the movies of him. Probably Len, with that particular shot of the beautiful courts—beautiful red clay, always rolled, shaded by elms and weeping willows, sunk in a hideout between hills. "The most beautiful campus in the world," all the alumni said to each other, and it was true.

Peace. Peace and tennis. A quick shot of him running for the ball deep in a corner of the court, retrieving the ball, returning it, running for the answer in the opposite corner. The old days. He had never given up. He had always run for them, even when it had looked hopeless.

Restive rumblings in the audience. He started talking fast again. It was possible for him to keep on talking, as long as he could keep his eyes on the screen. "There's Daddy playing tennis. See Daddy? See Daddy's eyeshade?"

"Daddy?"

"Sure, it's Daddy, sixteen, seventeen years ago. Daddy wore an eyeshade because it's so clear up there in the hills you can see a firefly at night ten miles away. There's nothing between you and the sun."

"I hate fireflies," Andy said. "They're beetles."

"Dr. Melvin, is that lady Mrs. Melvin?" Guy asked.

"No, that's Geraldine." Mike's mouth was dry. He rubbed the palms of his hands against his trousers.

"Geraldine?" Guy said.

"Geraldine?" Andy said.

"Geraldine went to medical school with Daddy. And now she's a doctor, too, and she makes people well, and here she's playing tennis with Daddy and making him run for the hard ones. There was always time in those days to play tennis and everything. The old days."

On the screen, the scene had shifted. Closeup of Geraldine, sitting on the grass with two other girls, also in tennis clothes. Geraldine smiled at the camera and waved, good-natured, relaxed, somewhat on the heavy side, awkward, full-bosomed, and soft-faced. The boys laughed at Geraldine on the screen as she did an imitation of her clumsy self reaching for a tennis stroke and muffing it. The other girls on the screen were laughing. Nice girls. Generous. Warm. God, the warmth!

Now they were back in Mrs. Kelly's yard, having a picnic. They had spent whole days and nights in that yard, eating, talking, studying, and sleeping away the hot September nights. The yard had an outdoor grill. A shot of frankfurters broiling on the grill. Strictly a Len-type shot.

"Yikes, hot dogs!" Andy screamed.

"I ate four hot dogs yesterday, Dr. Melvin," Guy said. "My father fixed a cookout."

"Very good, Guy," Mike said, studying the screen.

"I ate six seven nine hot dogs!" Andy said. "Stinky hot dogs!"

"Stinky-winky hot dogs!" Guy said. "Stinky hot dogs!"

"Stinky hot dogs," said Andy.

The boys rocked with forced laughter. Mike hardly heard them.

"Dammit hot dogs dammit!" Andy screamed to his father.

"He said 'dammit,' Dr. Melvin," Guy reported obligingly.

No recognition.

Winter. The trees, the yard, the roads heavy with mounds and angles of snow. In front of a high snowbank, Geraldine grinning at him under two woollen scarves wrapped around her head. Her brown, badly fitting coat blowing in the wind. Her boots as clumsy as a Russian peasant's. She provided action for the camera. She took off enormous green woollen mittens, blew on her hands, held the hands up stiffly, as though frozen, to the eye of the camera. Mike could taste the snow-wet woollen mittens in his mouth.

"Once I made a snowman, Dr. Melvin," Guy said.

"Dad-dy," Andy said, whining again. "I want the little tiny baby getting his hair washed." He started taking off his sandals. Mike didn't notice him.

"FINALS"

The title was crudely lettered.

" 'Finals,' " Mike read to the boys. "Pay close attention now, everybody."

On the screen, Geraldine, Peggy, and Mike were studying, seated at a card table set up in the yard. Good old Len, on the job again. Geraldine obliged the camera by hitting herself on the head and putting on an expression of pain and dismay.

Guy laughed at Geraldine's antics.

"Who's that lady, Dr. Melvin?"

"I told you. Geraldine."

"Is Geraldine Andy's mommy?"

"No."

"Is the other lady?"

"No."

"What's she *doing* now?" Guy asked. "Why is she closing her eyes? She looks funny."

"She's studying. She's memorizing. That's the way Geraldine studies." Mike felt himself smiling.

"Where's Andy?" Andy whimpered. "Where's Mommy?"

"Well, Mommy and Andy weren't with Daddy in medical school," Mike said dully, indifferent to the boy, indifferent to the guest, indifferent to the beach.

The screen blanked white. The celluloid film slapped against the machine.

Andy jumped up quickly and put on the lights. He was barefoot. In the dark, he had undressed himself so that he, too, wore only shorts. "Now show movies where the little tiny baby is getting his hair washed?" he asked.

Mike blinked at him in the light. He neither saw the boy nor heard him. He was alone in a cold room.

—LILLIAN ROSS

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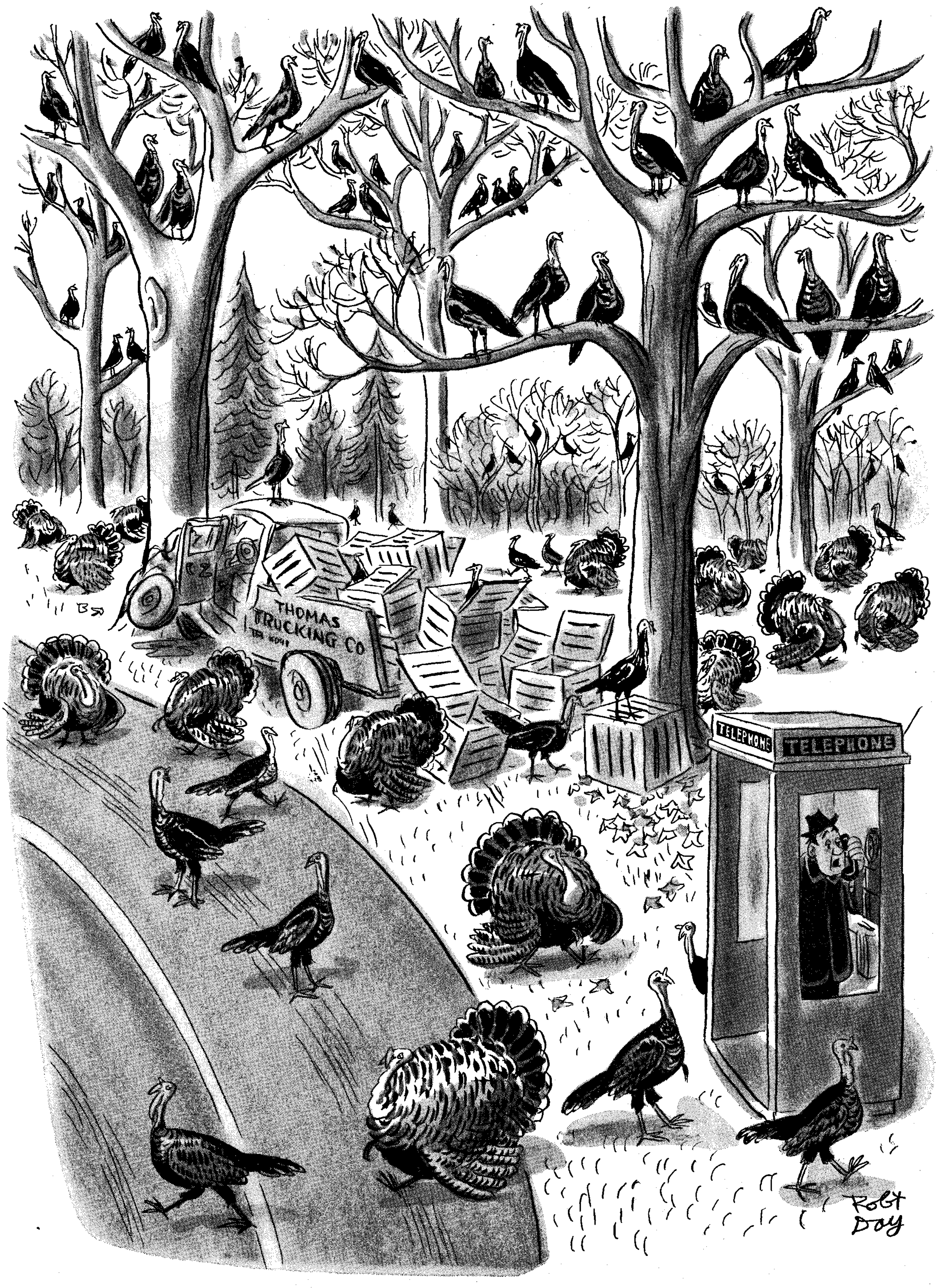
NIGHTFALL AT TWENTY THOUSAND FEET

A black wall from the east, toppling, arches the tall sky over
To drown what innocent pale western lights yet cover
Cloud banks of expired sunset; so goodbye, sweet day!
From earliest green you sprang, in green tenderly glide away.
Had I never noticed, on watch before at a humbler height,
That crowding through dawn's gate come night and dead of night?

—ROBERT GRAVES


THOMAS
TRUCKING CO
TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE
Robt
Day

"Boss, I got news for you."

MISS LEONORA WHEN LAST SEEN

I

HERE in Thomasville we are all concerned over the whereabouts of Miss Leonora Logan. She has been missing for two weeks, and though a half dozen postcards have been received from her, stating that she is in good health and that no anxiety should be felt for her safety, still the whole town can talk of nothing else. She was last seen in Thomasville heading south on Logan Lane, which is the narrow little street that runs alongside her family property. At four-thirty on Wednesday afternoon—Wednesday before last, that is to say—she turned out of the dirt driveway that comes down from her house and drove south on the Lane toward its intersection with the bypass of the Memphis-Chattanooga highway. She has not been seen since. Officially, she is away from home on a little trip. Unofficially, in the minds of the townspeople, she is a missing person, and because of events leading up to her departure none of us will rest easy until we know that the old lady is safe at home again.

Miss Leonora's half dozen postcards have come to us from points in as many states: Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, West Virginia, Kentucky—in that order. It is considered a fair guess that her next card will come from Missouri or Arkansas, and that the one after that will be from Mississippi or Louisiana. She seems to be orbiting her native state of Tennessee. But, on the other hand, there is no proof that she has not crossed the state, back and forth, a number of times during the past two weeks. She is quite an old lady, and is driving a 1942 Dodge convertible. Anyone travelling in the region indicated should watch out for two characteristics of her driving. First, she hates to be overtaken and passed by other vehicles—especially by trucks. The threat of such is apt to make her bear down on the accelerator and try to outdistance the would-be passer. Or, if passed, she can be counted on to try to overtake and pass the offender at first chance. The second characteristic is: When driving after dark, she invariably refuses to dim her lights unless an approaching car has dimmed its own while at least five hundred feet away. She is a good judge of distances, and she is not herself blinded by bright lights on the highway. And one ought to add that, out of long habit and for reasons best known to herself, Miss Leonora nearly always drives by night.

Some description will be due, presently, of this lady's person and of how she will be dressed while travelling. But that had better wait a while. It might seem prejudicial and even misleading with reference to her soundness of mind. And any question of that sort, no matter what the rest of the world may think, has no bearing upon the general consternation that her going away has created here.

WHEREVER Miss Leonora Logan is today, she knows in her heart that in the legal action recently taken against her in Thomasville there was no malice directed toward her personally. She knows this, and would say so. At this very moment she may be telling some new-found friend the history of the case—because I happen to know that when she is away from home she talks to people about herself and her forebears as she would never do to anyone here. And chances are she is giving a completely unbiassed version of what has happened, since that is her way.

The cause of all our present tribulation is this: The Logan property, which Miss Leonora inherited from one of her paternal great-uncles and which normally upon her death would have gone to distant relatives of hers in Chicago, has been chosen as the site for our county's new consolidated high school. A year and a half ago, Miss Leonora was offered a fair price for the three-acre tract and the old house, and she refused it. This summer, condemnation proceedings were begun, and two weeks ago the county court granted the writ. This will seem to you a bad thing for the town to have done, especially in view of the fact that Miss Leonora has given long years of service to our school system. She retired ten years ago after teaching for twenty-five years in the old high school. To be sure, four of us who are known hereabouts as Miss Leonora Logan's favorites among the male citizenry refused to have any part in the action. Two of us even preferred to resign from the school board. But still, times do change, and the interests of one individual cannot be allowed to hinder the progress of a whole community. Miss Leonora understands that. And she knows that her going away can only delay matters for a few weeks at most. Nevertheless, she is making it look very bad for Thomasville, and we want Miss Leonora to come home.

The kind of jaunt that she has gone off on isn't anything new for the old lady. During the ten years since her retirement she has been setting out on sim-

"Good morning, sir. I'm Al Wilkins, your friendly neighborhood bum."

• •

ilar excursions rather consistently every month or so, and never, I believe, with a specific itinerary or destination in mind. Until she went away this time, people had ceased to bother themselves with the question of her whereabouts while she was gone or to be concerned about any harm that might come to her. We have been more inclined to think of the practical value her trips have for us. In the past, you see, she was never away for more than a week or ten days, and on her return she would gladly give anyone a full and accurate account of places visited and of the condition of roads travelled. It has, in fact, become the custom when you are planning an automobile trip to address yourself to Miss Leonora on the public square one day and ask her advice on the best route to take. She is our authority not only on the main highways north, south, east, and west of here, in a radius of six or eight hundred miles, but even on the secondary and unimproved roads in places as remote as Brown County, Indiana, and the Outer Banks of North Carolina. Her advice is often very detailed, and will include warnings against "single-lane bridges" or "soft shoulders" or even "cops patrolling in unmarked cars."

It is only the facts she gives you, though. She doesn't express appreciation for the beauty of the countryside or her opinion of the character of towns she passes through. The most she is likely to say is that such-and-such a road is "regarded" as the scenic route, or that a certain town has a "well worked-out traffic system." No one can doubt that while driving, Miss Leonora keeps her eyes and mind on the road. And that may be the reason why we have never worried about her. But one asks oneself, What pleasure can she ever have derived from these excursions? She declares that she hates the actual driving. And when giving advice on the roads somewhere she will always say that it is a dull and tedious trip and that the traveller will wish himself home in Thomasville a thousand times before he gets to wherever he is going.

Miss Leonora's motivation for taking these trips was always, until the present instance, something that it seemed pointless even to speculate on. It just seemed that the mood came on her and she was off and away. But if anything happens to her now, all the world will blame *us* and say we *sent* her on this journey, sent her out alone and possibly in a dangerous frame of mind. In particular, the blame will fall on the four timid male citizens who were the last to see her in Thomasville (for I do not honestly believe we will ever see her alive here again) and who, as old friends and former pupils of hers at the high school, ought to have prevented her going away. As a matter of fact, I am the one who opened the car door for the old lady that afternoon and politely assisted her into the driver's seat—and without even saying I thought it unwise of her to go. I *thought* it unwise, but at the moment it was as if I were still her favorite pupil twenty years before, and as if I feared she might reprove me for any small failure of courtesy like not opening the car door.

That's how the old lady is—or was. Whatever your first relation to her might have been, she would never allow it to change, and some people even say

MEDITATION AT OYSTER RIVER

I

Over the low, barnacled, elephant-colored rocks
Come the first tide ripples, moving, almost without sound, toward me,
Running along the narrow furrows of the shore, the rows of dead clamshells;
Then a runnel behind me, creeping closer,
Alive with tiny striped fish, and young crabs climbing in and out of the water.

No sound from the bay. No violence.
Even the gulls quiet on the far rocks,
Silent, in the deepening light,
Their cat-mewing over,
Their child-whimpering.

At last one long undulant ripple,
Blue black from where I am sitting,
Makes almost a wave over a barrier of small stones,
Slapping lightly against a sunken log.
I dabble my toes in the brackish foam sliding forward,
Then retire to a rock higher up on the cliffside.

The wind slackens, light as a moth fanning a stone—
A twilight wind, light as a child's breath,
Turning not a leaf, not a ripple.

The dew revives on the beach grass;
The salt-soaked wood of a fire crackles;
A fish raven turns on its perch (a dead tree in the river mouth),
Its wings catching a last glint of the reflected sunlight.

II

The self persists like a dying star,
In sleep, afraid. Death's face rises afresh,
Among the shy beasts—the deer at the salt lick,
The doe, with its sloped shoulders, loping across the highway,
The young snake, poised in green leaves, waiting for its fly,
The hummingbird, whirring from quince blossom to morning-glory—
With these I would be.

And with water: the waves coming forward without cessation,
The waves, altered by sandbars, beds of kelp, miscellaneous driftwood,
Topped by cross-winds, tugged at by sinuous undercurrents,
The tide rustling in, sliding between the ridges of stone,
The tongues of water creeping in quietly.

III

In this hour,
In this first heaven of knowing,
The flesh takes on the pure poise of the spirit,
Acquires, for a time, the sandpiper's insouciance,
The hummingbird's surety, the kingfisher's cunning.

I shift on my rock, and I think:
Of the first trembling of a Michigan brook in April,
Over a lip of stone, the tiny rivulet;
And that wrist-thick cascade tumbling from a cleft rock,
Its spray holding a double rainbow in early morning,
Small enough to be taken in, embraced, by two arms;
Or the Tittabawasee, in the time between winter and spring,
When the ice melts along the edges in early afternoon
And the mid-channel begins cracking and heaving from the pressure beneath,
The ice piling high against the ironbound spiles,
Gleaming, freezing hard again, creaking at midnight,
And I long for the blast of dynamite,
The sudden sucking roar as the culvert loosens its debris of branches and sticks—
Welter of tin cans, pails, old bird's nests, a child's shoe riding a log—
As the piled ice breaks away from the battered spiles
And the whole river begins to move forward, its bridges shaking.

IV

Now, in this waning of light,
I rock with the motion of morning;
In the cradle of all that is,
I'm lulled into half sleep
By the lapping of waves,
The cries of the sandpiper.

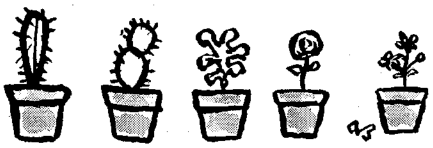
Water's my will and my way,
And the spirit runs, intermittently,
In and out of the small waves,
Runs with the intrepid shore birds—
How graceful the small before danger!

In the first of the moon,
All's a scattering,
A shining.

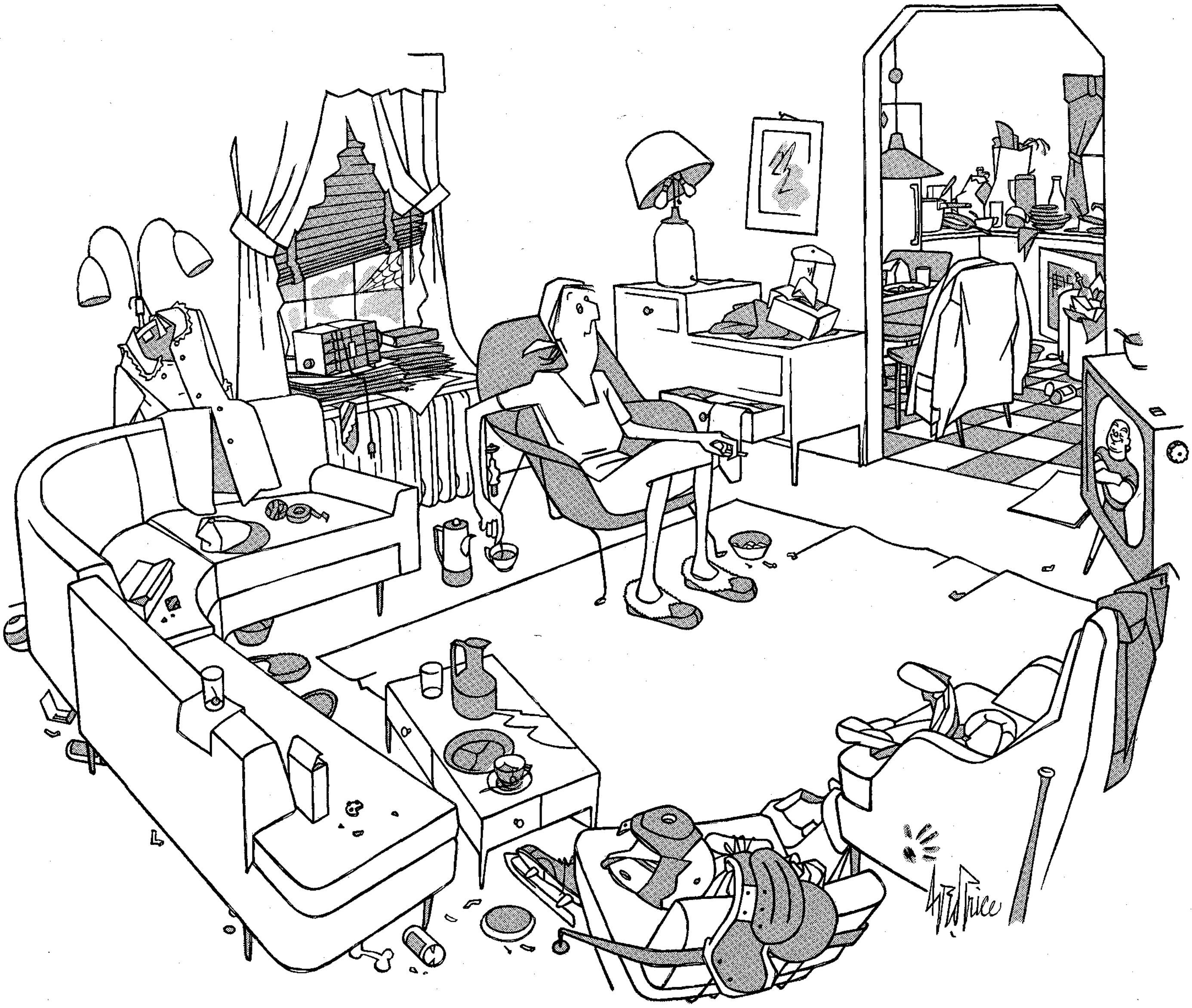
—Theodore Roethke

• •

that that is why she discourages us so about the trips we plan. She cannot bear to think of us away from Thomasville. She thinks this is where all of us belong. I remember one day at school when some boy said to her that he wished he lived in a place like Memphis or Chattanooga. She gave him the look she usually reserved for the people she caught cheating. I was seated in the front row of the class that day, and I saw the angry patches of red appear on her broad, flat cheeks and on her forehead. She paused a moment to rearrange the combs in her hair and to give the stern yank to her corset that was a sure sign she was awfully mad. (We used to say that, with her sparse figure, she only wore a corset for the sake of that expressive gesture.) The class was silent, waiting. Miss Leonora looked out the window for a moment, squinting up her eyes as if she could actually make out the Memphis or even the Chattanooga skyline on the horizon. Then, turning back to the unfortunate boy, she said, grinding out her words to him through clenched teeth, "I wish I could *throw* you there!"



But it is ten years now since Miss Leonora retired, and, strange as it may sound, the fact of her having once taught in our school system was



"Mr. Clean gets rid of dirt and grime and grease
In just a minute.
Mr. Clean will clean your whole house
And everything that's in it."

• •

never introduced into the deliberations of the school board last spring—their deliberations upon whether or not they ought to sue for condemnation of the Logan home place. No doubt it was right that they didn't let this influence their decision. But what really seems to have happened is that nobody even recalled that the old lady had once been a teacher—or nobody but a very few, who did not want to remind the others.

What they remembered, to the exclusion of everything else, and what they always remember is that Miss Leonora is the last of the Logan family in Thomasville, a family that for a hundred years and more did all it could to impede the growth and progress of our town. It was a Logan, for instance, who kept the railroad from coming through town; it was another Logan who prevented the cotton mill and the snuff factory from locating here. They even kept us from getting the county seat moved here until after the Civil War, when finally it became clear that nobody was ever going to buy lots up at Logan City, where they had put the first courthouse. Their one idea was always to keep the town unspoilt, unspoilt by railroads or factories or even county politics. Perhaps they should not be blamed for wanting to keep the town unspoilt. Yet I am not quite sure about that. It is a question that even Miss Leonora doesn't feel sure about. Otherwise, why does she always go into that question with the people she meets away from home?

I MUST tell you about the kind of lodging Miss Leonora takes when she stops for rest, and about the kind of people she finds to talk to. She wouldn't talk to you or me, and she wouldn't put up at a hotel like mine, here on the square, or even at a first-class motel like one of those out on the Memphis-Chattanooga Bypass. I have asked her very direct questions about this, pleading a professional interest, and I have filled in with other material furnished by her friends of the road who have from time to time stopped in here at my place.

On a pretty autumn day like today,

she will have picked a farmhouse that has one of those little home-lettered signs out by the mailbox saying "Clean Rooms for Tourists—Modern Conveniences." (She will, that is, unless she has changed her ways and taken to a different life, which is the possibility that I do not like to think of.) She stops only at places that are more or less in that category—old-fashioned tourist homes run by retired farm couples or, if the place is in town, by two old-maid sisters. Such an establishment usually takes its name from whatever kind of trees happen to grow in the yard—Maple Lawn or Elmwood or The Oaks. Or when there is a boxwood plant, it will be called Boxwood Manor. If the place is in the country, like the one today, it may be called Oak Crest.

You can just imagine how modern the modern conveniences at Oak Crest are. But it is cheap, which is a consideration for Miss Leonora. And the proprietors are probably good listeners, which is another consideration. She generally stops in the daytime, but since even in the daytime she can't sleep for long, she is apt to be found helping out with the chores. Underneath the Oak Crest "Clean Rooms for Tourists" sign there may be one that says "Sterile Day-Old Eggs" or, during the present season, "Delicious Apples and Ripe Tomatoes." It wouldn't surprise me if you found Miss Leonora today out by the roadside assisting with the sale of Oak Crest's garden produce. And if that's the case, she is happy in the knowledge that any passerby will mistake her for the proprietress's mother or old-maid sister, and never suppose she is a paying guest. In her carefully got-up costume she sits there talking to her new friend. Or else she is in the house or in the chicken yard, talking away while she helps out with the chores. . . . It is Miss Leonora's way of killing time—killing time until night falls and she can take to the road again.

Miss Leonora is an intellectual woman, and at the same time she is an extremely practical and simple kind of person. This makes it hard for any two people to agree on what she is really like. It is hard even for those of us who were her favorites when we went to school to her. For, in the end, we didn't really know her any better than anybody else did. Sometimes she would have one of us up to her house for coffee and cookies on a winter afternoon, but it was hardly a social occasion. We went up there strictly as her students. We never saw any of the house except the little front room that she called her "office" and that was furnished with a roller-top desk, oak bookcases, and three or four of the hardest chairs you ever sat in. It looked more like a schoolroom than her own classroom did, over at the high school. While you sat drinking coffee with her, she was still your English teacher or your history teacher or your Latin teacher, whichever she happened to be at the time, and you were supposed to make conversation with her about "Silas Marner" or Tom Paine or Cicero. If it was a good session and you had shown a little enthusiasm, then she would talk to you some about your future and say you ought to begin thinking about college—because she was always going to turn her favorites into professional men. That was how she was going to populate the town with the sort of people she thought it ought to have. She never got but one of us to college, however, and he came back home as a certified druggist instead of the doctor she had wanted him to be. (Our doctors are always men who have moved in here from somewhere else, and our lawyers are people Miss Leonora wouldn't pay any attention to when they were in school.). . . I used to love to hear Miss Leonora talk, and I went along with her and did pretty well till toward the end of my last year, when I decided that college wasn't for me. I ought to have gone to college, and I had no better reason for deciding against it than any of the others did. It was just that during all the years when Miss Leonora was talking to you about making something of yourself and making Thomasville a more civilized place to live, you were hearing at home and everywhere else about what the Logans had done to the town and how they held themselves above everybody else. I got to feeling ashamed of being known as her protégé.

As I said, Miss Leonora is an intellectual woman. She seldom comes out of the post office without a book under her arm that she has specially ordered or that has come to her from one of the national book clubs she belongs to; and she also reads all the cheapest kind of trash that's to be had at the drugstore. She is just a natural-born reader, and enjoys reading the way other people enjoy eating or sleeping. It used to be that she would bedevil all the preachers we got here, trying to talk theology with them, and worry the life out of the lawyers with talk about Hamilton and Jefferson and her theories about men like Henry Clay and John Marshall. But about the time she quit teaching she gave up all that, too.

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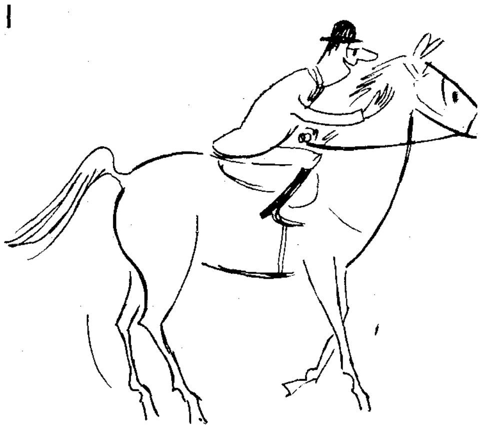

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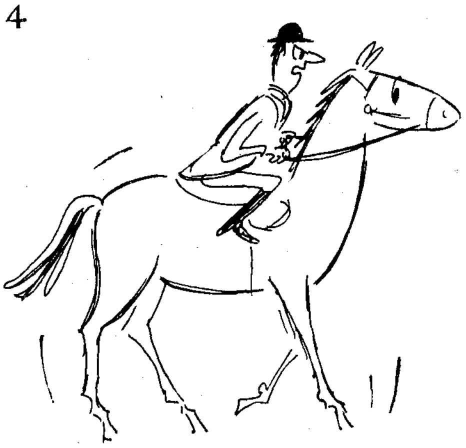

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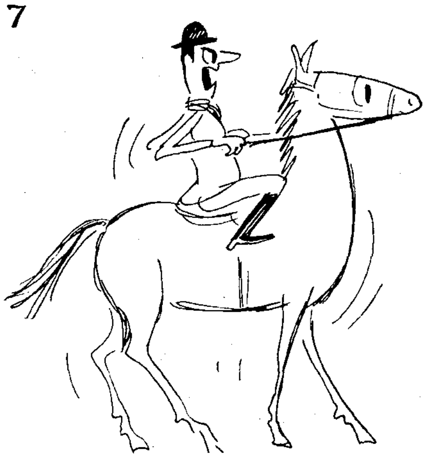
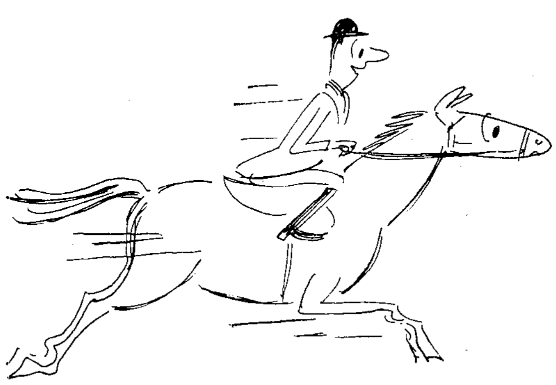


Aside from the drugstore trash, nobody knows what she reads any more, though probably it is the same as always. We sometimes doubt that she knows herself what she reads nowadays. Her reading seems to mean no more to her than her driving about the country does, and one wonders why she goes on with it, and what she gets out of it. Every night, the light in her office burns almost all night, and when she comes out of the post office with a new book, she has the wrappings off before she is halfway across the square and is turning the pages and reading away—a mile a minute, so it seems—as she strolls through the square and then heads up High Street toward Logana,

2



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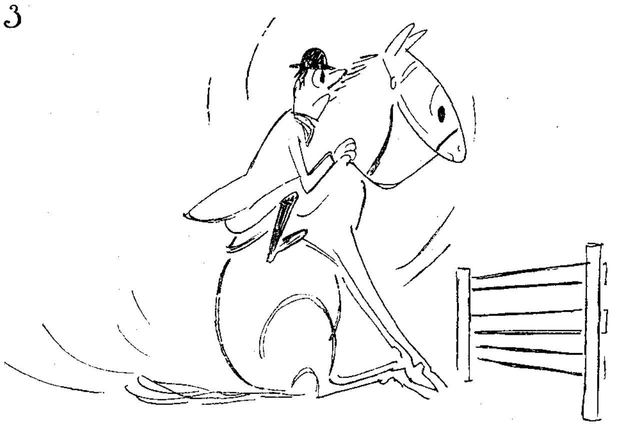

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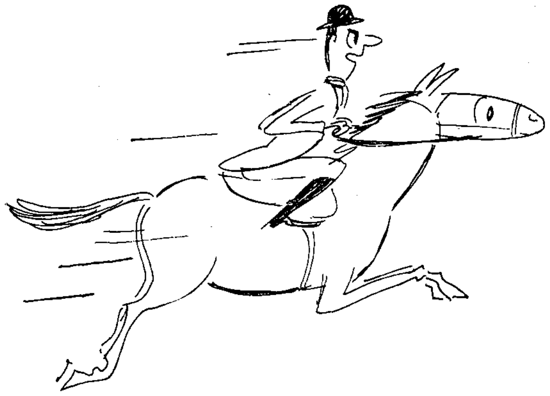

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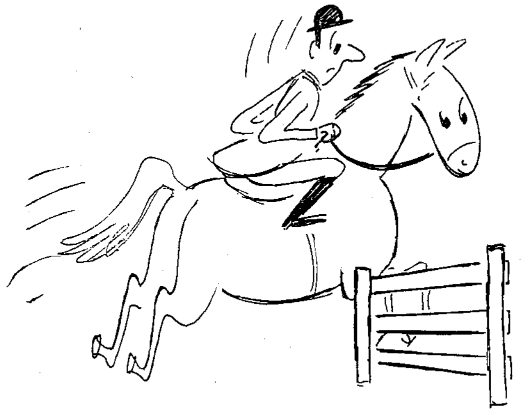

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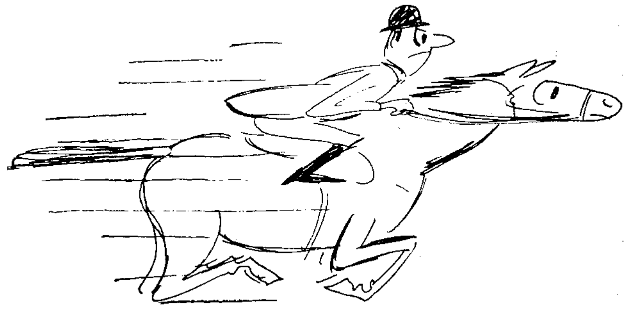

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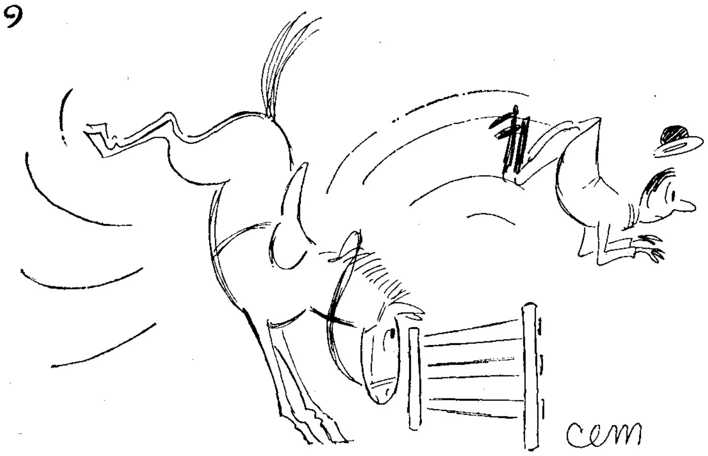


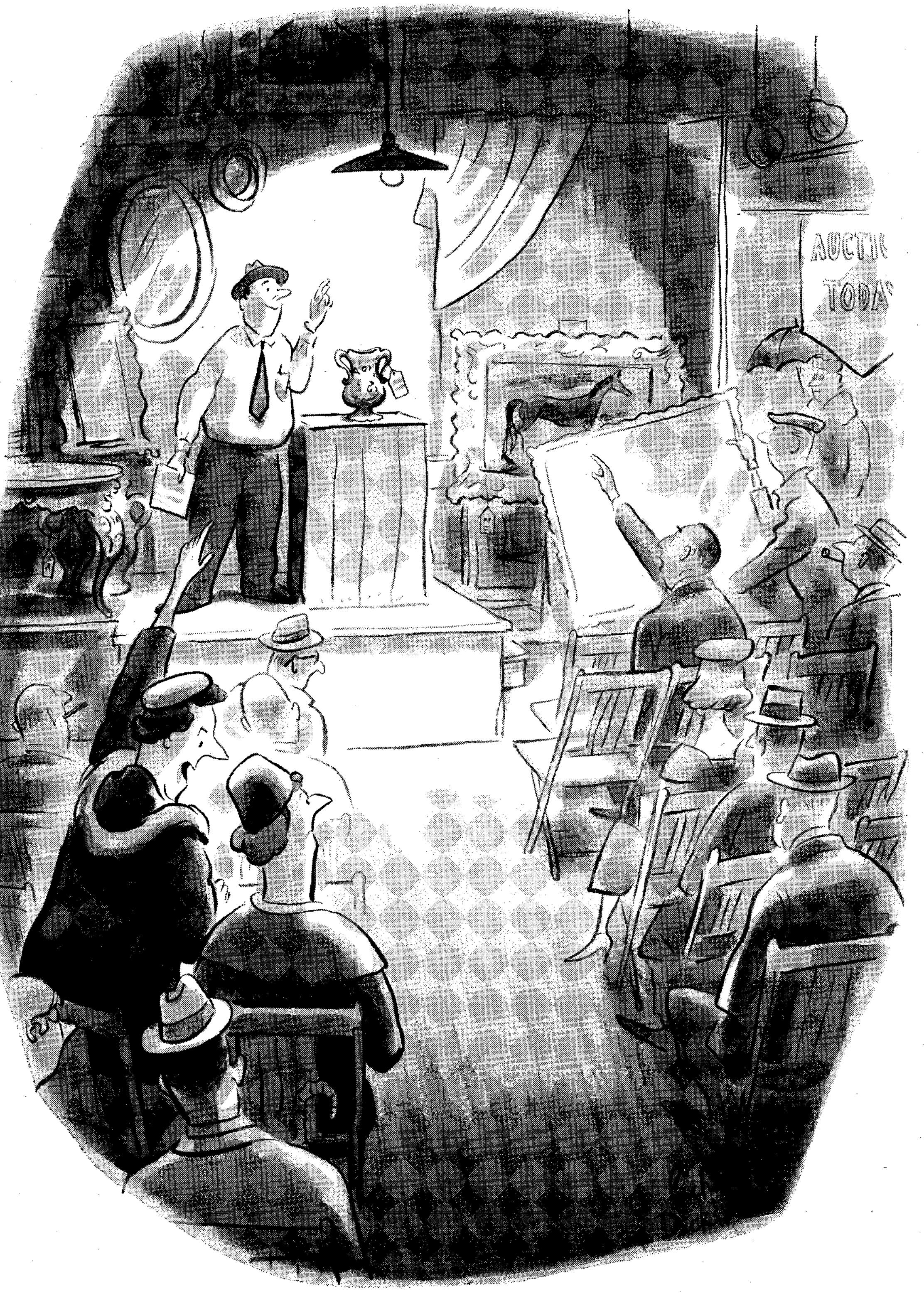
which is what the Logans have always called their old house. If someone speaks to her, she pretends not to hear the first time. If it is important, if you want some information about the roads somewhere, you have to call her name a second time. The first sign that she is going to give you her attention comes when she begins moving her lips, hurriedly finishing off a page or a paragraph. Then she slams the book closed, as though she is through with it for all time, and before you can phrase your question she begins asking you how you and all your family are. Nobody can give a warmer greeting and make you feel he is gladder to see you than she can. She stands there beating the new book against her thigh, as though the book were some worthless object that she would just as soon throw away, and when she has asked you about yourself and your family she is ready then to talk about any subject under the sun—anything, I ought to add, except herself. If she makes a reference to the book in her hand, it is only to comment on the binding or the print or the quality of the paper. Or she may say that the price of books has gotten all out of bounds and that the postal rate for books is too high. It's always something that any field hand could understand and is a far cry from the way she used to talk about books when we were in school.

I am reminded of one day six or eight years ago when I saw Miss Leonora stopped on the square by an old colored man named Hominy Atkinson. Or his name may really be Harmony Atkinson. I once asked him which it was, and at first he merely grinned and shrugged his shoulders. But then he said thoughtfully, as though it hadn't ever occurred to him before, "Some does call me the one, I s'pose, and some the other." He is a dirty old ignoramus, and the other Negroes say that in the summertime he has his own private swarm of flies that follows him around. His flies were with him that day when he stopped Miss Leonora. He was in his wagon, the way you always see him, and he managed to block the old lady's path when she stepped down off the curb and began to cross the street. She had already crossed the street in front of the post office and had cut diagonally across the courthouse lawn. It was the street over there on the other side of the square that she was about to cross. I was standing nearby with a group of men, under the willow oak trees beside the goldfish pool. Twice before Miss Leonora looked up, Hominy Atkinson lifted a knobby hand to shoo the flies away from his head. In the wagon he was seated on a squat split-bottom chair; and on another chair beside him was his little son Albert. Albert was eight or nine years old at the time, a plump little fellow dressed up in an old-fashioned Buster Brown outfit as tidy and clean as his daddy's rags were dirty.

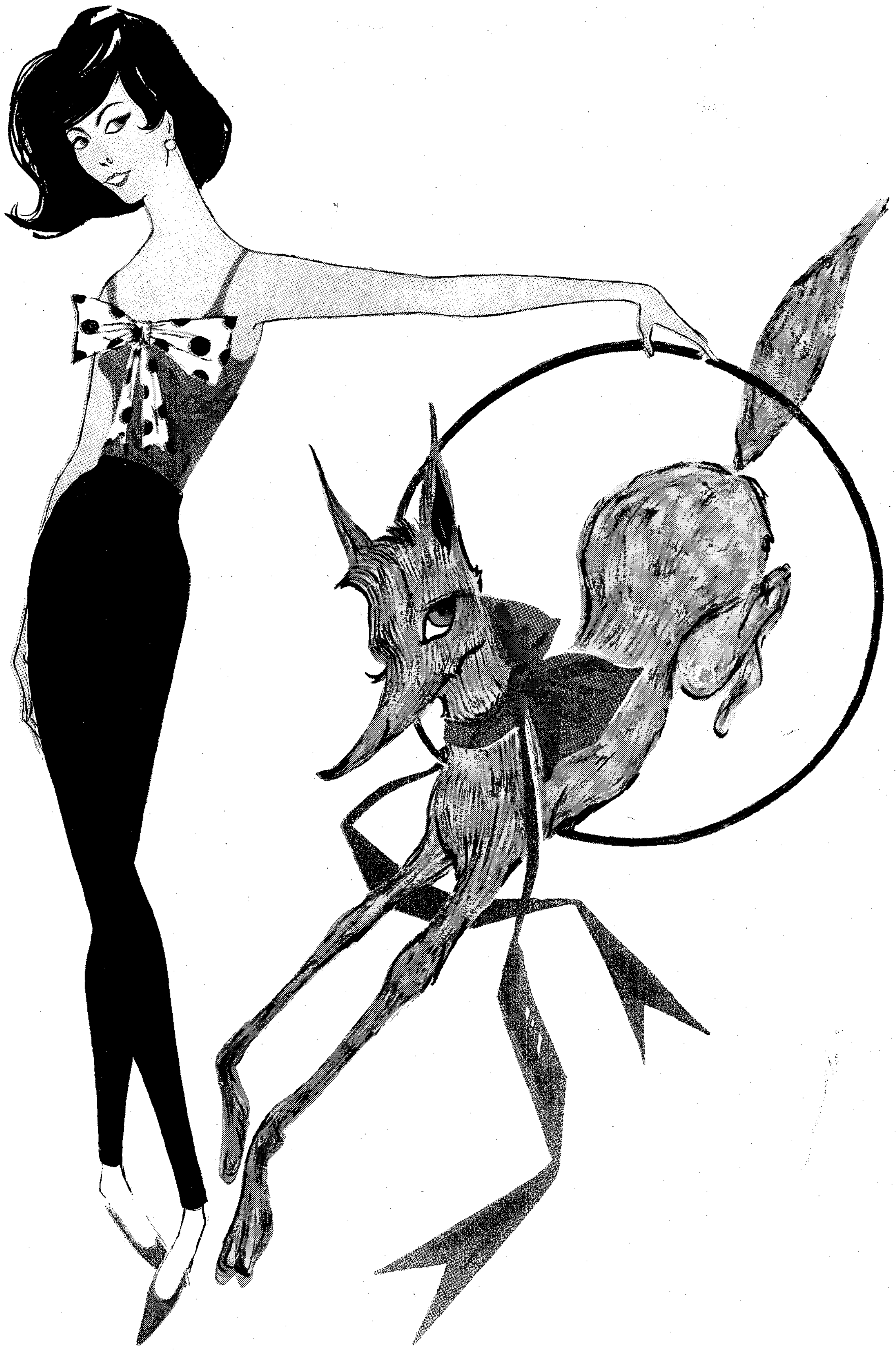
This Albert is the son of Hominy and the young wife that Hominy took after he was already an old man. The three of them live on a worn-out piece of land three or four miles from town. Albert is a half-grown boy now, and there is nothing very remarkable about him except that they say he still goes to school more regularly than some of the other colored children do. But when he was a little fellow his daddy and mama spoiled and pampered him till, sitting up there in the wagon that day, he had the look of a fat little priss. The fact is, from the time he could sit up in a chair Hominy used never to go anywhere without him—he was so proud of the little pickaninny, and he was so mortally afraid something might happen to him when he was out of his sight. Somebody once asked Hominy why he didn't leave the child home with his mama, and Hominy replied that her hands were kept busy just washing and ironing and sewing for the boy. "It's no easy matter to raise up a clean child," he pronounced. Somebody else asked Hominy one time if he thought it right to take the boy to the square on First Monday, where he would be exposed to some pretty rough talk, or to the Fairgrounds during Fair Week. Hominy replied, "What ain't fittin' for him to hear ain't fittin' for me." And it was true that you seldom saw Hominy on that corner of the square where the Negro men congregated or in the stable yard at the Fairgrounds.

Before Miss Leonora looked up at Hominy that morning, he sat with his old rag of a hat in his lap, smiling down at her. Finally she slammed her book shut and lifted her eyes. But Hominy didn't try to ask his question until she had satisfied herself that he, his young wife, and Albert there beside him were in good health, and several other of his relatives whose names she knew. Then he asked it.

"What does you need



"Oh dear! I do hope he isn't one of those big Greek shipowners!"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today, Miss Leonora?" he said. "Me, *I* needs a dollar bill."

She replied without hesitating, "I don't need *anything* I'd pay *you* a dollar for, Hominy." Hominy didn't bat an eye, only sat there gazing down at her while she spoke. "I have a full herd of your kind up at Logana, Hominy, who'll fetch and go for me without any dollar bill. You know that."

She was referring to the Negro families who live in the outbuildings up at her place. People say that some of them live right in the house with her, but when I used to go up there as a boy she kept them all out of sight. There was not even a sound of them on the place. She didn't even let her cook bring in the coffee things, and it gave you the queer feeling that either she was protecting you from them or them from you.

"What do you think you need a dollar for, Hominy?" she asked presently.

"I needs to buy the boy a book," he said.

"What book?" It was summertime, and she knew the boy wouldn't be in school.

"Why, most any book," said Hominy. "I jist can't seem to keep him in reading."

Miss Leonora peered around Hominy at Albert, who sat looking down at his own fat little washed-up hands, as if he might be ashamed of his daddy's begging. Then Miss Leonora glanced down at the book she had got in the mail. "Here, give him this," she said, handing the brand-new book up to that old tatterdemalion. It was as if she agreed with the old ignoramus that it didn't matter what kind of book the boy got so long as it was a book.

And now Albert himself couldn't resist raising his eyes to see the book that was coming his way. He gave Miss Leonora a big smile, showing a mouthful of teeth as white as his starched shirt collar. "Miss Leonora, you oughtn't to do—" he began in an airy little voice.

But his daddy put a stop to it. "Hush your mouth, honey. Miss Leonora knows what she's doing. Don't worry about that none." He handed the book over to Albert, hardly looking at it himself. Those of us over by the goldfish pool were never able to make out what the book was.

"I certainly thank you, Miss Leonora," Albert piped.

And Hominy said solemnly, "Yes'm, we are much obliged to you."

"Then move this conveyance of

Where to see ROLLS-ROYCE

You can see the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars advertised on page 61 at the following dealers. Or, write your nearest distributor(*).

AMARILLO, TEX., Economy Motors, 3208 E. 10th
ATLANTA, GA., Import Motors, Ltd., Inc., 46 North Ave., N.E.
BALTIMORE, MD., General Pontiac Corp., 3200 Reisterstown Rd.
BERKELEY, CAL., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 2655 Shattuck Ave.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF., Coventry Motors, 9334 Wilshire Blvd.
BOSTON, Foreign Motors, Inc., 1686 Commonwealth Ave.
BURLINGAME, CALIF., British Cars of Burlingame, 65 California Dr.
CHICAGO, Imperial Motors, Inc., 725 Green Bay Road, Wilmette
CINCINNATI, Charles Raymond, Inc., 3813 Montgomery Road
CLEVELAND, Salter Automotive Imports, Inc., 16222 Chagrin Blvd., Shaker Heights
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, Williamson Motor Co., 1224 N. Chaparral St.
DALLAS, Hulsey-Proctor Foreign Cars, 1701 Ross Ave.
DENVER, The Kumpf Motor Car Co., W. 12th Ave. and Acoma.
Cherry Creek Imports, 190 St. Paul
DETROIT, Falvey Motor Sales Co., 22600 Woodward Ave.
***FORT WORTH,** Overseas Motors Corp., 2824-30 White Settlement Rd.
GLENDALE, CALIF., Satori, Inc., 143 So. Glendale Ave.
GREENVILLE, S. C., Judson T. Minyard, Inc., 533 No. Pleasantburg Drive
HARTFORD, Russ Sceli, Inc., 80 Maple Ave.
HOUSTON, Houston Motor Corp., 2955 Kirby Drive
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MIAMI, Waco Motors, 1301 W. Flagler St.
MONTEREY, CALIF., Foreign Motors of Monterey, 777 Del Monte Ave.
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PITTSBURGH, Haller's Motorfair, 427 Washington Rd.
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PROVIDENCE, J. S. Inskip, Inc., 776 Elmwood Ave.
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ST. LOUIS, Gruet Motor Car Co., 4733 McPherson St.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Schneider Motors Co., Pleasant at Kellogg St.
SAN ANTONIO, Smith Motor Imports, 1912 Broadway
SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Balboa Motors, 15th & Broadway
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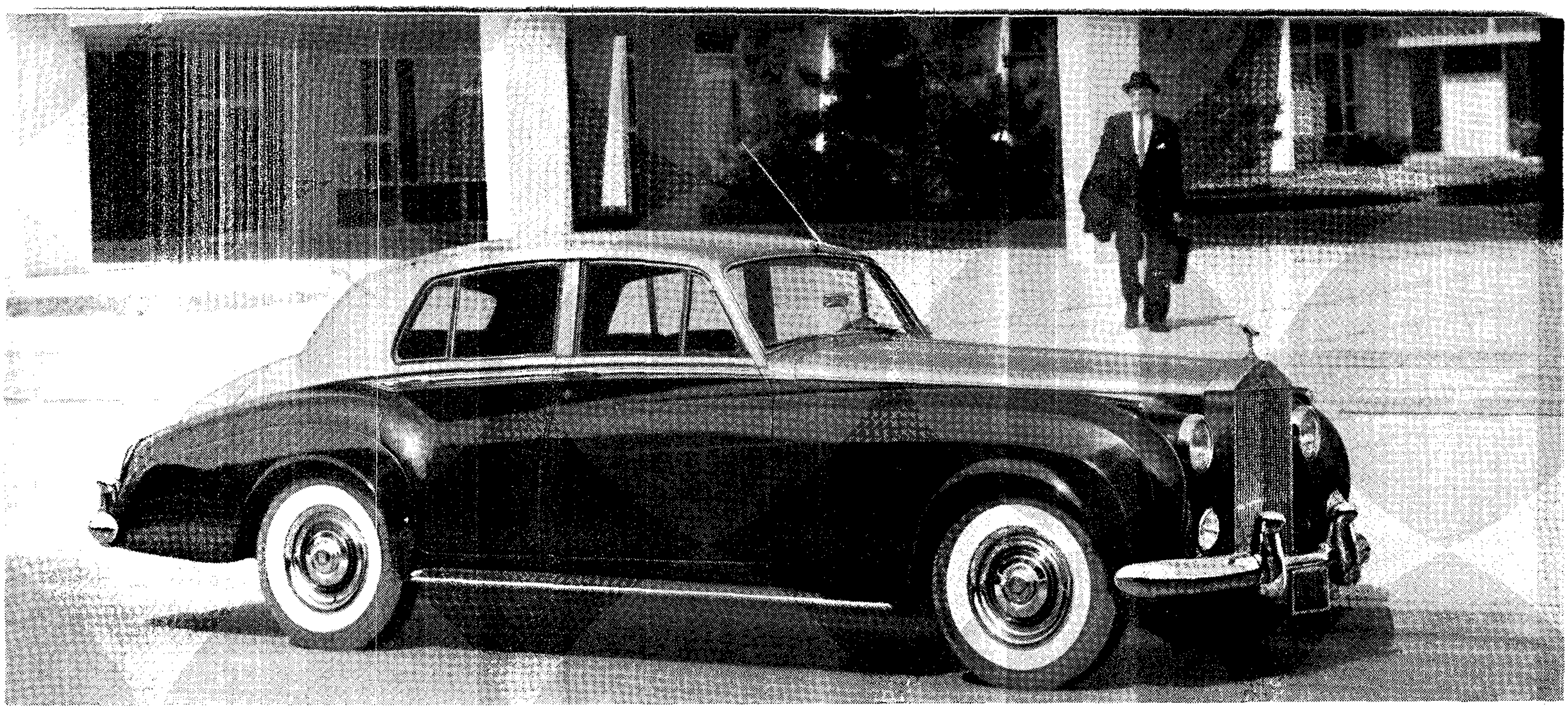

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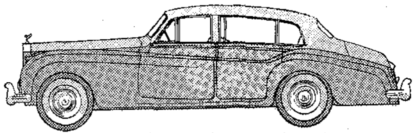
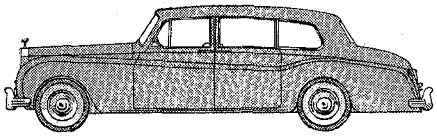
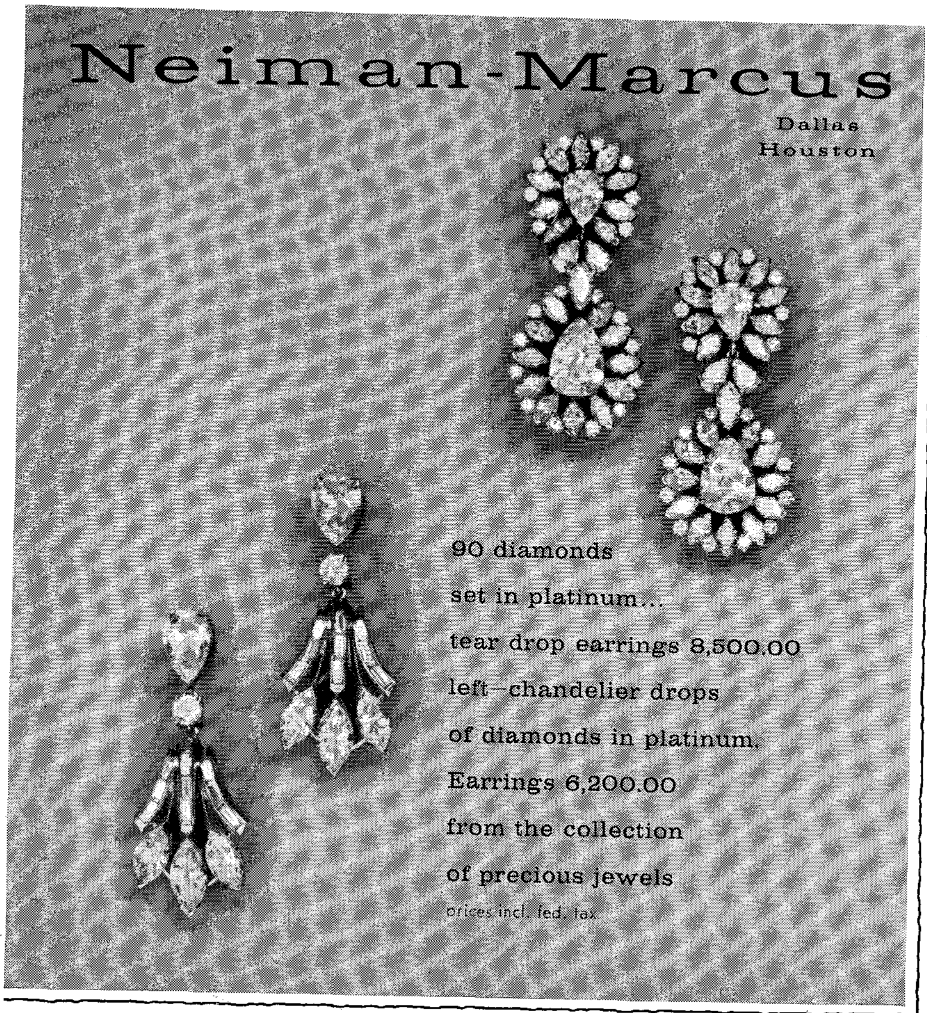


Long wheelbase Silver Cloud II with division, $19,185 P.O.E.



Phantom V, 7-passenger limousine, $25,895 P.O.E.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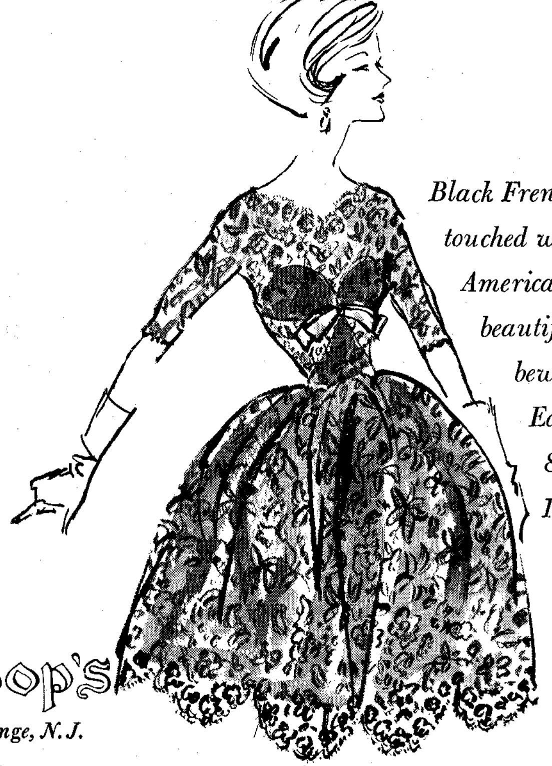
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yours and let me pass," said Miss Leonora.

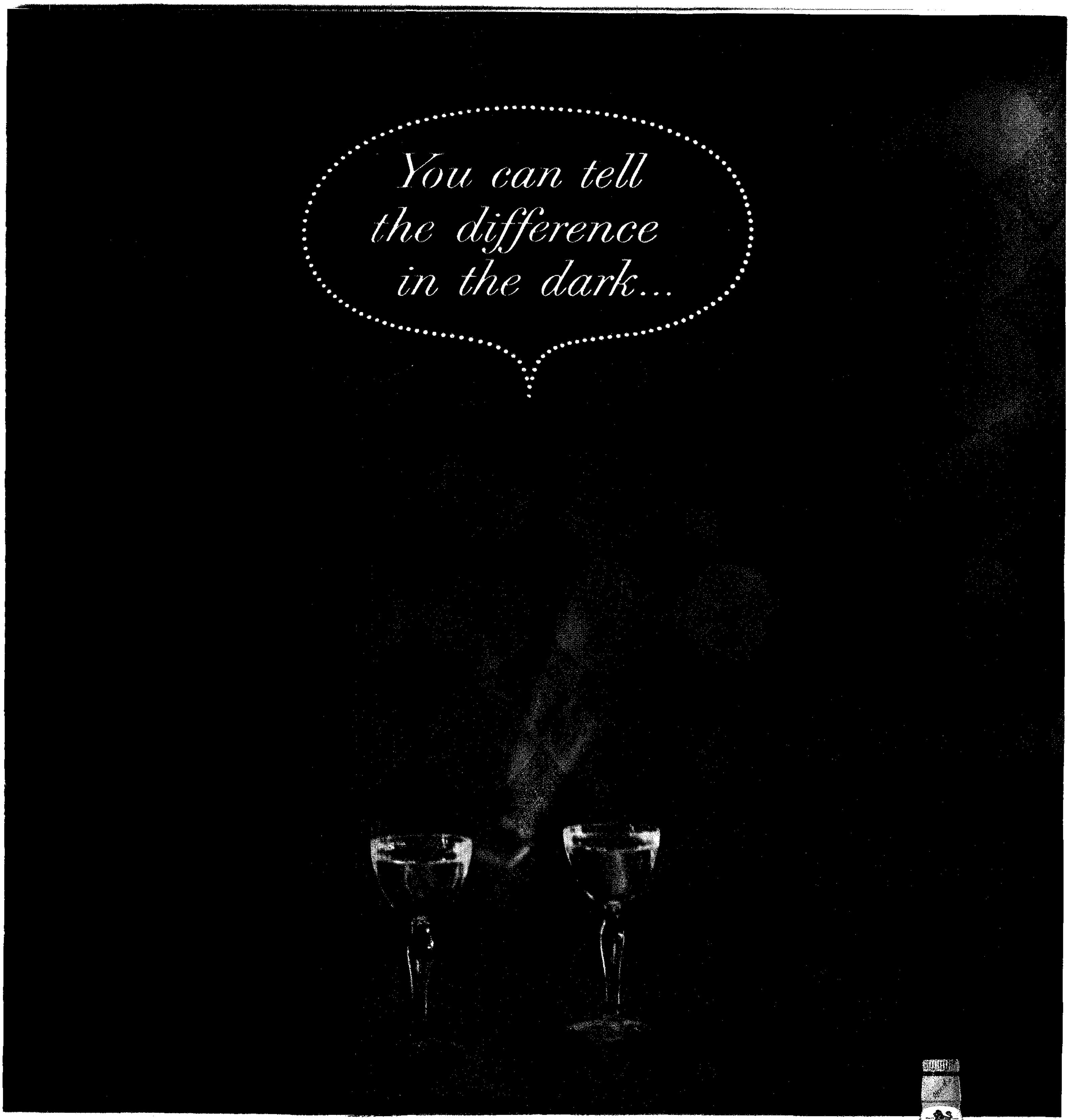
Hominy flipped the reins sharply on the rump of his mule and said, "Giddap, Bridesmaid." The old mule flattened its ears back on its head and pulled away with an angry jerk.

But even when the wagon was out of her way Miss Leonora continued to stand there for a minute or so, watching the receding figure of Albert perched on his chair in the wagon bed and bent over his book examining it the way any ordinary child would have examined a new toy. As long as she stood there the old lady kept her eyes on the little black boy. And before she finally set out across the street, we heard her say aloud and almost as if for our benefit, "It may be. . . . It may be. . . . I suppose, yes, it may be."

II

SCHOOL integration is not yet a burning issue in Thomasville. But some men in town were at first opposed to consolidation of our county high schools until it could be seen what kind of pressures are going to be put on us. In the past eighteen months, however, those men have more or less reversed their position. And they do not deny that their change of mind was influenced by the possibility that Logana might be acquired for the site of the new school. Nor do they pretend that it is because they think Logana such an ideal location. They have agreed to go along with the plan, so they say, because it is the only way of getting rid of the little colony of Negroes who have always lived up there and who would make a serious problem for us if it became a question of zoning the town, in some way, as a last barrier against integration. What they say sounds very logical, and any stranger would be apt to accept the explanation at face value. But the truth of the matter is that there are people here who dislike the memory of the Logans even more than they do the prospect of integration. They are willing to risk integration in order to see the last Logan dispossessed of his last piece of real estate in Thomasville. With them it is a matter of superstition almost that until this happens Thomasville will not begin to realize its immemorial aspirations to grow and become a citified place.

So that you will better understand this dislike of the Logan name, I will give you a few more details of their history here. In the beginning, and for a long while, the Logan family didn't seem to want to spoil Thomasville with their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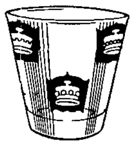

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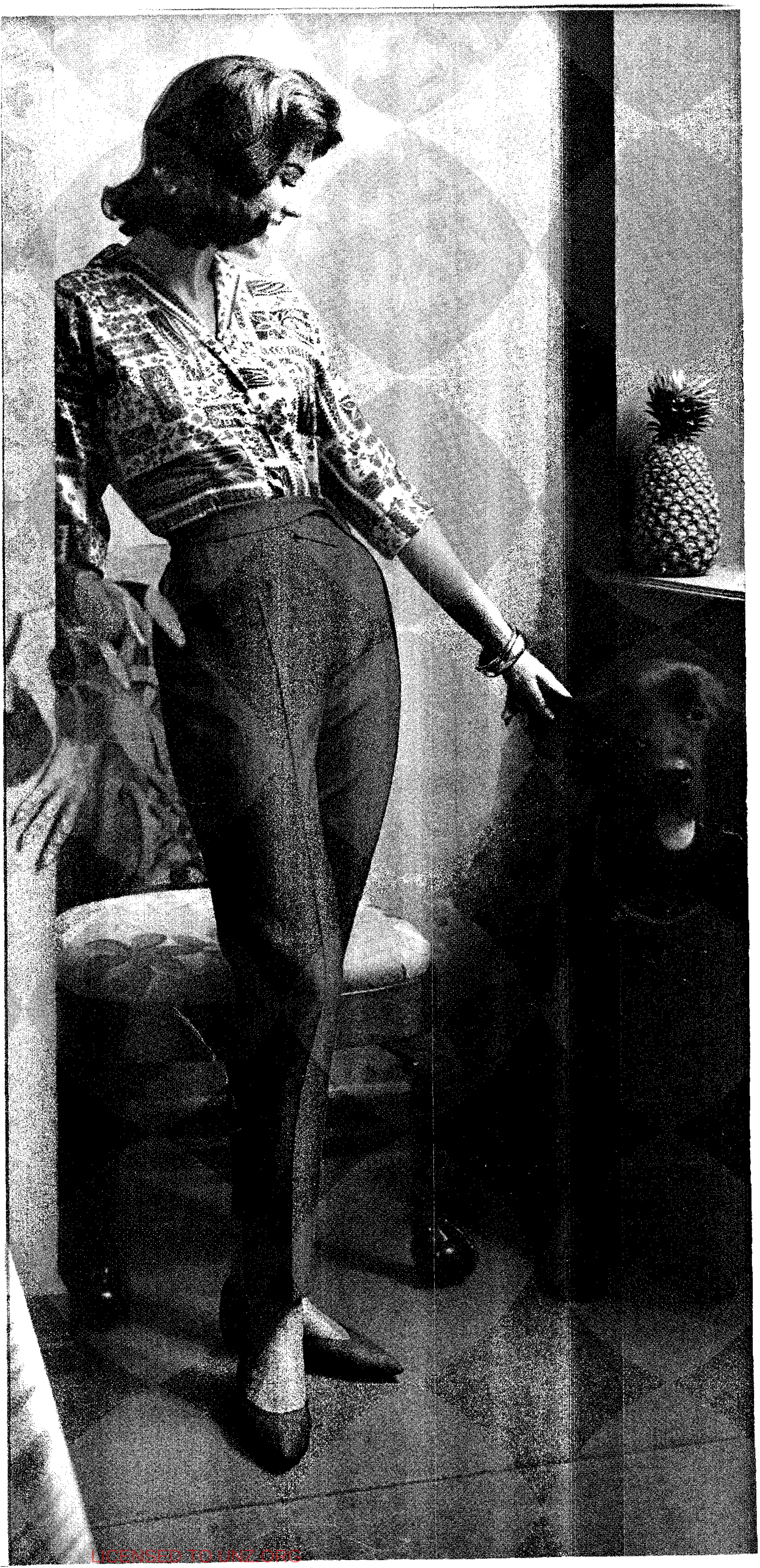

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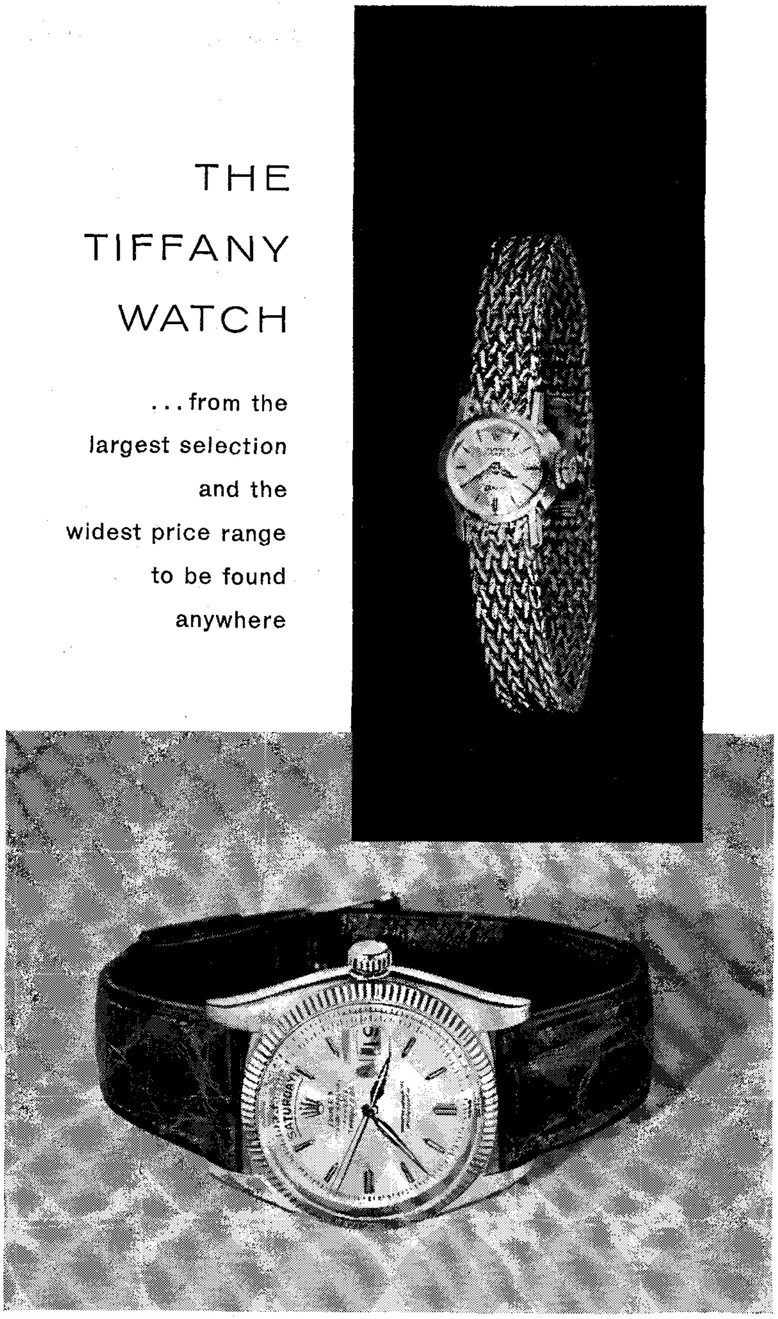
own presence even. General Logan laid out the town in 1816, naming it after a little son of his who died in infancy. But during the first generation the Logan wives stayed mostly over in Middle Tennessee, where they felt there were more people of their own kind. And the men came and went only as their interest in the cotton crops required. In those years, Logana was occupied by a succession of slave-driving overseers, as was also the Logans' other house, which used to stand five miles below here at Logan's Landing.

Now, we might have done without the Logan women and without the county seat, which the women didn't want here, but when the Logans kept the railroad out everybody saw the handwriting on the wall. The General's grandson did that. He was Harwell Logan, for many years chief justice of the state, and a man so powerful that in one breath, so to speak, he could deny the railroad company a right of way through town and demand that it give the name Logan Station to our nearest flag stop. . . . And what was it the chief justice's son did? Why, it was he who prevented the cotton mill and snuff factory from locating here. The snuff factory would have polluted the air. And the cotton mill would have drawn in the riffraff from all over the county. . . . Along about the turn of the century it looked as though we were going to get the insane asylum for West Tennessee, but one of the Logans was governor of the state; he arranged for it to go to Bolivar instead. Even by then, none of the Logan men were coming back here very much except to hunt birds in the fall. They had already scattered out and were living in the big cities where there was plenty of industry and railroads for them to invest their money in; and they had already sold off most of their land to get the money to invest. But they didn't forget Thomasville. No matter how far up in the world a Logan may advance, he seems to go on having sweet dreams about Thomasville. Even though he has never actually lived here himself, Thomasville is the one place he doesn't want to have spoilt.

Just after the First World War, there was talk of our getting the new veterans' hospital. During the depression, we heard about a CCC camp. At the beginning of the Second World War, people came down from Washington and took an option on big tracts of land for "Camp Logan." Very mysteriously all of those projects failed to materialize. Like everything else, they



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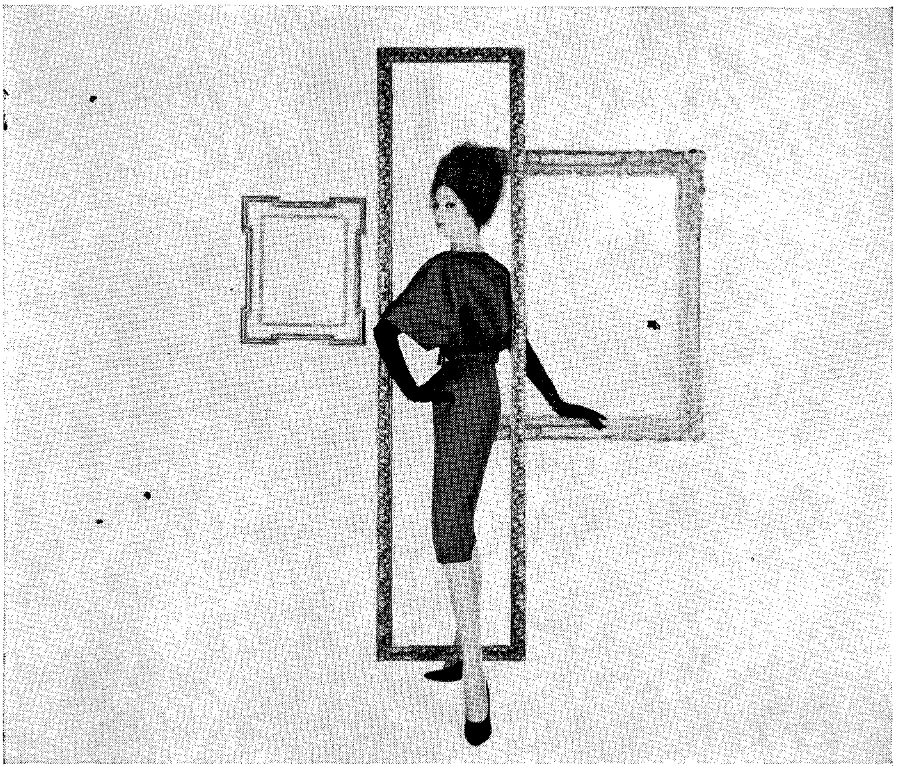

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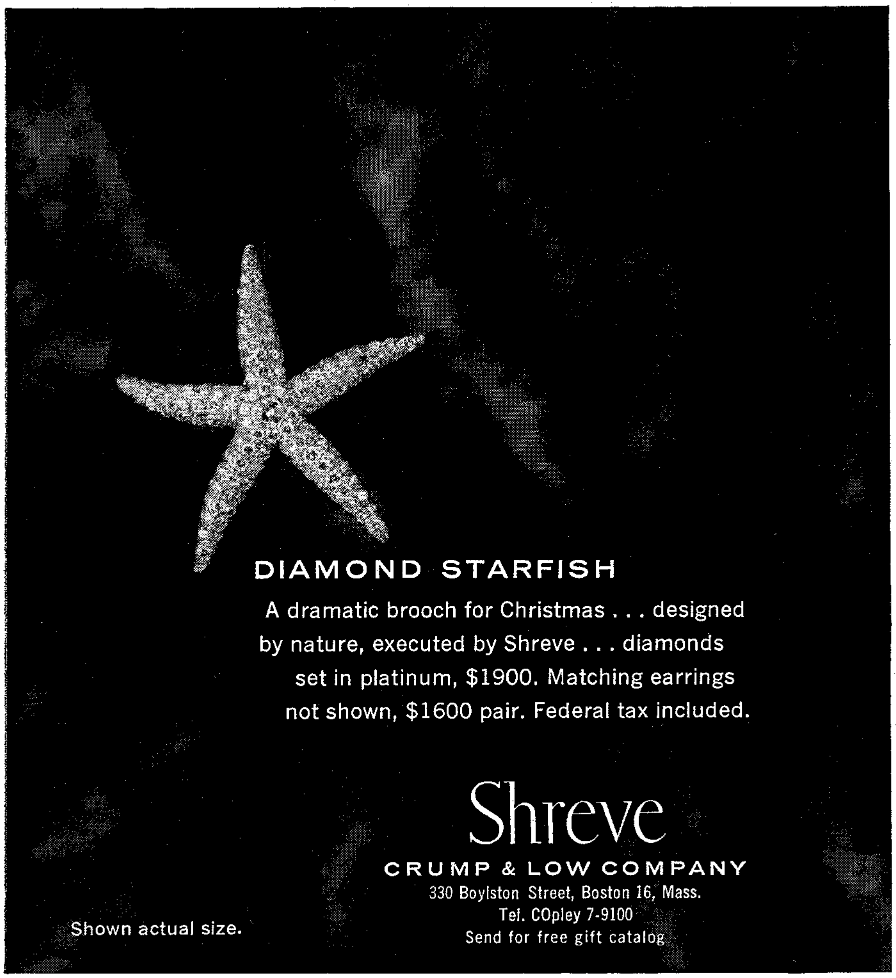

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would have spoiled the town. But what else is there, I ask you, for a town to have except the things that tend to spoil it? What else is there to give it life? We used to have a boys' academy here, and a girls' institute, which is where Miss Leonora did her first teaching. They were boarding schools, and boys and girls came here from everywhere, and spent their money on the public square. It wasn't much, but it was *something*.

The boys' academy closed down before I was born even, and there isn't a trace left of it. The Thomasville Female Institute burned in 1922, and nothing is left of it, either, except the crumbling shells of the old brick buildings. All we have now that you don't see on the square is the cotton gin and the flour mill and the ice plant. We claim a population of eighteen hundred, counting white and colored, which is about five hundred short of what we claimed in the year 1880. It has been suggested that in the next census we count the trees in Thomasville instead of the people. They outnumber us considerably and they have more influence, too. It was to save the willow oaks on the public square and the giant sycamores along High Street that someone arranged to have the Memphis-Chattanooga Bypass built in 1952 instead of bringing the new highway through town. It was some Logan who arranged that, you may be sure, and no doubt it gladdens his heart to see the new motels that have gone up out there and to know that the old hotel on the square is never overcrowded by a lot of silly tourists.

TO my mind, Miss Leonora Logan is a very beautiful woman. But to think she is beautiful nowadays perhaps you would have to have first seen her as I did when I was not yet five years old. And perhaps you would have to have seen her under the same circumstances exactly.

I don't remember what the occasion was. We were on a picnic of some kind at Bennett's Wood, and it seems to me that half the town was there. Probably it was the Fourth of July, though I don't remember any flags or speeches. A band was playing in the bandstand, and as I walked along between my mother and father I noticed that the trunks of the walnut trees had been freshly whitewashed. The bare earth at the roots of the trees was still dappled with the droppings from the lime buckets. My father pointed out a row of beehives on the far edge of the grove and

Last autumn Robert Frost spent a quiet afternoon in Vermont with Roger Kahn, a visitor from New York. The afternoon was rich with good talk. Talk about God: "There's a good deal of God in everything you do," Frost said. "It's like climbing up a ladder, and the ladder rests on nothing, and you climb higher and higher and you feel there must be God at the top. It can't be unsupported up there."

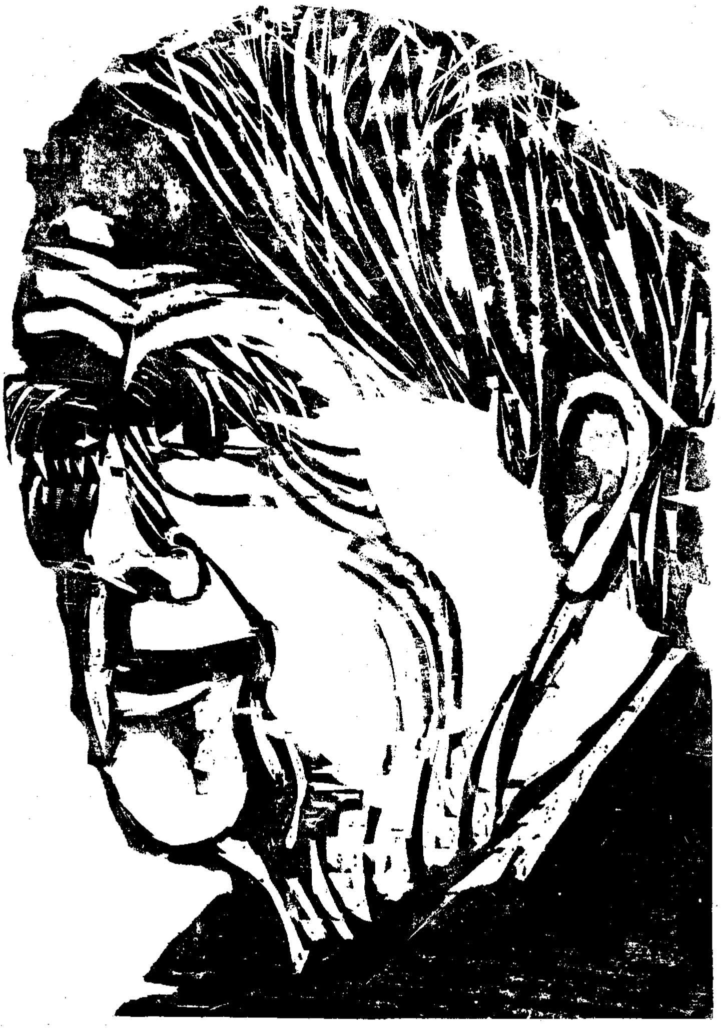
Talk about young poets: "A boy called on me the other day and said, 'I'm a poet.' I said, 'That's a praise word. I'd wait until somebody else called me that.'"

Talk about solitude: "Alone you take all your traits as if you were bringing 'em to market. You bring them from the quiet of the garden. But the garden is not the market place. That's a big trouble to some; how you mix living with people with not living with people; how you mix the garden with the market place."

Talk about Frost's personal life: "Three things have followed me. Writing, teaching a little and farming. I lived by farming for ten years. I get a queer unhappiness when I don't have a little land to farm. Writing, teaching and farming. The three strands of my life."

Those are the kind of words you'll find in "A Visit With Robert Frost" in this week's Saturday Evening Post. Words that lift the spirit. Touch the heart. Stir the mind. Words that talk the language of Saturday Evening Post readers—people *you* should be talking to... again and again.

A TOUCH OF FROST



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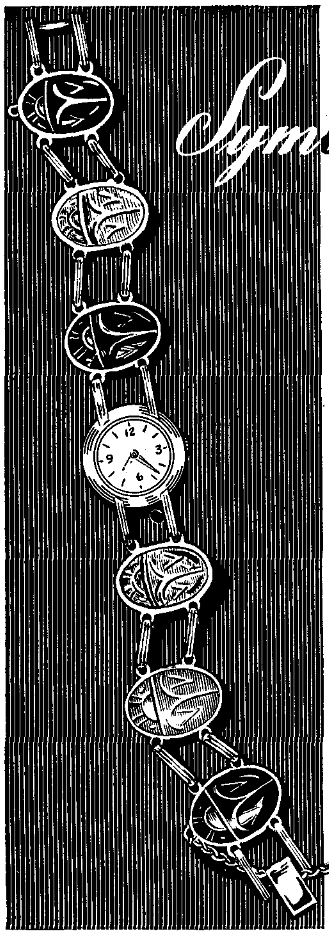

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said he hoped to God nobody would stir the bees up today as some bad boys had once done when there was an outing at Bennett's Wood. My father smiled at Mother when he said this, and my guess is that he had been amongst the boys who did it. My mother smiled, too, and we continued our walk.

It was just before dusk. My impression is that the actual picnicking and the main events of the day were already over. I was holding my mother's hand as we came out from under the trees and into the clearing where Bennett's Pond is. Several groups were out on the pond in rowboats, drifting about among the lily pads. One boat had just drawn up to the grassy bank on the side where we were. My mother leaned toward my father and said in a quiet voice, "Look at Miss Leonora Logan. Isn't she beautiful!"

She was dressed all in white. She had stood up in the boat the moment it touched shore, and it seemed to me that she had risen out of the water itself and were about to step from one of the lily pads onto the bank. I was aware of her being taller than most women whose beauty I had heard admired, and I knew that she was already spoken of as an old maid—that she was older than my own mother even; but when she placed the pointed toe of her white shoe on the green sod beside the pond, it was as if that lovely white point had pierced my soul and awakened me to a beauty I had not dreamed of. Her every movement was all lightness and grace, and her head of yellow hair dazzled.

The last rays of the sun were at that moment coming directly toward me across the pond, and presently I had to turn my face away from its glare. But I had the feeling that it was Miss Leonora's eyes and the burning beauty of her countenance that had suddenly blinded me, and when my mother asked me fretfully what was the matter and why I hung back so, I was ashamed. I imagined that Mother could read the thoughts in my head. I imagined also that my mother, who was a plain woman and who as the wife of the hotelkeeper made no pretension to elegance—I imagined that she was now jealous of my admiration for Miss Leonora. With my face still averted, I silently reproached her for having herself suggested the thoughts to me by her remark to my father. I was very angry, and my anger and shame must have brought a deep blush to my whole face and neck. I felt my mother's two fingers thrust under the collar of my middy, and then I was soothed by her sym-

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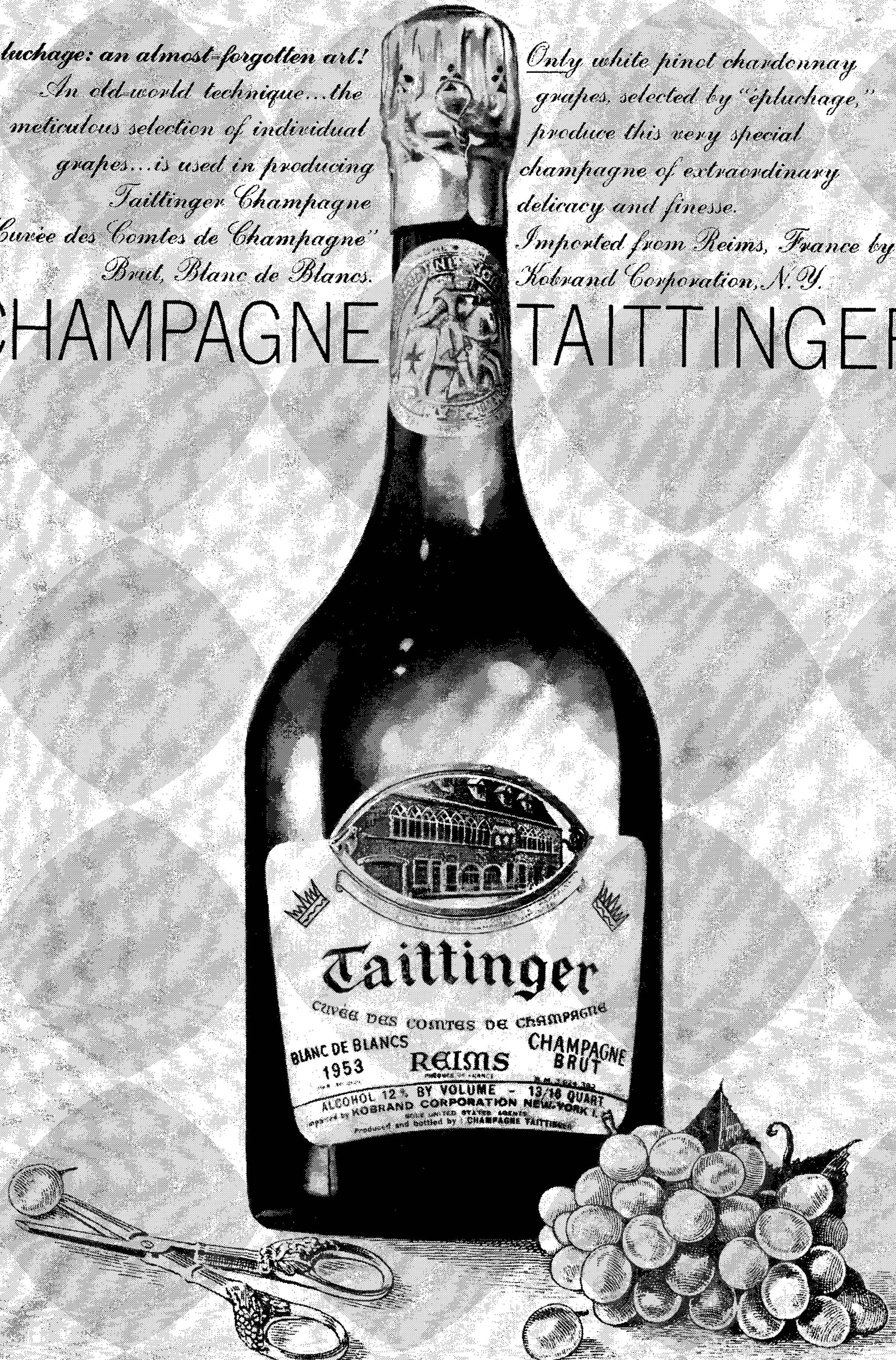
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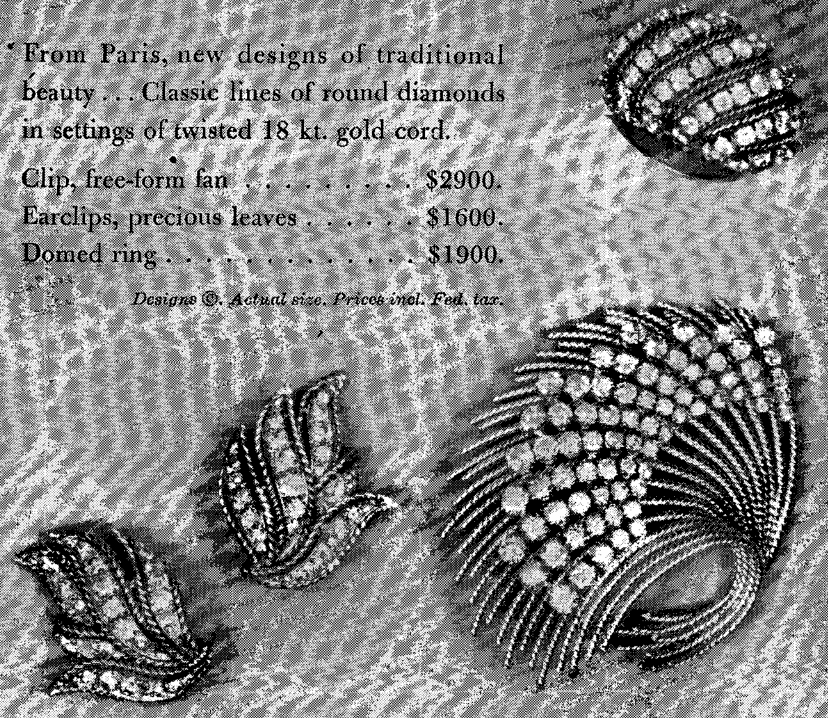

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pathetic voice saying "Why, child, you're feverish. We'd better get you home."

I MUST have had many a glimpse of Miss Leonora when I was a small boy playing on the hotel porch. But the next profound impression she made on me was when I was nine years old. One of the boarding students at the Institute had been stealing the other girls' things. It fell to Miss Leonora to apprehend the thief, who proved to be none other than a member of the Logan clan itself—a sad-faced, unattractive girl, according to all reports, but from a very rich branch of the family. She had been sent back to Thomasville to school all the way from Omaha, Nebraska.

Several hours after Miss Leonora had obtained unmistakable evidence of the girl's guilt and had told her she was to be sent home, it was discovered that the girl had disappeared. Word got out in the town that they were dragging the moat around the old windmill on the Institute grounds for the girl's body. Soon a crowd of townspeople gathered on the lawn before the Institute, near to where the windmill stood. This windmill was no longer used to pump the school's water—the school had town water by then—and there was not even a shaft or any vanes in evidence. But the old brick tower had been left standing. With its moat of stagnant, mossy water around it, it was thought to be picturesque.

The crowd assembled on the lawn some fifty or sixty feet away from the tower, and from there we watched the two Negro men at their work in the moat. The moat was fed by a sluggish wet-weather spring. It was about twenty feet wide and was estimated to be from ten to fifteen feet deep. And so the two men had had to bring in a boat to do their work from. On the very edge of the moat stood Miss Leonora, alongside Dr. Perkins, the chancellor of the Institute, and with them were several other teachers in their dark-blue uniforms. They all kept staring up at the windows of the old brick residence hall, as if to make sure that none of the girls were peering out at the distressing scene.

Presently we heard one of the Negro men say something to the other and heard the other mumble something in reply. We couldn't make out what they said, but we knew they had found the girl's body. In a matter of two or three minutes they were hauling it up, and all of the women teachers except Miss Leonora buried their faces in their hands. From where we were, the slimy object was hardly recognizable as anything human, but despite this, or because of it, the crowd sent up a chorus of gasps and groans.

Hearing our chorus, Miss Leonora whirled about. She glared at us across the stretch of lawn for a moment, and then she came striding toward us, waving both hands in the air and ordering us to leave. “Go away! Go away!” she called out. “What business have you coming here with your wailing and moaning? A lot you care about that dead girl!” As she drew nearer, I could see her glancing at the ground now and then as if looking for a stick to drive us away with. “Go away!” she cried. “Take your curious eyes away. What right have you to be curious about *our* dead?”

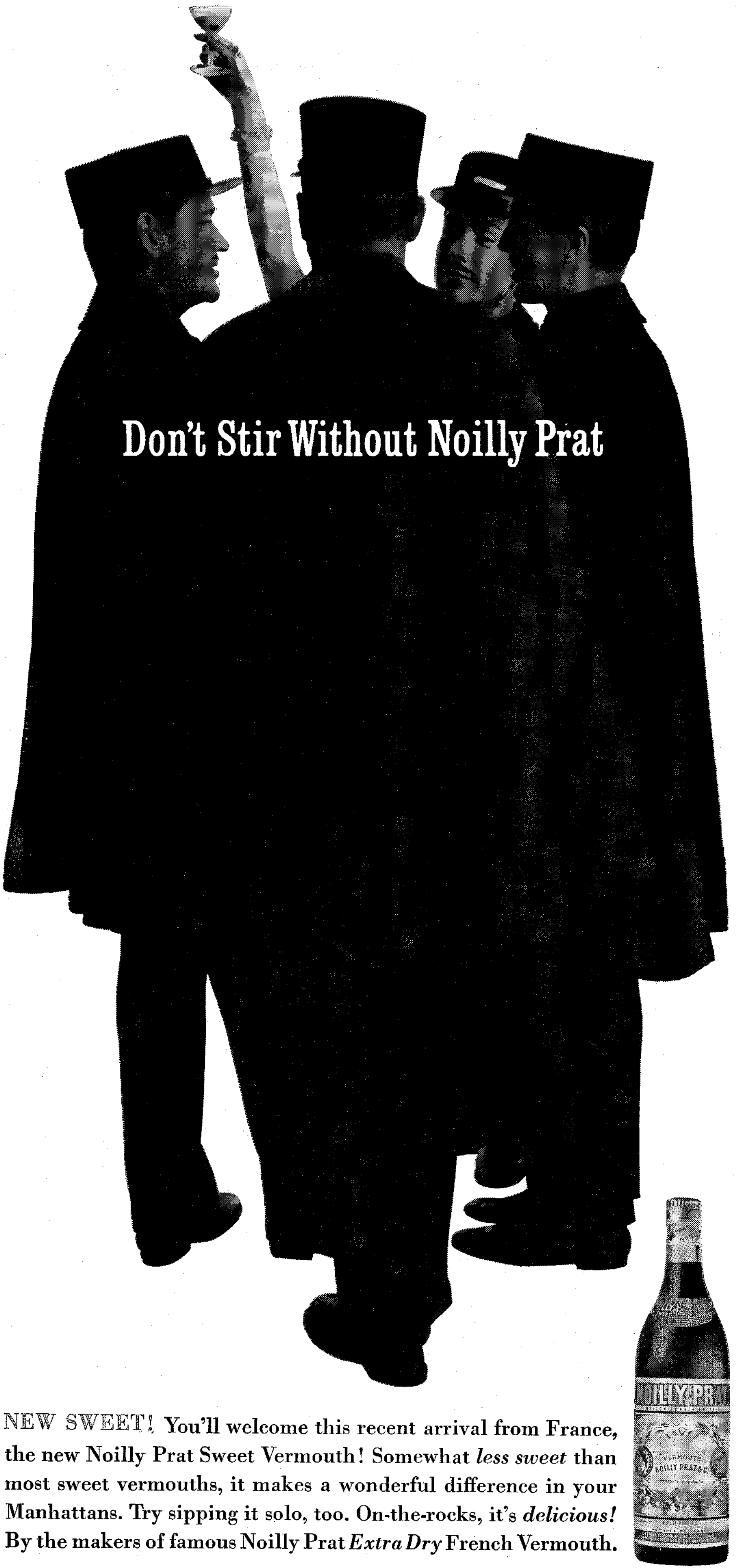
A general retreat began, down the lawn and through the open gateway in the spiked iron fence. I hurried along with the others, but I kept looking back at Miss Leonora, who now stood on the brow of the terraced lawn, watching the retreat with a proud, bemused expression, seeming for the moment to have forgotten the dead young woman in the moat.

How handsome she was standing there, with her high color and her thick yellow hair that seemed about to come loose on her head and fall down on the shoulders of her blue shirtwaist.

Beyond her I had glimpses of the two Negro men lifting the dead body out of the water. They moved slowly and cautiously, but after they had got the girl into the boat and were trying to move her out of the boat onto the lawn, I saw the girl’s head fall back. Her wet hair hung down like Spanish moss beneath her, and when the winter sunlight struck it, all at once it looked as green as seaweed. It was very beautiful, and yet, of course, I didn’t feel right in thinking it was. It is something I have never been able to forget.

One day when we were in high school, a girl in the class asked Miss Leonora to tell us about “the Institute girl who did away with herself”—because Miss Leonora did sometimes tell us about the old days at the Institute. She stood looking out the classroom window, and seemed to be going over the incident in her mind and trying to decide whether or not it was something we ought to know more about. Finally she said, “No, we’ll go on with the lesson now.”

But the class, having observed her moment of indecision, began to beg. “Please tell us, Miss Leonora. Please.” I don’t know how many of the others



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had been in the crowd that day when they pulled the girl out of the moat. I was not the only one, I'm sure. I think that everybody knew most of the details and only wanted to see if she would refer to the way it ended with her driving the crowd away. But Miss Leonora wouldn't have cared at all, even if she had thought that was our motive. She would have given us her version if she had wanted to.

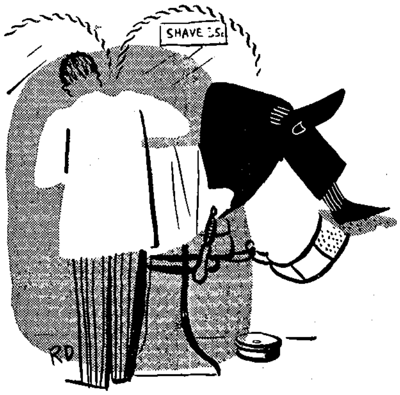
"Open your books," she said.

But still we persisted, and I was bold enough to ask, "Why not?"

"I'll just tell you why not," she said, suddenly blazing out at me. "Because there is nothing instructive in the story for you."

After that day, I realized, as never before, that though she often seemed to wander from the subject in class, it was never really so. She was eternally instructing us. If only once she had let up on the instruction, we might have learned something—or I might have. I used to watch her for a sign—any sign—of her caring about what we thought of her, or of her *not* caring about her mission amongst us, if that's what it was. More and more it came to seem incredible to me that she was the same woman I had gone feverish over at Bennett's Wood that time, which was probably before Miss Leonora had perceived her mission. And yet I have the feeling she was the same woman still. Looking back on those high-school days, I know that all along she was watching me and others like me for some kind of sign from us—any sign—that would make us seem worthy of knowing what we wanted to know about her.

I suppose that what we wanted to know, beyond any doubt, was that the old lady had suffered for being just what she was—for being born with her cold, rigid, intellectual nature, and for being born to represent something that had *never taken root* in Thomasville and that would surely die with her. But not knowing that that was what we wanted to know, we looked for other, smaller



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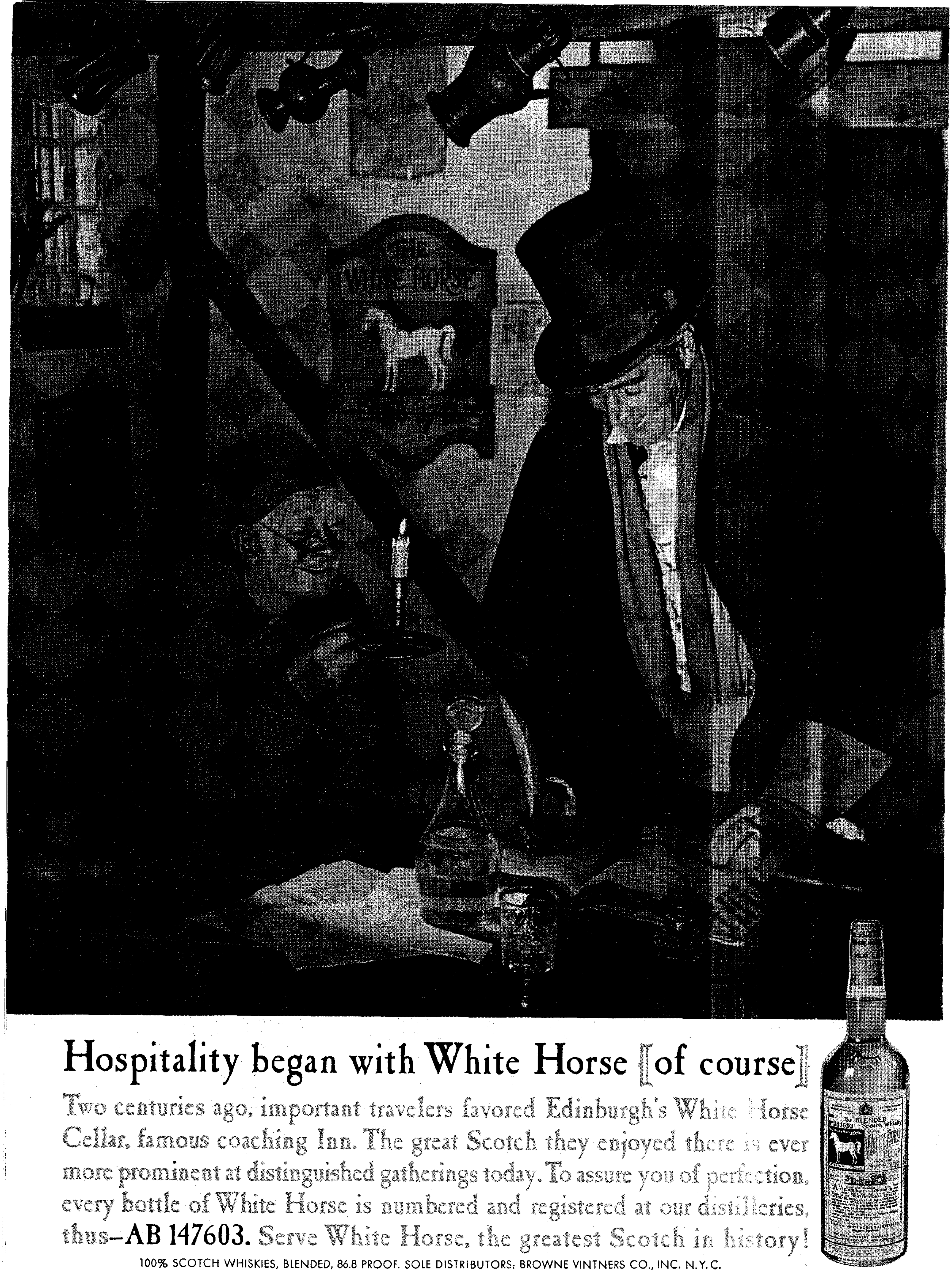

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things. She didn't, for instance, have lunch in the lunchroom with the other teachers, and she didn't go home for lunch. She had a Negro woman bring her lunch to her on a tray all the way from Logana, on the other side of town. Generally she ate alone in her classroom. Sometimes we made excuses to go back to the room during lunch hour, and when we came out we pretended to the others that we had had a great revelation—that we had caught Miss Leonora Logan eating peas with her knife or sopping her plate with a biscuit. We never caught her doing anything so improper, of course, but it gave us a wonderful pleasure to imagine it.

It was while I was in high school that Miss Leonora inherited Logana. She had already been living in the house most of her life—all of it except for the years when she taught and lived at the Institute—but the house had really belonged to her grandfather's brother in St. Louis. The morning we heard she had inherited the place, we thought surely she would be in high spirits about her good fortune, and before she came into the room that morning one of the girls said she was going to ask her how it felt to be an heiress. It was a question that never got asked, however, because when our teacher finally appeared before us she was dressed in black. She had inherited the house where she had lived most of her life as a poor relation, but she was also in mourning for the dead great-uncle away off in St. Louis. For us it was impossible to detect either joy over the one event or grief over the other. Perhaps she felt neither, or perhaps she had to hide her feelings because she felt that it was really the great-uncle's death in St. Louis she had inherited and the house in Thomasville she had lost. Our lessons went on that day as though nothing at all had happened.

BUT before I ever started going to the high school, and before Miss Leonora went there to teach, I had seen her on yet another memorable occasion up at the Institute—the most memorable and dramatic of all, because it was the night that the place burned down. I remember the events of that night very clearly. It was a February night in 1922. The temperature was in the low twenties, and no doubt they had thrown open the drafts in every one of the coal-burning heaters up at the Institute.

The fire broke out in the refectory and spread very rapidly to the residence hall and the classrooms building. Like any big fire, it quickly drew the whole

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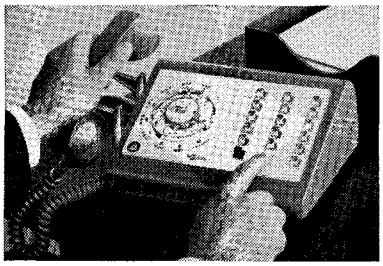

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town to the scene. Before most of us got up there it was already out of hand. All over town the sky looked like Judgment Day. On the way to the fire, we could hear the floors of the old buildings caving in, one after the other; and so from the beginning there was not much anybody could do. The town waterworks couldn't get enough pressure up there to be of any real use, and after that girl drowned herself they had filled in the old moat around the windmill.

The first thing that happened after I got in sight of the place was that the gingerbread porches, which were already on fire, began to fall away from the buildings. There were porches on the second and third floors of the residence hall, and suddenly they fell away like flaming ladders that somebody had given a kick to. The banisters and posts and rafters fell out into the evergreen shrubbery, and pretty soon the smell of burning hemlock and cedar filled the air. . . . The teachers had got all the girls out safely, and the first men to arrive even saved some of the furniture and the books, but beyond that there was nothing to be done except to stand and watch the flames devour the innards of the buildings. This was very fascinating to everybody, and the crowd shifted from one point to another, always trying to get a better view and to see into which room or down which corridor the flames would move next.

Miss Leonora was as fascinated as any of the rest of us, and it was this about her that impressed me that night. It was not till later that I heard about how she behaved during the first phase of the fire. She had dashed about from building to building screaming orders to everyone, even to the fire brigade when it arrived. She would not believe it when the firemen told her that the water pressure could not be increased. She threw a bucket of water in one man's face when he refused to take that bucket and climb up to a second-story porch with it.

I didn't see any of that. When I arrived, Miss Leonora was already resigned to the total loss that was inevitable. On a little knob of earth on the north side of the lawn, which people used to call the Indian Mound, she had taken her position all alone and isolated from the general crowd. The other teachers had been sent off with the Institute girls to the hotel, where my mother was waiting to receive them. But wrapped in a black fur cape—it was bearskin, I think, and must have been a hand-me-down from some relative—Miss Leonora was seated on one of the

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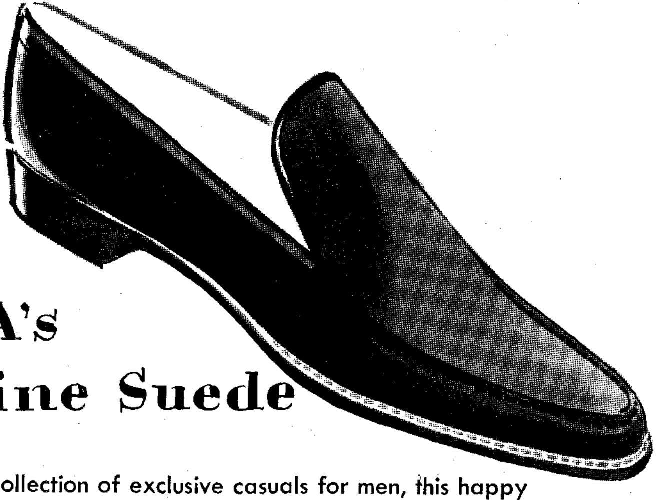

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iron benches that were grouped over there on the mound. Her only companions were two iron deer that stood nearby, one with its head lowered as if grazing, the other with its iron antlers lifted and its blank iron eyes fixed on the burning buildings.

She sat there very erect, looking straight ahead. It was hard to tell whether she was watching the flames or watching the people watch the flames. Perhaps she was fascinated equally by both. It was all over for her. She knew that practically nothing was going to be saved, but still she wanted to see how it would go. Now and then a shaft of flame would shoot up into the overcast sky, lighting up the mixture of cloud and smoke above us, and also lighting up the figure of Miss Leonora over on the mound. Some of the women whispered amongst themselves, "Poor Miss Leonora! The school was her life." But if you caught a glimpse of her in one of those moments when the brightest light was on her, it wasn't self-pity or despair you saw written on her face. You saw her awareness of what was going on around her, and a kind of curiosity about it all that seemed almost inhuman and that even a child was bound to resent somewhat. She looked dead herself, but at the same time very much alive to what was going on around her. And I think it is some such attitude as that that has sustained her through all the dull, disappointing years since.

III

WHEN Miss Leonora's house was condemned two weeks ago, *somebody* had to break the news to her. They couldn't just send the clerk up there with the notice, or, worse still, let her read it in the newspaper. The old lady had to be warned of how matters had gone. . . . We left the courthouse at four o'clock that afternoon, and set out for the Logan place on foot. None of us wanted to go, but who else would go if we didn't? That was how Judge Potter had put it to us. I suppose we elected to go on foot merely because it would take longer to get up there that way.

It was while we walked along under the sycamores on High Street that I let the others talk me into doing the job alone. They said that I had, after all, been her very favorite—by which they meant only that I was her first favorite—and that if we went in a group she might take it as a sign of cowardice, might even tell us it was that to our faces. It was a funny business, and we

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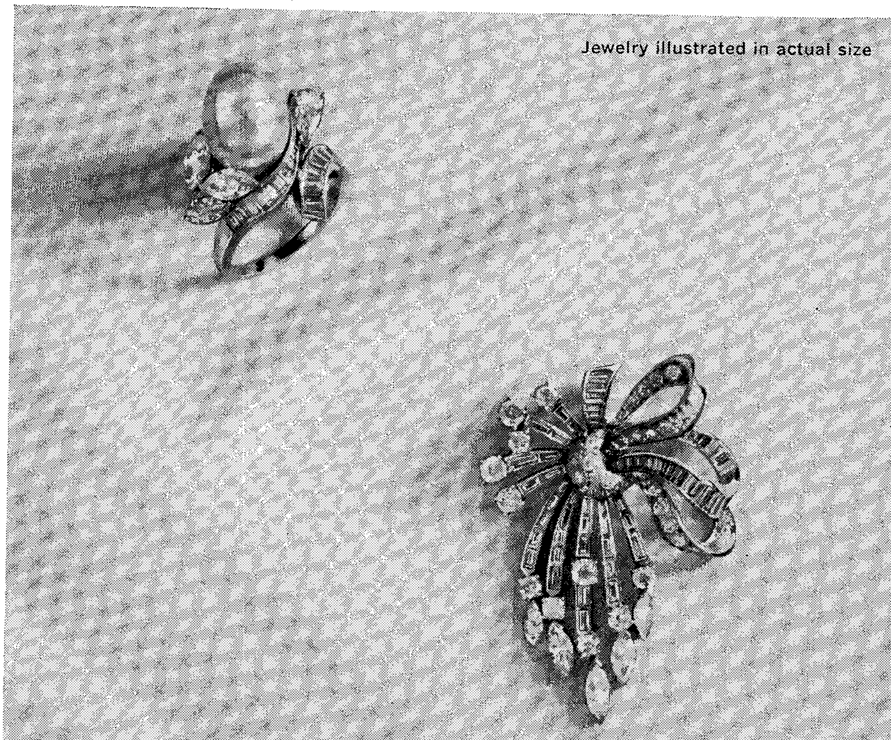

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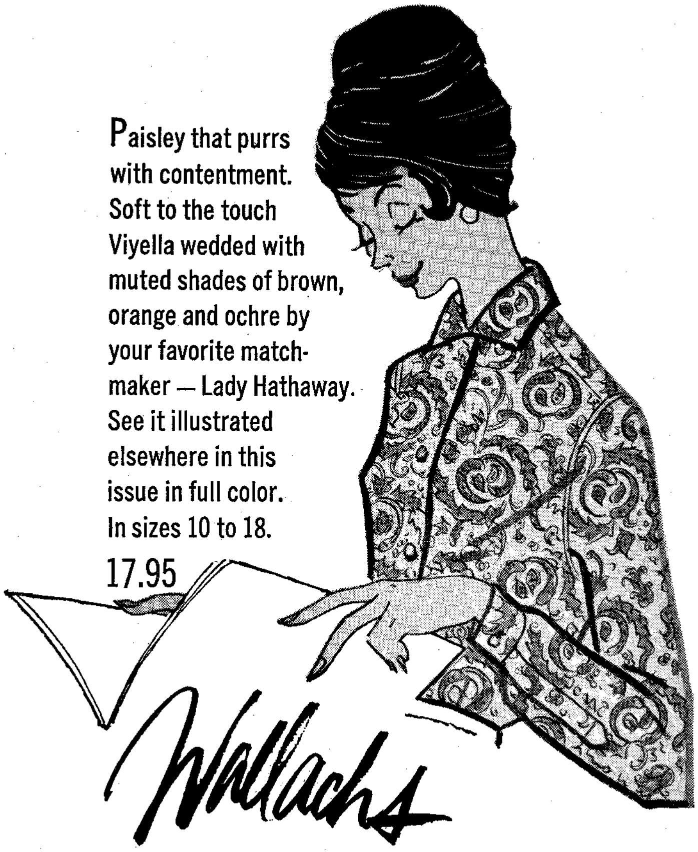

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laughed about it a little amongst ourselves, though not much. Finally I agreed that the other three men should wait behind the sumac and elderberry down in the Lane, while I went up to see Miss Leonora alone.

Once this was settled, the other three men turned to reminiscing about their experiences with Miss Leonora when they were in high school. But I couldn't concentrate on what they said. It may have been because I knew their stories so well. Or maybe it wasn't that. At any rate, when we had walked two blocks up High Street I realized that I was out of cigarettes, and I told the others to wait a minute while I stepped into the filling station, on the corner there, to buy a package. When I paid for the cigarettes, Buck Wallace, who operates the station, looked at me and said, "Well, how did it go? Do we condemn?"

I nodded and said, "We're on the way up there to tell her, Buck."

"I guessed you were," he said. He glanced out the window at the others, and I looked out at them, too. For a second it seemed that I was seeing them through Buck Wallace's eyes—them and myself. And the next second it seemed, for some reason, that I was seeing them through Miss Leonora's eyes—them and myself. We all had on our business suits, our lightweight topcoats, our gray fedoras; we were the innkeeper, the druggist, a bank clerk, and the rewrite man from the weekly paper. Our ages ranged from thirty to fifty—with me at the top—but we were every one of us decked out to look like the same kind of thing. We might have just that minute walked out of the Friday-noon meeting of the Exchange Club. In Buck Wallace's eyes, however, we were certainly not the cream of the Exchange Club crop—*not* the men who were going to get Thomasville its due. And in Miss Leonora's eyes we were a cut above the Exchange Club's ringleaders, though not enough above them to matter very much. To both her and Buck we were merely the go-betweens. It just happened that we were the last people left in town that the old lady would speak to, and so now we—or, rather, I was going up to Logana and tell her she would have to accept the town's terms of unconditional surrender.

"You may be too late," Buck added as I was turning away. I looked back at him with lifted eyebrows. "She was in here a while ago," he went on to report, "getting her car gassed up. She said how she was about to take off on

PAUL MASSON

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*This is a glass of Paul Masson California Sparkling Burgundy. There are times when no other color will do at all.

one of her trips. She said she might wait till she heard from the courthouse this afternoon and again she might not. . . . She was got up kind of peculiar."

When I rejoined the other men outside, I didn't tell them what Buck had said. Suddenly I mistrusted them, and I didn't trust myself. Or rather I knew I *could* trust myself to let *them* have their way if they thought Miss Leonora was about to leave town. I was pretty sure she wouldn't leave without hearing from us, and I was pretty sure they would want to head us back to the courthouse immediately and send official word up there before she could get away. It would have been the wise thing to do, certainly, but I didn't let it happen.

In the filling station Buck Wallace had said to me that she was "got up kind of peculiar," and that meant, to my understanding, that Miss Leonora was dressed in one of two ways. Neither was a way that I had ever seen her dressed, and I wanted to see for myself. It meant either that she was got up in a lot of outmoded finery or she was wearing her dungarees! Because that is how, for ten years now, the old lady has been turning up at the tourist homes where she stops, and that is how, if you wanted to recognize her on the road, you would have to watch out for her. Either she would be in her finery—with the fox fur piece, and the diamond earrings, and the high-crowned velvet hat, and the kind of lace choker that even old ladies don't generally go in for any more and that Miss Leonora has never been seen to wear in Thomasville except by a very few—or she would be in her dungarees! The dungarees are the hardest to imagine, of course. With them she wears a home-knit, knee-length cardigan sweater. And for headgear she pulls on a big poke bonnet she has resurrected from somewhere, or sometimes she stuffs her long hair up under a man's hunting cap or an old broad-brimmed straw hat. A queer sight she must present riding about the countryside these autumn nights; and if she rides with the top to her convertible put back, as I've heard of her doing in the dead of winter even, why, it's enough to scare any children who may see her, and some grown people, too. . . . Here in Thomasville, only Buck Wallace and a few others have seen her so garbed, and they only rarely, only sometimes when she was setting out on a trip. They say she looks like some inmate who has broken out of the asylum over at Bolivar.

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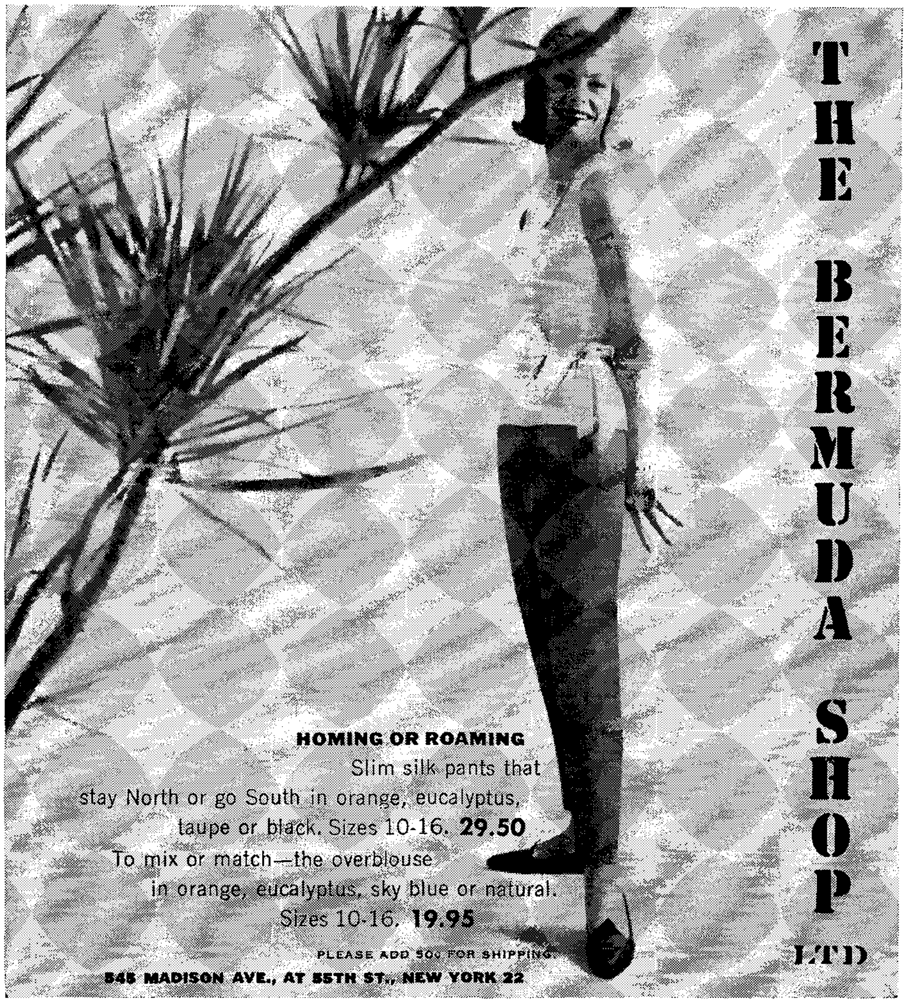
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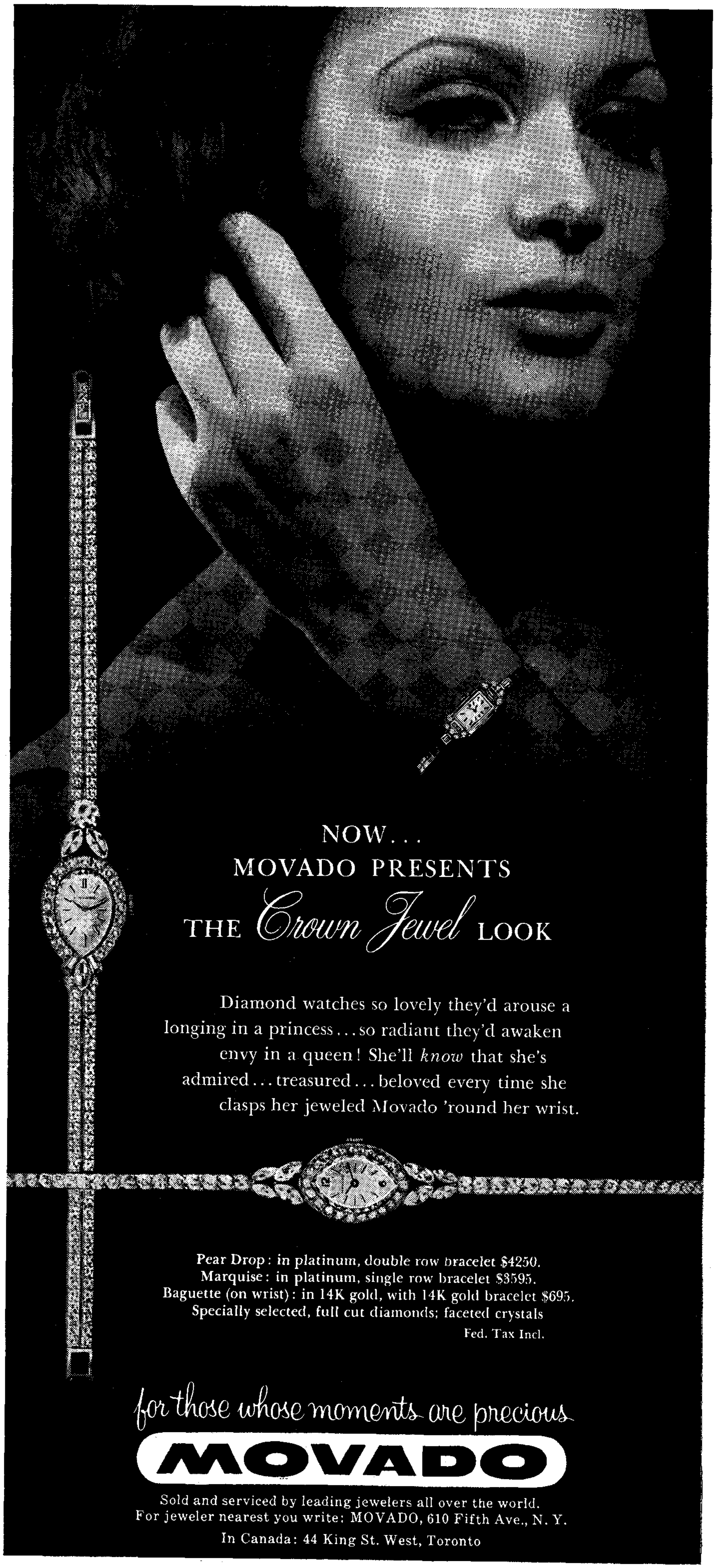
tourist homes. If she is with the two old maids at Boxwood Manor or Maple Lawn, she affects the choker and the diamond earrings. She sits down in their parlor and removes the high-crowned velvet, and she talks about how the traditions and institutions of our country have been corrupted and says that soon not one stone will be left upon another. And, still using such terms and phrases, she will at last get round to telling them the story of her life and the history of the Logan family in Thomasville. She tells it all in the third person, pretending it is some friend of hers she has in mind, and the family of that friend. But the old maids know right along that it is herself she is speaking of, and they say she seems to know they know it and seems not to care. . . . And if she is with the farm couple at Oak Crest, then she's in her dungarees. She at once sets about helping with the chores, if they will let her. She talks religion to them and says there is no religion left amongst the people in the towns, says that they have forsaken the fountain of living waters and hewed them out broken cisterns that can hold no water—something like that. And finally she gets round to telling *them* her story, again pretending that it is some friend of hers she is speaking of, and again with her listeners knowing it is herself. The farm couple won't like seeing an old woman wearing dungarees, but they will catch the spirit of her getup, and they understand what it means. For they have known other old women there in the country who, thrown entirely on their own, living alone and in desperate circumstances, have gotten so they dress in some such outrageous way. And the two old maids probably still have some eye for fashion and they find Miss Leonora pretty ridiculous. But they remember other old ladies who did once dress like that, and it seems somehow credible that there might still be one somewhere.

When Miss Leonora is at home in Thomasville, it is hard to believe she ever dresses herself up so. Here we are used to seeing her always in the most schoolteacherish, ready-made-looking clothes. After the Institute burned, she changed from the uniform that the Institute teachers wore to what amounts to a uniform for our high-school teachers—the drab kind of street dresses that can be got only through the mail-order catalogues. Right up till two weeks ago, that's how we were still seeing the old lady dressed. It was hard to realize that in her old age she had had a change of heart and was wishing that either she



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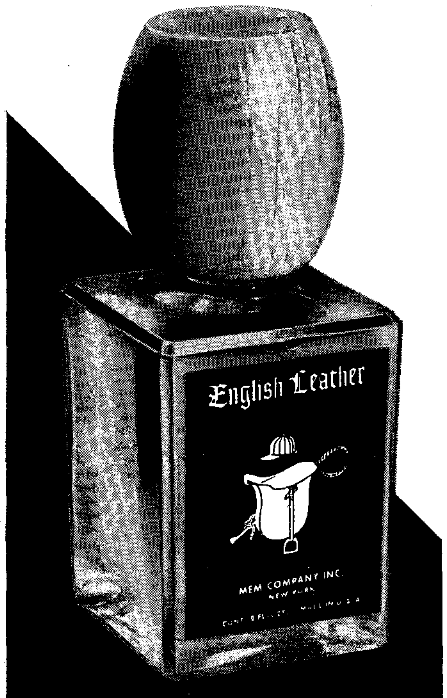

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had played the role of the spinster great lady the way it is usually played or that she had married some dirt farmer and spent her life working alongside him in the fields.

I even used to think that perhaps Miss Leonora didn't really want to go off masquerading around the country—that it was a kind of madness and meant something that would be much more difficult to explain, and that all the time she was at home she was dreading her next seizure. Recently, however, I've come to realize that that wasn't the case. For years her only satisfaction in life has been her periodic escapes into a reality that is scattered in bits and pieces along the highways and back roads of the country she travels. And what I hope above all else is that Miss Leonora *is* stopping today at Oak Crest or Boxwood Manor and *does* have on her dungarees or her lace choker.

BUT now I must tell you what makes me doubt that she is, after all, staying at one of those tourist homes she likes, and what makes me afraid that we may never see her here again.

I left the other men down at the corner of the Lane and went up the dirt driveway to Logana alone. Her car was parked at the foot of the porch steps, and so there was no question about her being there. I saw her first through one of the sidelights at the front door and wasn't sure it was she. Then she opened the door, saying, "Dear boy, come in." I laughed, it was so unlike her to call me that. That was not her line at all. She laughed, too, but it was a kind of laugh that was supposed to put me at my ease rather than to criticize or commend me, which would have been very much more in her line. . . . I saw at a glance that this wasn't the Miss Leonora I had known, and wasn't one that I had heard about from her tourist-home friends, either.

She had done an awful thing to her hair. Her splendid white mane, with its faded yellow streaks and its look of being kept up on her head only by the two tortoise-shell combs at the back, was no more. She had cut it off, thinned it, and set it in little waves close to her head, and, worse still, she must have washed it in a solution of indigo bluing. She had powdered the shine off her nose, seemed almost to have powdered its sharpness and longness away. She may have applied a little rouge and lipstick, though hardly enough to be noticeable, only enough to make you realize it wasn't the natural coloring of an old lady and enough to make you *think* how old she

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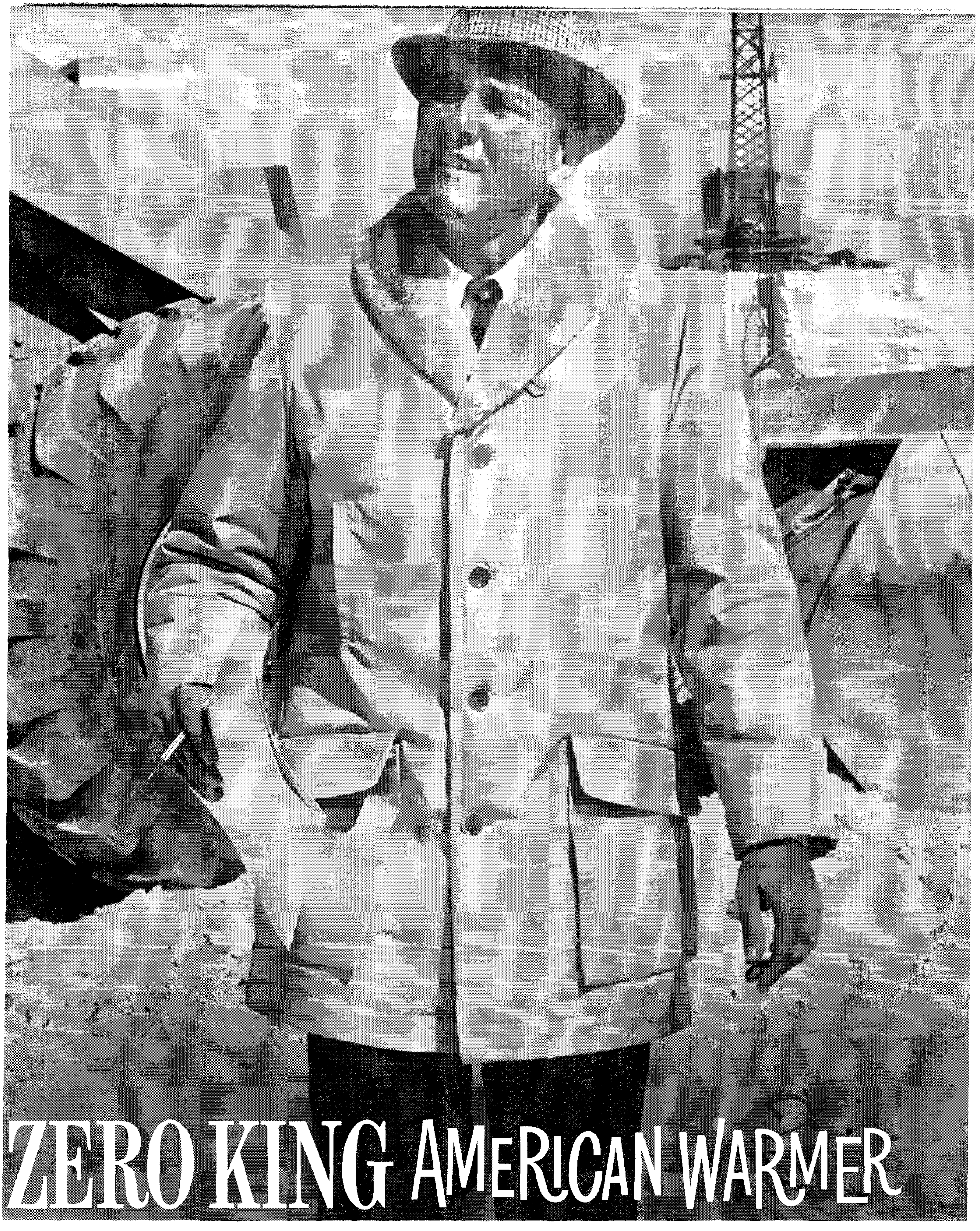

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was. And the dress she had on was exactly right with the hair and the face, though at first I couldn't tell why.

As I walked beside her from the center hall into her "office," her skirt made an unpleasant swishing sound that seemed out of place in Miss Leonora's house and that made me observe more closely what the dress was really like. It was of a dark silk stuff, very stiff, with a sort of middy-blouse collar, and sleeves that stopped a couple of inches above the wrists, and a little piece of belt in back, fastened on with two big buttons—very stylish, I think. For a minute I couldn't remember where it was I had seen this very woman before. Then it came to me. All that was lacking was a pair of pixie glasses with rhinestone rims, and a half dozen bracelets on her wrists. She was one of those old women who come out here from Memphis looking for antiques and country hams and who tell you how delighted they are to find a Southern town that is truly unchanged.

Even so, I half expected Miss Leonora to begin by asking me about my family and then about what kind of summer I had had. "Now, I know you have had a fine summer—all summers are fine to a boy your age," she would say. "So don't tell me what you have been doing. Tell me what you have been *thinking*, what you have been *reading*." It was the room that made me imagine she would still go on that way. Because the room was the same as it used to be. Even the same coffee cups and blue china coffeepot were set out on the little octagonal oak table, beside the plate of butter cookies. And for a moment I had the same guilty feeling I used always to have; because, of course, I hadn't been reading anything and hadn't been thinking anything she would want to hear about.

What she actually said was much kinder and was what anybody might have said under the circumstances. "I've felt so bad about your having to come here like this. I knew they would put it off on you. Even you must have dreaded coming, and you must hate me for putting you in such a position."

"Why, no. I wanted to come, Miss Leonora," I lied. "And I hope you have understood that I had no part in the proceedings." It was what, for months, I had known I would say, and it came out very easily.

"I do understand that," she said. "And we don't even need to talk about any of it."

But I said, "The county court has granted the writ condemning your

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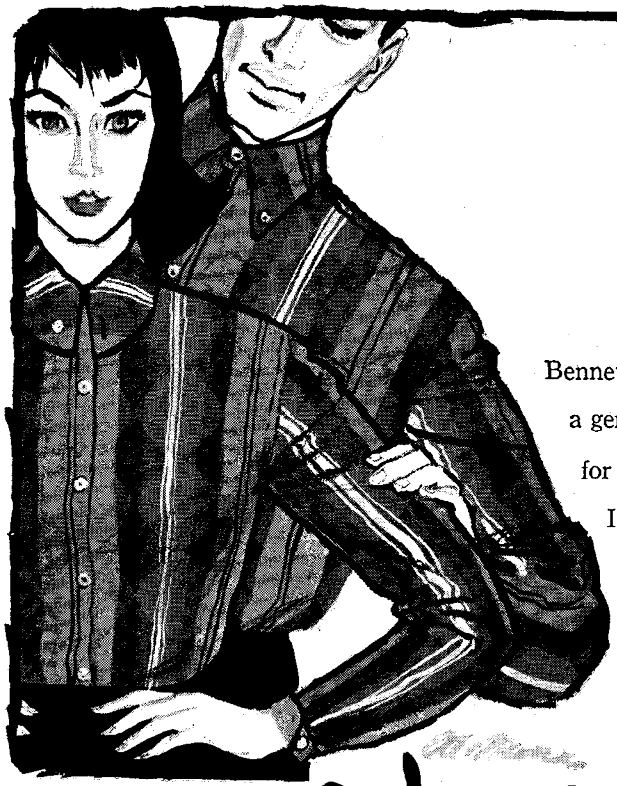

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property. They will send a notice up to you tomorrow morning. You ought to have had a lawyer represent you, and you ought to have come yourself."

I had said what I had promised Judge Potter I would say; she had her warning. And now I was on my own. She motioned me to sit down in a chair near the table where the coffee things were. When she poured out the coffee into our two cups, it was steaming hot. It smelled the way it used to smell in that room on winter afternoons, as fresh as if it were still brewing on the stove. I knew she hadn't made it herself, but, as in the old days, too, the Negro woman who had made it didn't appear or make a sound in the kitchen. You wouldn't have thought there was one of them on the place. There didn't seem to be another soul in the house but just herself and me. But *I* knew that the house was full of them, really. And there was still the feeling that either she was protecting me from them or them from me. I experienced the old uneasiness in addition to something new. And as for Miss Leonora, she seemed to sense from the start that the other three men were waiting down in the Lane—the three who had been even less willing than I to come, and who were that much nearer to the rest of the town in their feelings. Several times she referred to them, giving a little nod of her head in the direction of the very spot where I had left them waiting.

"When I think of the old days, the days when I used to have you up here—you and the others, too—I realize I was too hard on you. I asked too much of my pupils. I know that now."

It was nothing like the things the real Miss Leonora used to say. It was something anybody might have said.

And a little later: "I was unrealistic. I tried to be to you children what I thought you needed to have somebody be. That's a mistake, always. One has to try to be with people what they want one to be. Each of *you* tried to be that for me, to an admirable degree. Tim Hadley tried hardest—he went to college—but he didn't have your natural endowments." Then she took pains to say something good and something forgiving about each of the four. And, unless I imagined it, for each of those that hadn't come up with me she gave another nod in the direction of the elderberry and the sumac thicket down at the corner.

"We were a dumb bunch, all along the line," I said, not meaning it—or not meaning it about myself.

"Nonsense. You were all fine boys,

and *you* were my brightest hope," she said, with an empty cheerfulness.

"But you can't make a silk purse out of—" I began.

"Nonsense," she said again. "It was neither you nor I that failed." But she didn't care enough to make any further denial or explanation. She set her cup down on the table and rose from her chair. "It's been like old times, hasn't it," she said with a vague smile.

I looked away from her and sat gazing about the office, still holding my empty cup in my hand. It hadn't been like old times at all, of course. The room and the silence of the house were the same, but Miss Leonora was already gone, and without her the house was nothing but a heap of junk. I thought to myself that the best thing that could happen would be for them to begin moving out the furniture and moving out the Negroes and tearing the place down as soon as possible. Suddenly, I spied her black leather travelling bag over beside the doorway, and she must have seen my eyes light upon it. "I'm about to get off on a little trip," she said.

I set my cup down on the table and looked up at her. I could see she was expecting me to protest. "Will it be long?" I asked, not protesting.

"I don't know, dear boy. You know how I am."

I glanced at the travelling bag again, and this time I noticed her new cloth coat lying on the straight chair beside the bag. I got up and went over and picked up the coat and held it for her.

On the way out to the car, I kept reminding myself that this was really Miss Leonora Logan and that she was going away before receiving any official notice of the jury's verdict. Finally, when we were standing beside her car and she was waiting for me to open the door and waiting for me to put the bag, which I was carrying, inside the car, I looked squarely into her eyes. And there is no denying it; the eyes were still the same as always, not just their hazel color but their expression, their look of awareness—awareness of you, the individual before her, a very flattering awareness until presently you realized it was merely of you as an individual in her scheme of things for Thomasville. She was still looking at me as though I were one of the village children that she would like so much to make something of. I opened the car door. I tossed the bag into the space behind the driver's seat. I even made sure I did the thing to her satisfaction by putting one hand

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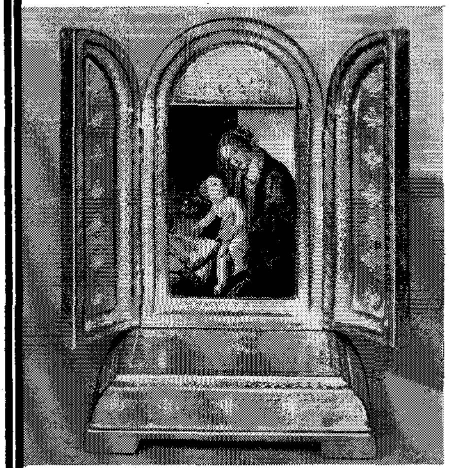

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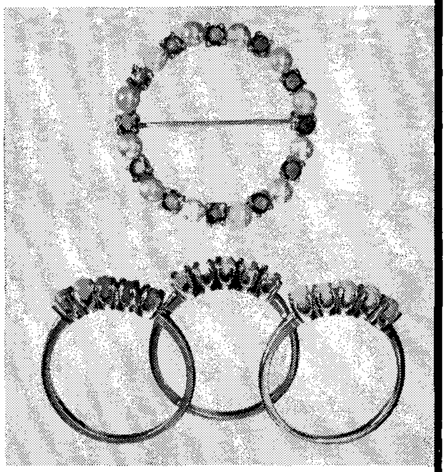

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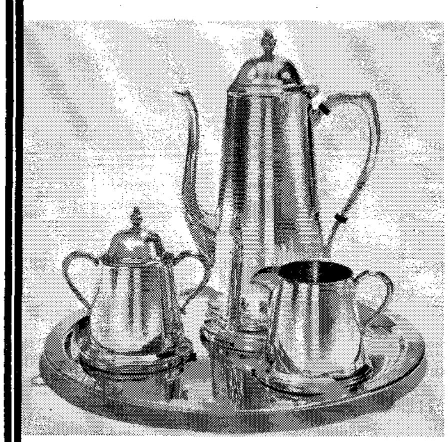

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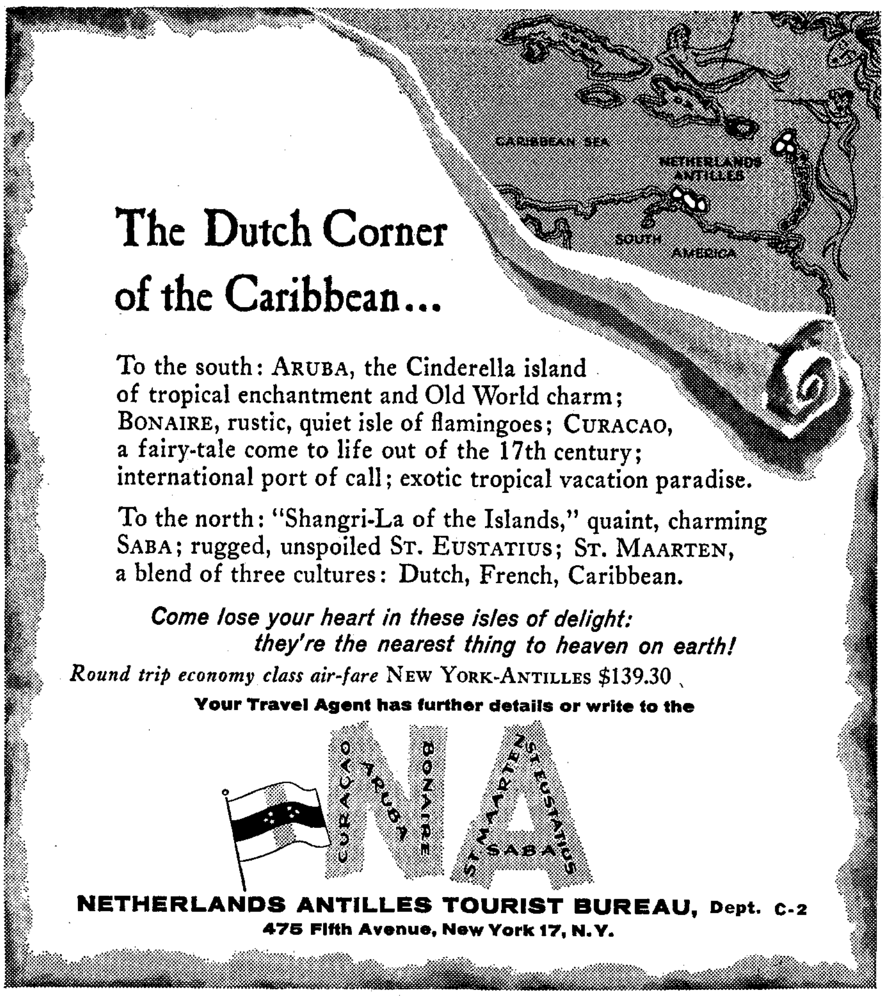

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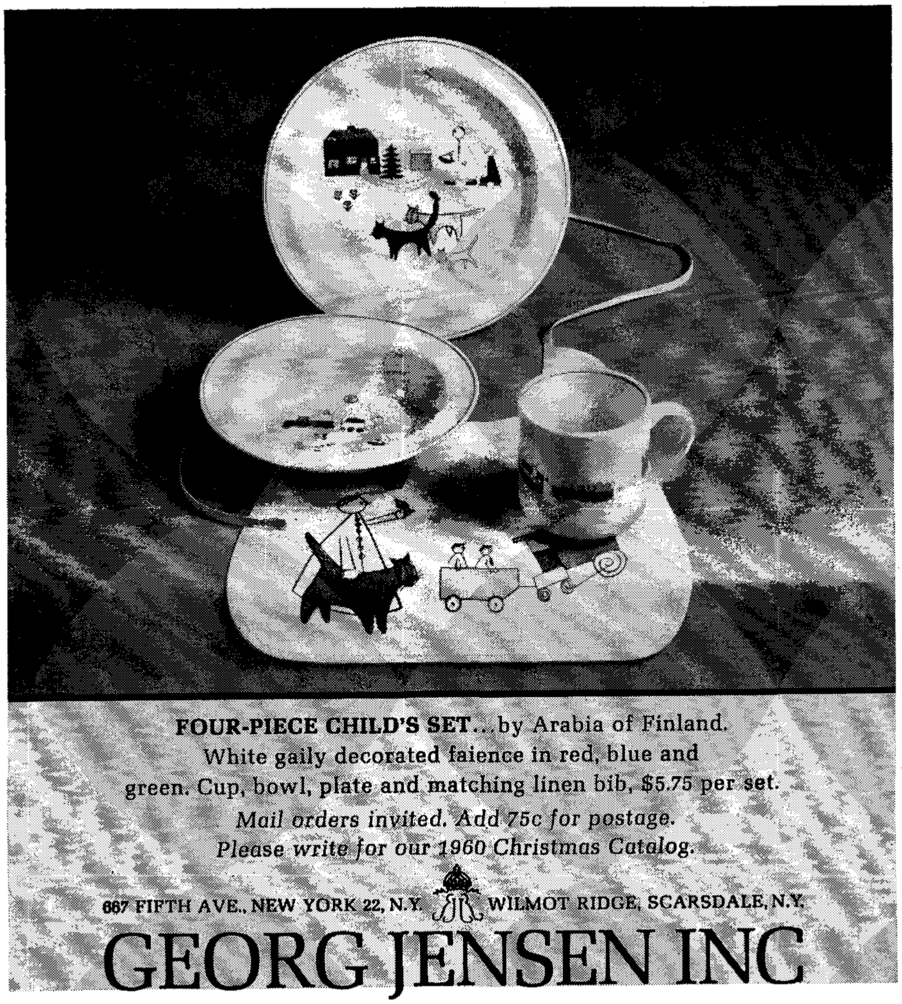

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out to her elbow as she slipped stiffly in under the steering wheel.

Neither of us made any pretense of saying goodbye. I stood there and watched the car as it bumped along down the dirt driveway, raising a little cloud of dust in the autumn air. The last I saw of her was a glimpse of her bluinged head through the rear window of her convertible. When she turned out into the Lane and headed away from town toward the bypass, I knew that the other three men would be watching. But they wouldn't be able to see how she was got up, and I knew they would hardly believe me when I told them.

I have told nearly everybody in town about it, and I think nobody really believes me. I have almost come to doubt it myself. And, anyway, I like to think that in her travelling bag she had the lace-choker outfit that she could change into along the way, and the dungarees, too; and that she is stopping at her usual kind of place today and is talking to the proprietors about Thomasville. Otherwise, there is no use in anyone's keeping an eye out for her. She will look too much like a thousand others, and no doubt will be driving on the highway the way everybody else does, letting other people pass her, dimming her lights for everyone. Maybe she even drives in the daytime, and maybe when she stops for the night it is at a big, modern motel with air-conditioning and television in every room. The postcards she sends us indicate nothing about how she is dressed, of course, or about where and in what kind of places she is stopping. She says only that she is in good health, that it is wonderful weather for driving about the country, and that the roads have been improved everywhere. She says nothing about when we can expect her to come home.

—PETER TAYLOR

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—*Boston Traveler.*

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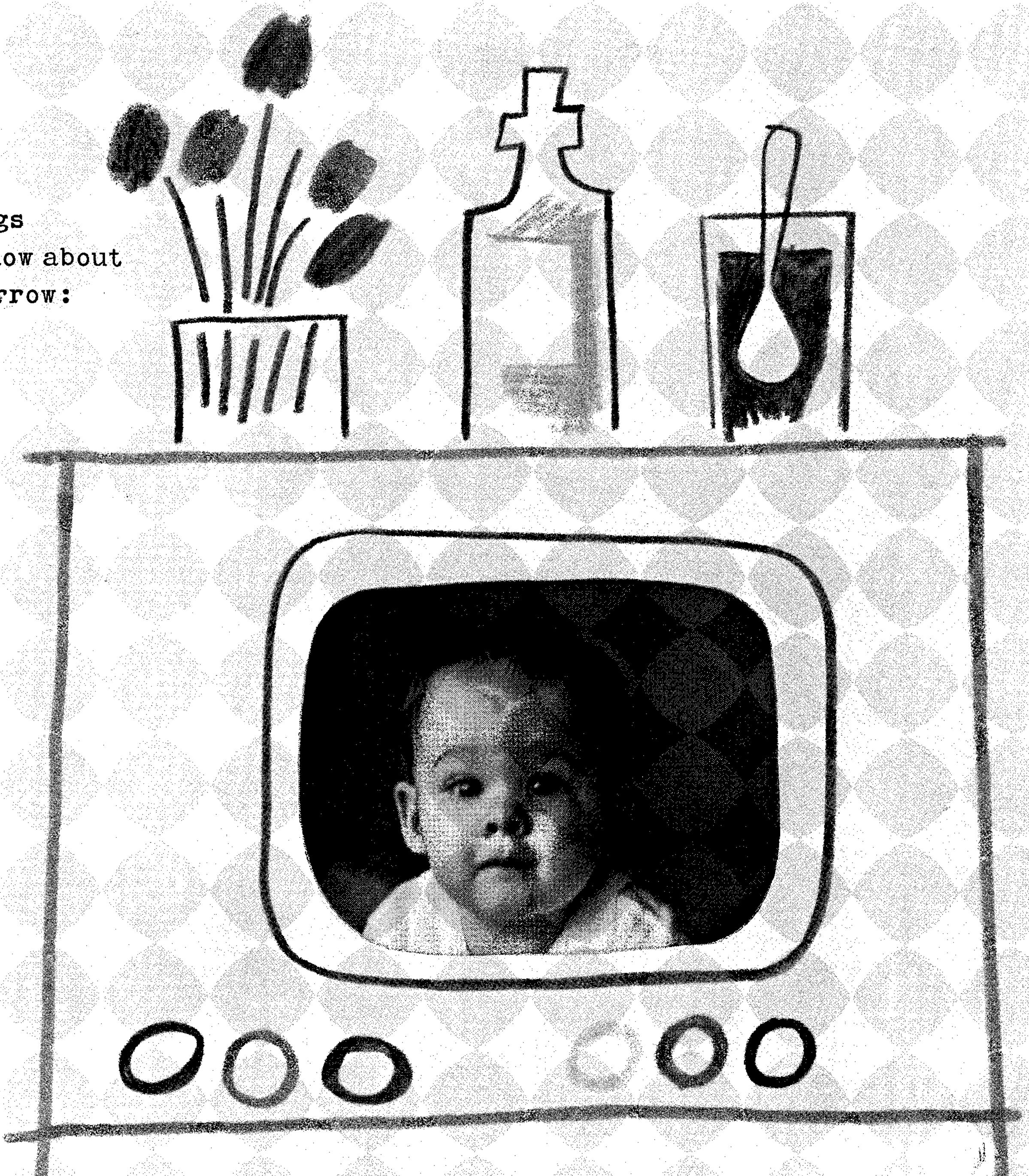

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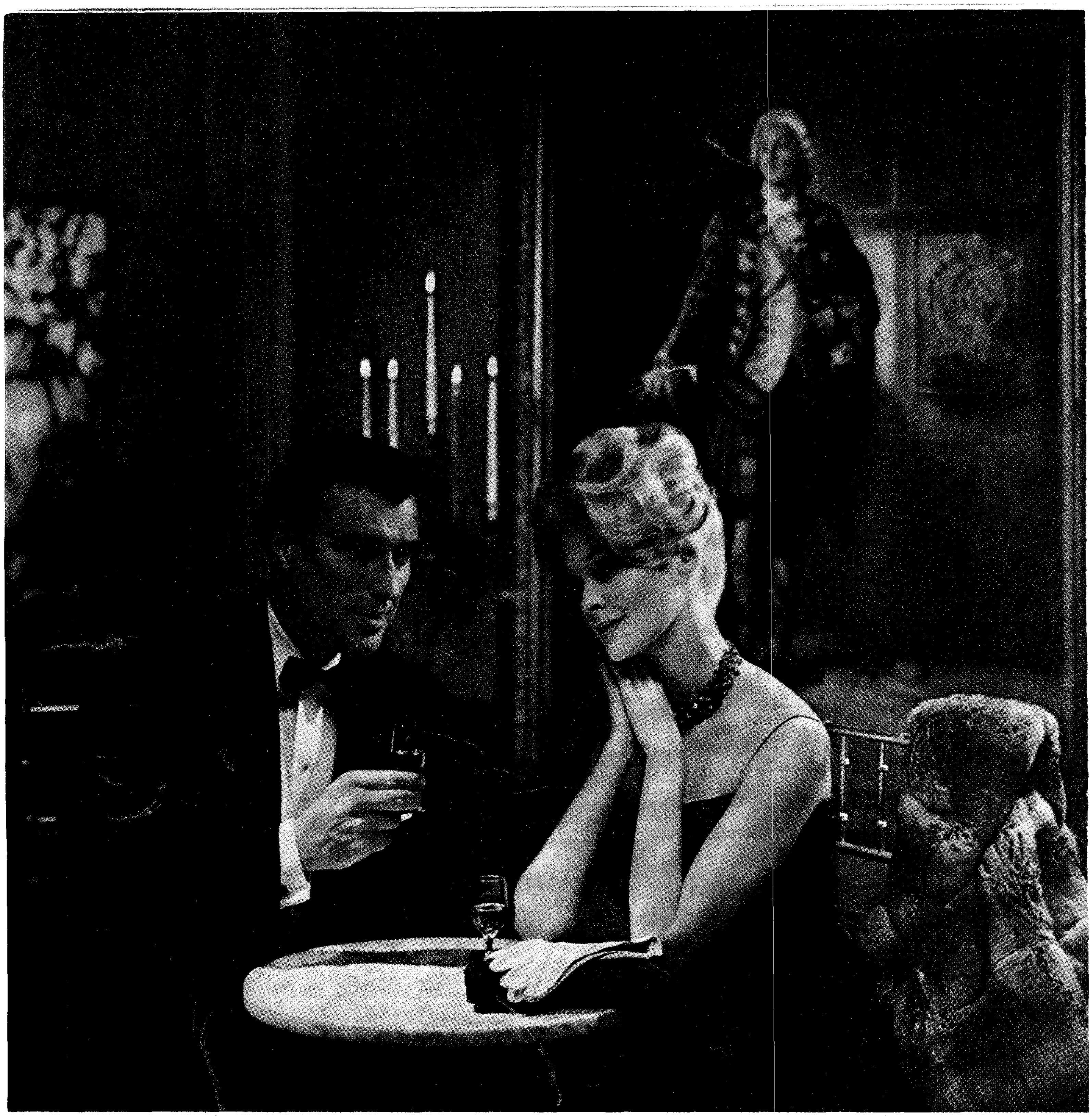

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THE THEATRE

TENNESSEE TRIES A TENDER PITCH

ALONG with the usual information about the performers, the locale of the action, and so on, the program distributed at the Helen Hayes to post us on some facts about Tennessee Williams' "Period of Adjustment," currently on view there, includes a piece of sentimental verse by the playwright that runs:

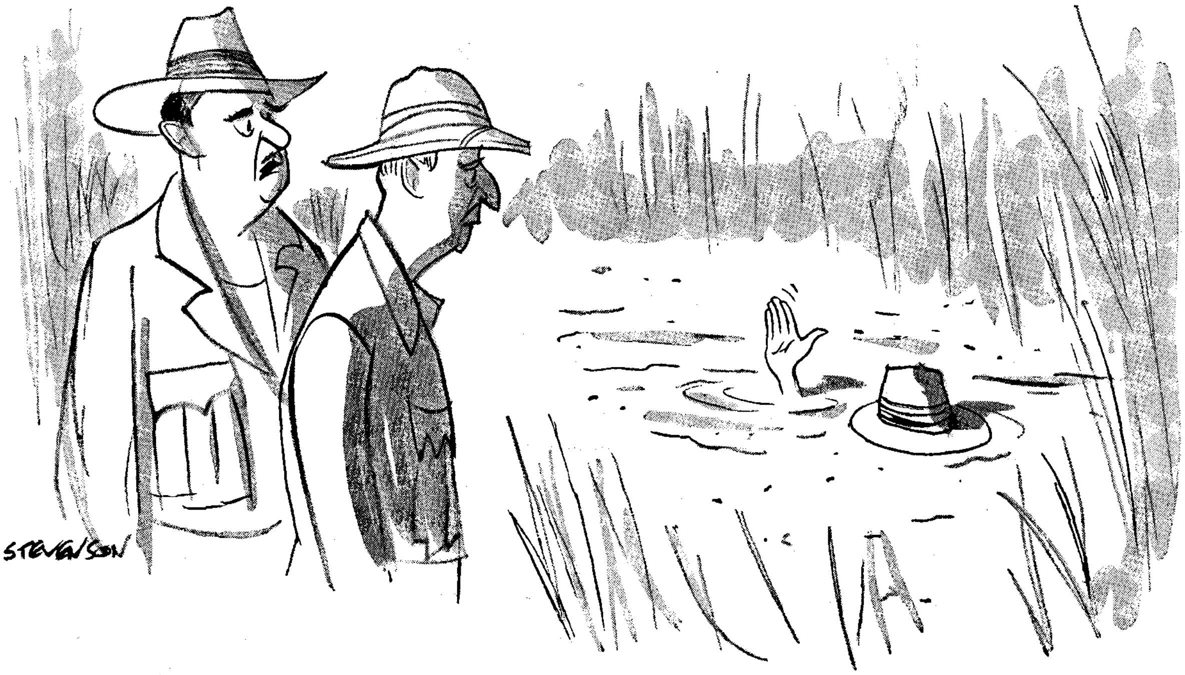
> For tenderness I would lay down
> The weapon that holds death away.
> But little words of tenderness
> Are those I never learned to say.

Although Mr. Williams may have difficulty with little words of tenderness (which he presumably treasures in his lonely heart), he can be loquacious on a good many other subjects, and in "Period of Adjustment" he is just that. The purpose of this garrulity is to explain the emotional struggles that young people undergo in their efforts to accommodate themselves to the give and take of matrimony, and as a marriage counsellor Mr. Williams has adopted a seriocomic attitude. Unfortunately, his attempts at comedy are all too often aimless or vulgar, and when he tries to be earnest, he advances ideas that are hopelessly banal. While he is plainly mad about sentimentality, he is determined to show us that he is well up on Freud and thinkers like that, and he goes on interminably about impotence, incest, homosexual tendencies in the very young, castration complexes, and frigidity in women. In short, before "Period of Adjustment" has run its ragged course he has transformed what might have been a simple domestic comedy into a turbid stew of immiscible ingredients. His big message, when it is finally delivered, conceivably after being delayed in Vienna, advises us that we ought to be tender in human relations, and that husbands and wives should show tolerance for each other's weaknesses. These are splendid sentiments, and do honor to Mr. Williams, and I'm sorry indeed that his presentation of them gave me such a pain.

"Period of Adjustment" is set in a Spanish-type stucco cottage in a suburb of Nashville, Tennessee. The time is Christmas Eve, and the only creatures stirring in the cottage are a cocker spaniel and a harried fellow called Ralph Bates, a war hero whose marriage to the daughter of a successful businessman has gone on the rocks. Mr. Bates's solitude is interrupted by the arrival of an old Air Force chum and his distraught bride of one day. The bride enters first, and delivers a monologue on the awful time she has had with her husband since they lit out on their wedding trip in a 1952 Cadillac that used to be a funeral coach. All her bridegroom did en route, she reveals, was to search for "White Christmas" on the car radio, and when they put up for the night at a motel, he shook so much that she had to sleep in a chair. More exposition follows: She met him in a neurological hospital, where he was a patient and she was a student nurse, and his tremors, which resemble the agitations caused by St. Vitus's dance, were never diagnosed with any certainty. Presently, the bridegroom joins his wife and his chum, and, between desperate twitches, accuses her of being frigid. A great deal of palaver ensues about the benighted circumstance of this pair, and Mr. Bates, the host, calms them down with frequent assertions that they are simply going through a period of adjustment. Along the line, it develops that he isn't in such good psychological shape himself, since he has never been happy with his wife, a woman he regards as homely, and since he is also inclined to think that his young son is effeminate.

The company of these three neurotics isn't what might be called stimulating, and when the Air Force pals start discussing ladies they have known, using a primitive vocabulary they apparently picked up in the service, the drama becomes a bit hard to take. Eventually, Mr. Williams gets around to breaking up the three-way seminar by introducing the estranged wife and her parents, who barge into the cottage to pick up Mrs. Bates's effects. When this backing and filling is over with, and Mr. Bates has shouted the parents out of the house, he and his wife make up, and the shaker and his gelid bride give indications that they are going to achieve the consummation they so devoutly wish.

The setting and lighting that Jo Mielziner has employed for "Period of Adjustment" are serviceable, and the direction, by George Roy Hill, occasionally enlivens the doings. Among the actors, Barbara Baxley is first-rate as the timorous bride, and James Daly almost persuades us that the character of Ralph Bates has some plausibility. Robert Webber is frighteningly realis-



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tic as the unstrung bridegroom, and Rosemary Murphy is very effective as Mrs. Bates. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

A Beautiful Snake

THERE'S nothing more forlorn than an aging social-reform play (or novel or poem or painting or sculpture) whose advocated legislation has long since become law. Consider all those Galsworthys and early Shaws and all the depression plays, their supports gone, falling into their cellars. At the same time, there's nothing more salutary than a seemingly similar work, like Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," whose once seized-upon social-reform aspects have gradually faded into the harmlessly picturesque, revealing a *play*. (Surely it is the task of the creative person to make oblique war on the stupid and the slovenly and the negative; however, it is not his job to write pamphlets and lick stamps. That's what artful plumbers like polemicists and muckrakers are for.) Ibsen dealt in "Hedda Gabler" with such Victorian fastnesses as the inequality of the sexes, the enforced idleness of genteel women, and two-faced puritanism, but he was primarily interested in exploring ironically the cold depths of that changeless and most fascinating of all women—the bitch. He knew that there are degrees of bitchiness, as there are degrees of holiness, and so Hedda Gabler's part is a sort of open role, an Add-A-Part phonograph record in which the instrumentalist may get as hot as he wishes. David Ross, the producer and director of the "Hedda Gabler" that is at the Fourth Street Theatre, is aware of all this, too, and so is Anne Meacham, his Hedda Gabler. The results, by and large, are a sterling collaboration.

Hedda Gabler, you'll recall, is twenty-nine, the daughter of a general, and a great beauty. She is married to a dull, kindly, untalented academician, George Tesman, who, after a six-month wedding trip he has spent mainly in library stacks, empedestals his wife in a handsome house he cannot afford. Disaster sets in on their first morning at home. Hedda, who would have made a good career woman, may not work. Nor does she want children. Instead, she wants a horse, a new piano, and social recognition. Tesman suffers a temporary professional setback, and these dreams evaporate. Hedda, smoldering with the boredoms of her honeymoon, bursts into flame. One of the first rules of bitchiness is to manipulate others, and

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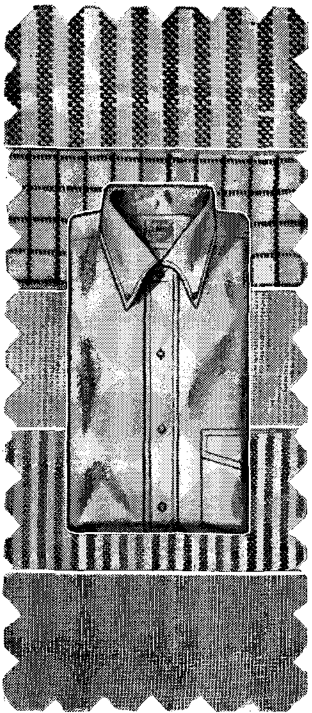

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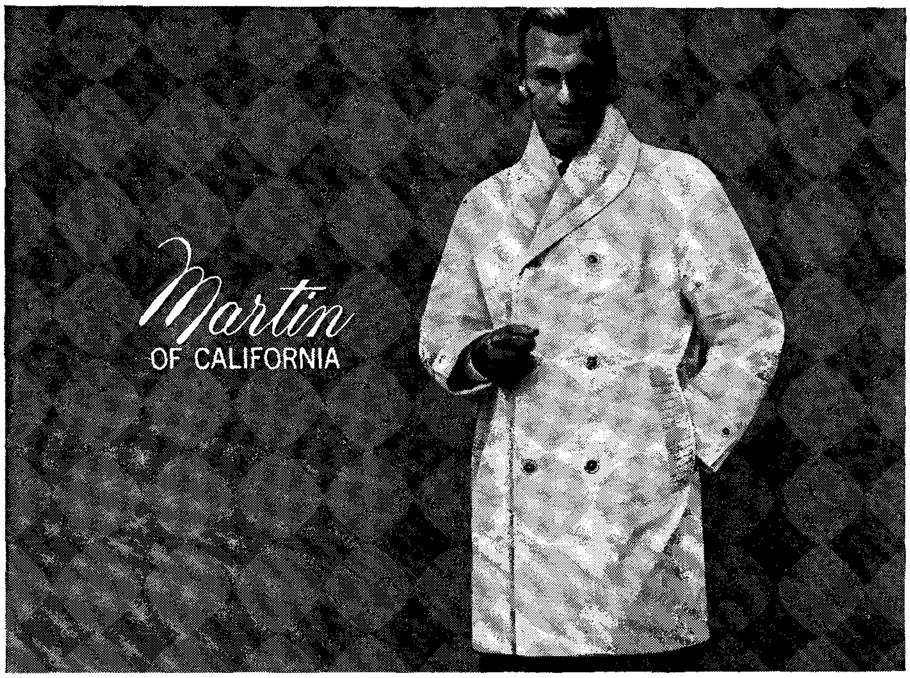

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she decides she will destroy in godly fashion a former lover, Eilert Lövborg, who reappears in her life. The result is an unbearable boomerang blow, which places her at the mercy of another ex-lover and a potential blackmailer, Judge Brack. Hedda shoots herself to death. To a certain extent, Miss Meacham's physical appearance *is* her interpretation of Hedda Gabler. She resembles, in essence, a gorgeous, hypnotic snake. Her profile—beak nose; tall, tilting forehead; thin lips; sharp, delicate chin—is old Egyptian. She has a long neck, and her smile is tight and cruel. (One is conscious not of a smile furnished with teeth and such but of a slight, expectant, rapacious opening of the mouth.) Her skin, as pale as weak sunlight, seems to be held immovably in place by the braids coiled severely on top of her head. Her eyes glint as if she were performing in semi-darkness. She darts her head back and forth ceaselessly, reptile fashion, and stands with narrow, flat shoulders bent slightly forward. She puffs on a cigarette in the ugliest way possible, making the smoke seem almost palpable. She knifes her way through her role. After a while, one becomes firmly fastened to this spectacle, and it is a jolt to discover Miss Meacham's weaknesses. These are mainly in her unchanging deadly passionlessness and, concomitantly, in her voice, which for moments at a time gives the impression of being transparent, so that her words are only meaningless sheets of sound. This is particularly noticeable the few times she is called upon to shout; the results pierce the ear but not the mind. But Miss Meacham had, because of the sudden illness of her predecessor, Mai Zetterling, just three days to prepare her part. She has made a stunning beginning.

Despite its occasional tendency to substitute motion for action, the rest of the cast is never less than satisfactory, and in one case is superb. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, matches Miss Meacham at every point. He is the embodiment of cold, mean intelligence. He shoots his sentences like cuffs. He grows a foot or two taller when he looks pitying. His eyes thoroughly assess his companions before they even open their mouths. Mark Lenard, as Lövborg, a brilliant wreck, is just right, in a fine, corny, James Mason way. A handsome, big-nosed man with hooded eyes and generous lips, he expresses tension by allowing his eyes to disappear into their caves and by flickering his cheek muscles like heat lightning. His sneers are almost pendulous. Lester Rawlins, as Tesman, is a little too soft, too furrowed in the brow, while Lori March, as Thea Elvsted, Lövborg's rejected lover, has the sort of beauty and bearing that belongs to the victorious and not to the trampled. Michael Meyer's new translation seems fussy. People sleep like "tops" instead of "stones," ladies expose "legs" instead of "ankles," and Lövborg is shot in the "belly" instead of the "bowels." But never mind.

THERE is a special kind of parody at which one may either laugh or weep—unintentional self-parody. (Conscious self-parody is practiced only by the Beerbohms of the world—a tiny, select band whose members do not fear anything, themselves in particular.) Here, good parody's infinitesimal altering of its victim's original color, shape, and texture becomes markedly blurred, fatty, and coarse. But Agatha Christie's "The Mousetrap," which has arrived at the Maidman Playhouse from London, where it is unaccountably rounding out its eighth year, is not as bad as that. For the play is merely a quick, brisk self-caricature that depends on such devices as an isolated, snowed-in manor house; lines like "Can't you stop bullying her? Can't you see she's all in?" (bystander to inspector grilling distraught lady who has just stumbled on a corpse) and "You're all against me; everybody's always been against me" (young innocent with suspicious mannerisms to an accuser); ill-assorted guests; a police inspector; and a homicidal maniac. But tired tennis breeds tired tennis. One guest is murdered, and we are informed that she is not to be the last. The great hall where all the action takes place fills with red herrings. Indeed, Miss Christie is so busy amassing fish that she leaves no alternative to the identity of her villain. Suspense fails, tedium tromps in. The only thing left to do during the rest of the evening is to memorize Paul Morrison's flawless but tiny (the fault of the Maidman's cramped stage) representational stone-and-oak set, and commiserate with his vain hope that it would suggest the gray, cold, windy spaces of a baronial hall.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Texas law requires the voter to place an "X" by his choice on paper ballots and to rule through the names of the other candidates. Because some voters forgot to rule out the two minor party candidates, thousands of ballots were invalidated, according to Texas sports.—*The Times.*

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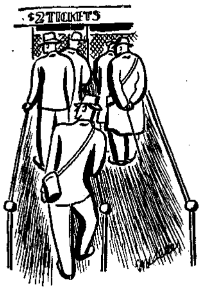
The Eagle Again



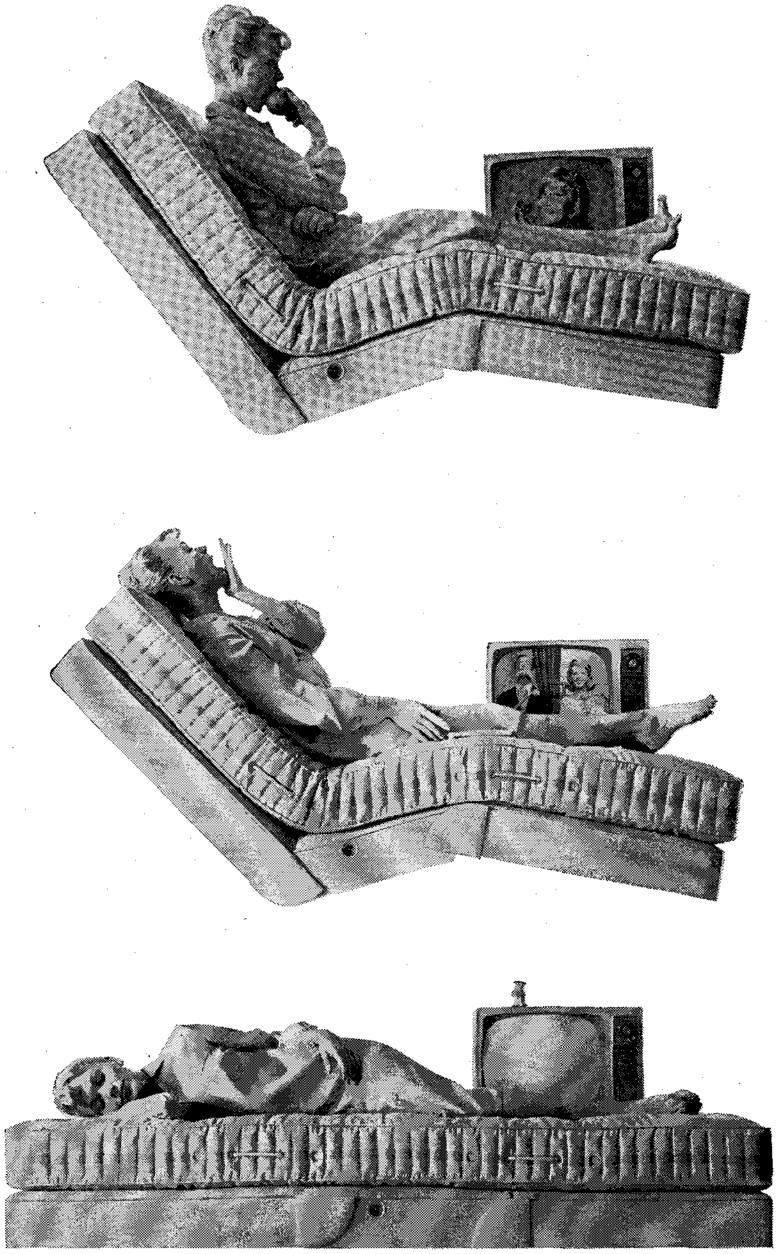
THE U.S.A. ran one, two and the U.S.S.R. three, four in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last week. Actually, it was a rather tame affair, for Bald Eagle was master of the situation from beginning to end of the mile and a half. Taking the lead at the start, he was ten lengths or so in front passing the stand the first time around, and although he was slowing down in the stretch, he won by two lengths from Harmonizing, the onetime selling-plater who beat him a month ago in the Man o' War at Belmont. Zabeg was third, a length behind Harmonizing, and Zadorny was fourth. Then came France's Hautain, Ireland's Farrney Fox, Italy's Santa Severa and Rio Marin, and England's Prolific and Apostle II, none of whom threatened the leader at any stage of the race. France's Puissant Chef, the most fancied of the visitors, because of his victory in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe last month, wheeled at the break, unseating his rider. *Hélas!*

I don't remember pleasanter weather for an International, and the bright sunshine of a fine, warm Maryland afternoon showed the horses at their best. Zabeg and Zadorny were the first to appear, and as they went into the paddock a railbird outside the fence shouted "*Nyet!*" Both animals were beautifully groomed, as Russian racers always are, but neither pleased the eye; Zadorny, in particular, was coarse and heavy, and looked strong enough to do the work of a small tractor. Both boys were overweight—Borovoi by five pounds (the maximum allowed) and Nasibov, who rode Zabeg, by three pounds—even after a long session in the reducing cabinet. So Zabeg, a three-year-old, carried 125 pounds, and Zadorny, who is five, 131 pounds. Horsemen who saw the Russian riders at breakfast and lunch spoke with admiration amounting to awe of the way those boys tucked away double orders of everything on the menu, especially sweets.

Hautain looked the best of the foreigners. Puissant Chef, on the other hand, fidgeted and sweated profusely, and I was told that he'd lost a lot of weight since leaving Paris. Farrney Fox had the size and conformation of a hunter. Rio Marin was big and bulky. Santa Severa, a filly, had more than a touch of quality. Prolific and Apostle II were on their toes and moved in fine style. And so did Harmonizing, a last-minute replacement for Sword Dancer, who, I'm sorry to say, wrenched an ankle early in the week and has been retired from racing. Bald Eagle looked hard and fit, though his coat wasn't as bright as it had been at Aqueduct.

There was none of the confusion at the start that has marred some Internationals. This year, Ed Blind, the starter, who wears a black homburg and rides to the post in a horse-drawn Concord buggy, had a starting gate of the type used abroad, and it worked satisfactorily. On the third try, the field got away in good order. (If you ask me, Puissant Chef's misbehavior was due to a case of nerves.) One of the ten disappointments was Harmonizing, second favorite in the betting, who had been running so well on the grass. He was slow to begin, and in the stretch he had a bumping match with Zabeg that didn't help his chances, since both were knocked off stride. No doubt about it, the Russians were unlucky. Zabeg was last for nearly a mile, ran into close quarters twice when he finally got going, then was carried wide, and finally was bumped by Harmonizing. The impact threw Zabeg in front of Zadorny, who was coming up fast. Nasibov was eager to claim a foul (and not without reason, if I may say so) when he rode back to weigh in, and raised his whip at arm's length. In Russia, I am told, this is the signal to the stewards that the jockey wants to lodge an objection. In this country, however, it is merely a gesture to the placing judges, asking permission to dismount and unsaddle. So, in the hullabaloo that always follows an International, no notice was taken of him. Presently, the "official" sign was flashed, confirming the order of the finish, and after that nothing could be done about changing the placings. I daresay *Pravda* will have something to say about this, but it's my guess that the Russians will be back next year.

To this old grandstand critic, it has always seemed that restraining Bald Eagle in the early part of a race did more harm than good. It certainly cost him the Man o' War. Well, this time Ycaza let him step along, and it did the trick. As you probably know, this was the second victory in the International



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for Bald Eagle, who is owned by Harry Guggenheim. Don't be surprised if he is voted Horse of the Year.

THERE may be arguments in paddocks, bars-and-grills, and similar places about the merits of the colts and horses that ran last weekend, but I think everybody will agree that Brookmeade's Bowl of Flowers is the season's best two-year-old filly. In fact, I'll go along with Arcaro, who declares that she's better than any colt he's ridden this year. Certainly nothing could be more convincing than her performance in the Frizette Stakes at Aqueduct on Saturday. Away eleventh of the twelve runners, and many lengths behind the leaders for three-quarters of the mile, she cut the corner turning for home and went on to win going away from Counter Call, a lively number. Good Move, the winner of the Selima and the Spinaway, was third. Among the also-rans was Little Tumbler, who beat all the colts in the Futurity. Wearing bandages on all four legs (to keep the speed in, I suppose), she stepped the first quarter in the double-quick time of 0:22⅖ and the half in 0:44⅘. That finished her. She wound up next to last, and slightly lame. The time for the mile was 1:35⅗, which is nice going. Bowl of Flowers is, of course, the leading money-winner among the two-year-old fillies, with $198,706 earned in eight starts, six of which she won. That's a pretty fair record to rest on.

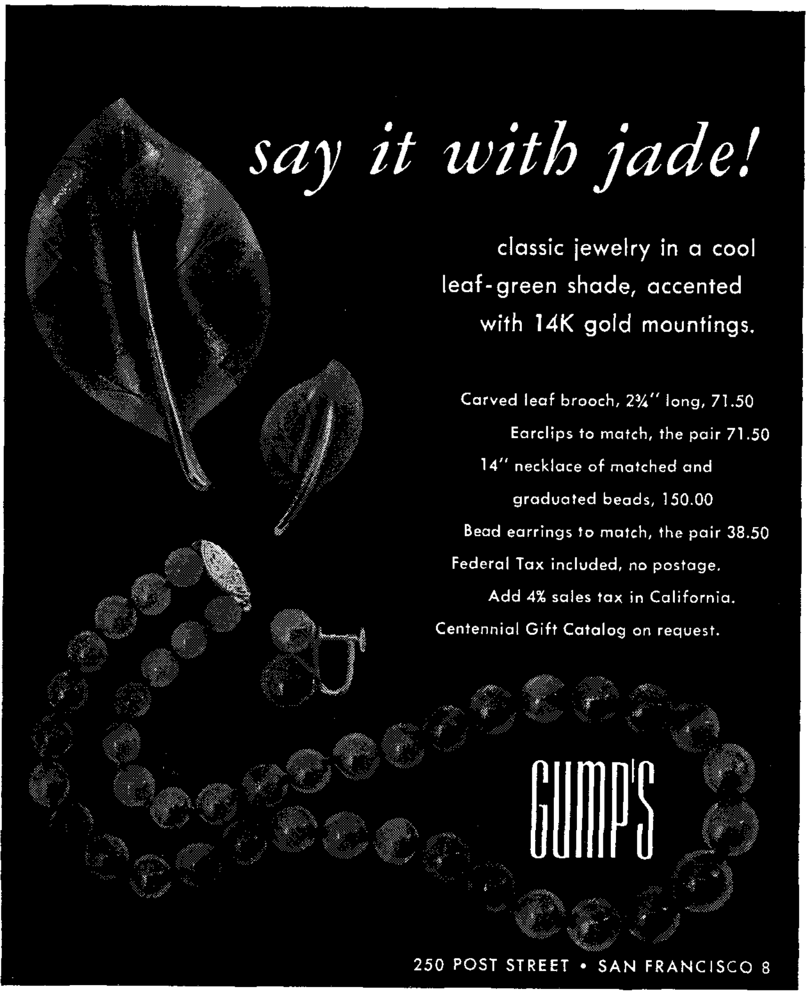
MY studies of the two-year-old colts lead me to suspect that Carry Back is a little rascal who can run when he wants to. He did it in the Garden State Stakes three weeks ago and he did it again in the Remsen Handicap at Aqueduct on Election Day. In the latter, he was so far behind when he was two furlongs from home that I wouldn't have taken 4–1 he'd be in the first three. Then he began to move, and, going around the leaders, passed them as though they were standing still. It was his twenty-first start of the season. I wonder how many times he'll go to the post next year.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Phyllis McGinley is one of the most successful practitioners of light verse. She appeals to all kinds of audiences, as witness poems published in such desperate outlets as Harper's, the New Yorker, the Saturday Evening Post.—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

Well, just try and get out a magazine every week!



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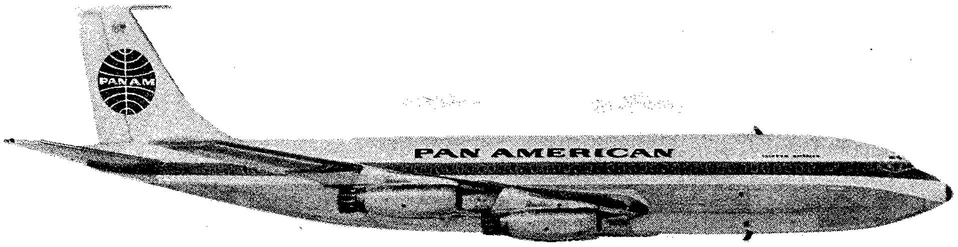

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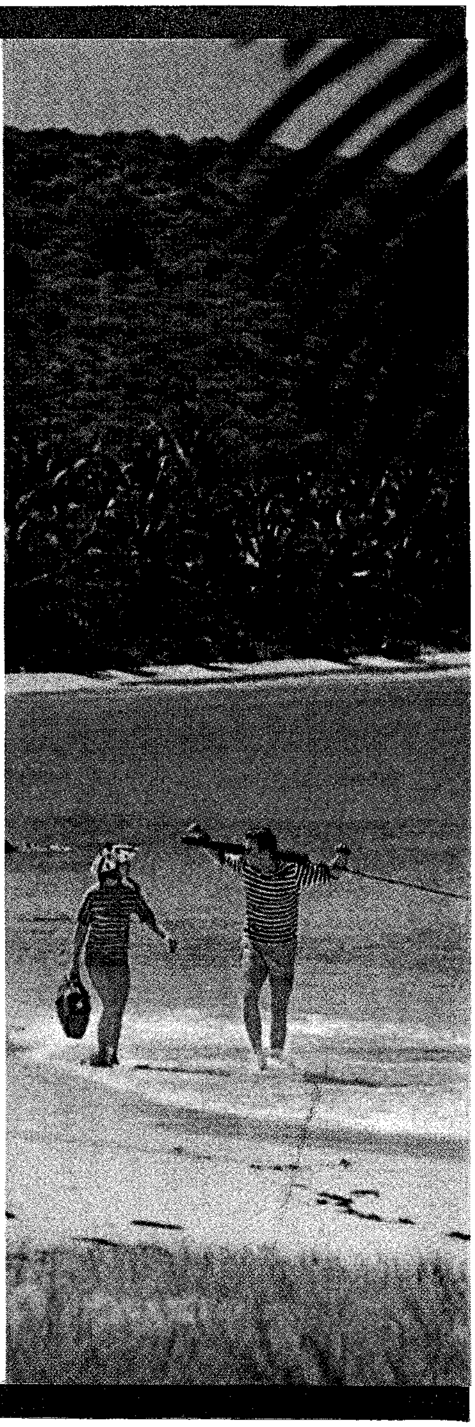

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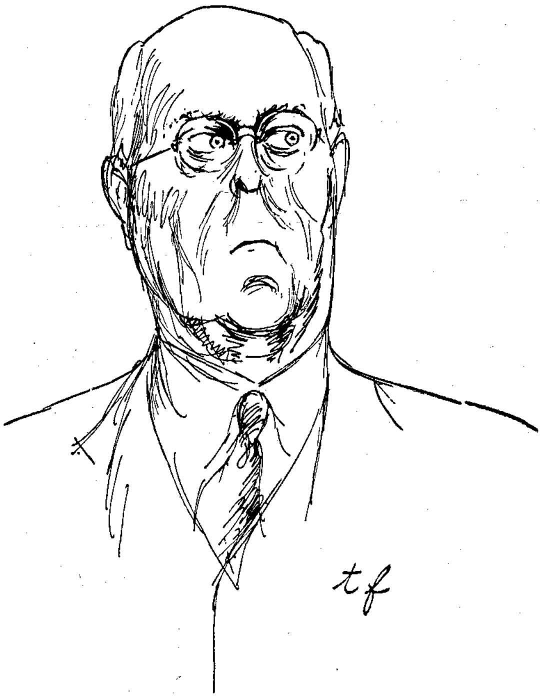
◀ *A winter's day in Hope Town, Abaco, one of the tranquil resort islands surrounding Nassau. Photographed by John Lewis Stage.*

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SLIM-SHIN'S MONUMENT



ON that day in 1626 when a band of plausible Canarsee Indians canoed across the East River to the Battery and sold Manhattan Island to Peter Minuit for his famous twenty-four-dollar assortment of Dutch artifacts, the actual owners of the property, the rustic tribesmen whom the Dutch called the Manhattans (since identified by scholars as the Kitchawanks and Reckgawawancs), were lurking, unnotified and out of earshot, along their main primeval footpath to the north. A present-day address on this thoroughfare, preserved as Broadway, belongs to an institution in which the disinherited original Manhattanites, were they not extinct, might find considerable satisfaction—the Heye Foundation's Museum of the American Indian, on Audubon Terrace, at Broadway and 155th Street, whose extensive collection includes, among other things, the greater part of the worldly goods left by the wily Canarsees. A four-story neoclassic structure long known for its ill-lit, aboriginal reclusiveness ("Hours: weekdays 2 to 5 P.M., closed Sunday and holidays; also closed during July and August," to quote the Federal Writers' "New York City Guide," 1939), the Museum ("the only organization in the world devoted solely to the collection and preservation of cultural material relating to the aborigines of the Western Hemisphere," as the "Guide" also notes) is currently engaged in a five-year program to brighten itself up, mix with society, and, in general, emerge from its former obscurity. And in reëxamining its resources as it does so, it is discovering more worth in itself than it had ever let itself suspect it had before.

At the time the Heye Museum's sprucing-up plan was adopted, in 1956, Manhattan already had a similar attraction in the American Museum of Natural History's far from obscure American Indian collection, which, containing something over a million items, was, and is, probably the second-largest on earth. Numerically, however, the Heye Foundation's heretofore musty establishment has quite some edge, since it contains about four million collector's items. This is unquestionably the largest hoard of objects connected with the original settlers of this hemisphere ever to be brought under one management—or, in view of the dwindling supply of Indian relics, ever likely to be. Nor does the Museum's distinction lie only in the size of its inventory; it has thousands of pieces that are without rival as the leading examples in their various categories, and a lot more that compare favorably with the best Indian items in any and all other repositories, whether scientific or art museums. But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the Heye collection is its comprehensiveness; it is so complete, in fact, that in many cases a student seeking a Ph.D. in the field of Indian material culture not only could do all his field work within New York City but might have no other choice.

One reason for the success of the Museum's past efforts to keep out of the limelight was that formerly it displayed a little of everything—mainly in shadowy, top-heavy Victorian glass cases, and with all the selectivity and chic of a drygoods counter in a backwoods general store. To find the superlative Mayan jade idol from Copán's ruins or the world's finest Mixtec turquoise mosaic shield involved quite a bit of exploring through an underbrush of Inca beer jugs, Peruvian featherwork, Kwakiutl doorposts, Nootka whaleboats, Northwest Coast masks, monolithic axes, textiles, scalps, and even a couple of revolting little people two or three feet long—one of them resembling Ulysses S. Grant—examples of the treatment of the whole man sometimes undertaken by particularly zealous Ecuadorian head shrinkers. The encyclopedic scope of the jumbled treasure was clear, but its meaning wasn't.

It is to clarify the collection's meaning that the rejuvenation of the Museum is going ahead. Under the supervision of Dr. Frederick J. Dockstader, an ethnologist who was hired away from the Dartmouth faculty when the renovation project was begun, the corrective measures include the retirement to storage of some four pieces out of every five, and the orderly rearrangement of the rest, clearly labelled, in scientifically lighted and skillfully decorated new cases. Of the Museum's three public floors, the rehabilitated ground floor was opened in January of last year, the remodelling of the third floor is almost finished, and it is hoped that of the second floor will be completed in 1962. In its enlivened galleries, the institution offers a sprightly and colorful once-over of the life and times of the former proprietors of what is now the United States, putting in evidence such relics as the wampum belts that William Penn received from the Lenape tribe to solemnize the deal in which he picked up Pennsylvania; the feathered medicine bonnet of Chief Spotted Tail of the Brulé Sioux; the Hudson River area's oldest suit of Indian clothes (deerskin, stitched with dyed porcupine quills); the rifles that the U.S. Army so painfully took away from Geronimo, Rain-in-the-Face, Chief Joseph, Nahche, and Sitting Bull; and a great deal of exceedingly fine art work of one sort and another—all as favorably and attractively arrayed as the most precious merchandise in a Fifth Avenue show window. There has been quite a change.

Because each of the Museum's exhibit floors is scarcely larger than the floor of a modest bowling alley—sixty by a hundred and twenty feet—all but a tiny percentage of its collection must be stockpiled elsewhere. This surplus, including enough togs and toys and wigwams and canoes and kitchenware and weapons to outfit any American Indian community that ever existed, dreams away its worm- and moth- and mildew-proof immortality in the safes, lockers, and drawers of the Museum's Research Branch, a Surrealist Macy's occupying

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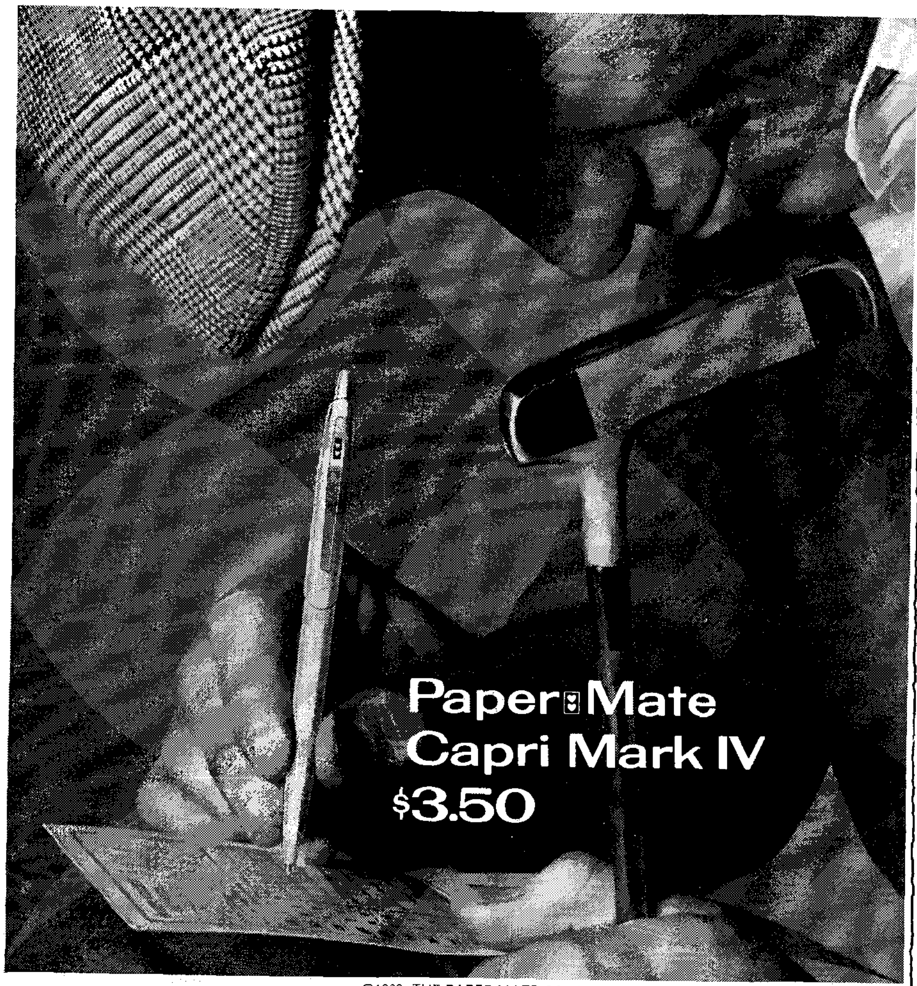
CHANEL

a hulking, three-story brick warehouse that stands—flanked by a Tlingit ceremonial house; a Seneca log cabin; cement replicas of Blackfoot, Comanche, and Crow tepees; a Hidatsa earth lodge; and four totem poles—in a triangular six-acre private park on Bruckner Boulevard, across the way from Pelham Bay Park, in an otherwise distinctly unwigwamy Irish-Catholic section of the Bronx. For the quarter century prior to the advent of Dr. Dockstader, the Research Branch qualified as the least used, if potentially the most valuable, repository of Indian ethnological and archeological source material in the world. The Museum's present five-year plan includes the construction of a new north extension for the Research Branch, so that the anthropological data stored there can be sufficiently decompressed and dispersed to let scholars get at it. It is true that, in certain categories of artifacts, the Museum's assortments are not rated as the world's best, but only as its second-best. The Branch must yield to Mexico City in its Mexican things; to Rio in its Brazilian things; to the New Mexico Laboratory of Anthropology, in Santa Fe, in its Zuñi-Hopi-Navajo material; to the Plains Indian Museum, in Browning, Montana, in its Blackfoot specimens; and perhaps even to the attics of Salem, Massachusetts, in its splint basketry. In each case, second-best isn't too bad, since the best repository specializes only in one field. Moreover, there are many areas in which the Museum can claim undisputed primacy: in the relics of the Comanche, the New York Iroquois, and the Coastal Algonquin; in the woven mats of the Louisiana Chitimacha (it has the only one known to exist); in buffalo-hide robes (other museums feel lucky if they have one, while the Museum has at least eighty). When the man seeking to write the definitive work on aboriginal American snowshoes comes along, he will know where to go; the Museum handles two hundred and fifty models, including one highly functional pair made of solid wooden planks.

IF it seems strange that a landmark so obviously monumental as the Heye Foundation's Museum of the American Indian should ever have sunk into obscurity, the explanation appears to be that it only inadvertently came to be a landmark at all, so nearly clandestine was its creation and development. Essentially, the Museum was the one-man hobby of a rich, physically huge, publicity-shy second-genera-



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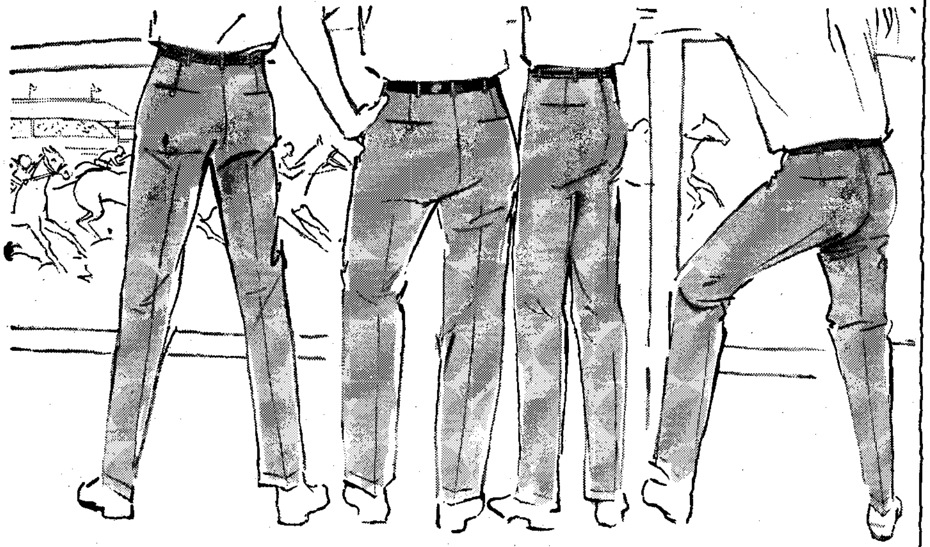

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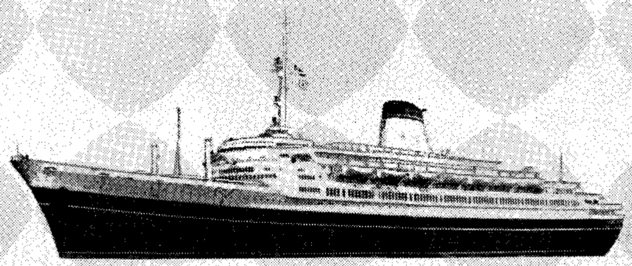
tion German-American named George Gustav Heye, who controlled the place singlehanded until his incapacitation five years ago by the heart attacks that led to his death in January, 1957. Heye was a New Yorker not only of inherited wealth but also of inherited public-be-damned disposition; he saw no reason why he and the public should meddle in one another's preoccupations, and since he had bypassed any tedious academic training for his hobby, he was not too keen on letting random scholars traipse in off the street to poke through the treasures he had laid up. He saw no need to explain himself to anyone, and he didn't.

Some of Heye's erstwhile associates are more articulate, if not entirely illuminating. A couple of weeks ago, I was talking to an eminent professor of anthropology, once associated with the Heye Foundation, who told me that it was a waste of time to ask why the Museum had come so late to a state of scientific-philanthropic grace. The pertinent question, he said, was how on earth Heye had accomplished what he had. "George had exactly no business turning into the greatest Indian collector of all time," the scholar, who was obviously still both irritated and intrigued by Heye, went on, as we sat in the bar of his midtown club. "But since the golden age when anthropologists understood their obligation to stand up and call each other bastards is gone, I trust that you won't use my name if you plan to quote me. I don't really feel unkindly toward George Heye. Until the depression, he collected the best anthropologists as well as the best artifacts, and his place was a dream come true. His crew had the money to dig up or buy up everything that the rest of us couldn't afford. His archeologists enjoyed the euphoria of believing they had lifetime tenure. They allowed Heye to pick their brains, and eventually they were rewarded with the satisfaction of having taught him quite a good deal. And Heye was not an ungifted student. He remembered detail, and, what's more, he was such a compulsive collector that he had to write in his own hand the catalogue number of every damned thing he bought. It made him the only museum patron on earth who knew what he had. Of course, if he decided that this"—the professor jabbed at a plastic dish filled with popcorn on the table between us—"was a three-thousand-year-old Patagonian rock-crystal ceremonial smoking bowl, it was. However, that happens with curators in the best museums. In a sense, it's the reason so many pots in museums are listed as 'ceremonial pottery,' meaning that nobody has any idea what they are.

"George had really uneducable spots, though. He never could work up anything but boredom for potsherds—those fragments of broken pottery that are valuable to research in the same way fragments of dinosaur skeletons are, for reconstruction purposes. Very often—though not always—Heye would welcome one of his archeologists home from a dig, gratefully relieve him of the potsherds he had brought, and order the man to forget about the careful tracings and notes he'd set down in the field to make the potsherds intelligible. One of the Museum's tasks at the moment is appealing for all such papers from archeologists who got this treatment from Heye—and incidentally were scandalized by it in a way Heye could never understand.

"Heye simply enjoyed his museum, which for a long time was a purely personal affair, cluttering a series of larger and larger private premises. He revelled in heavy Teutonic practical jokes, but you couldn't scratch his veneer of *Gemütlichkeit* without drawing blood. The distinguished anthropologists Alanson Skinner and Mark Raymond Harrington, when they were working for him, once forgot to empty an ashtray they shared, and he flayed them so outrageously that they quit until a couple of days later, when he rehired them. Incidents like that didn't really bother most of us who knew him, though. Harrington, who's now curator of the Southwest Museum, in Los Angeles, thought so well of his tormentor that he named his son Johns Heye Harrington." The professor signalled to the waiter for two more highballs. "But George did have an orderly streak," he said, evidently thinking of Skinner, Harrington, and the ashtray.

"What alienated us," my companion continued, "was George's highhanded way of going broke in the depression. First, he fired all his anthropologists. Next, he stepped up his collecting, buying at auction all the important private collections that hard times had thrown on the market. In addition, he wangled outright gifts like the great Bourke collection of Apache things, and—in a transaction as devious as anything on record—he lifted the magnificent Clarence B. Moore Southeast Indian collection out of the storage cellar of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. Being down to his last umpty million didn't prevent him from maintaining his network of scouts—like Goupil, of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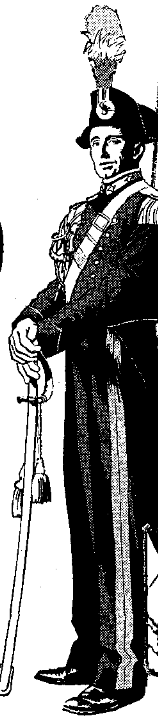

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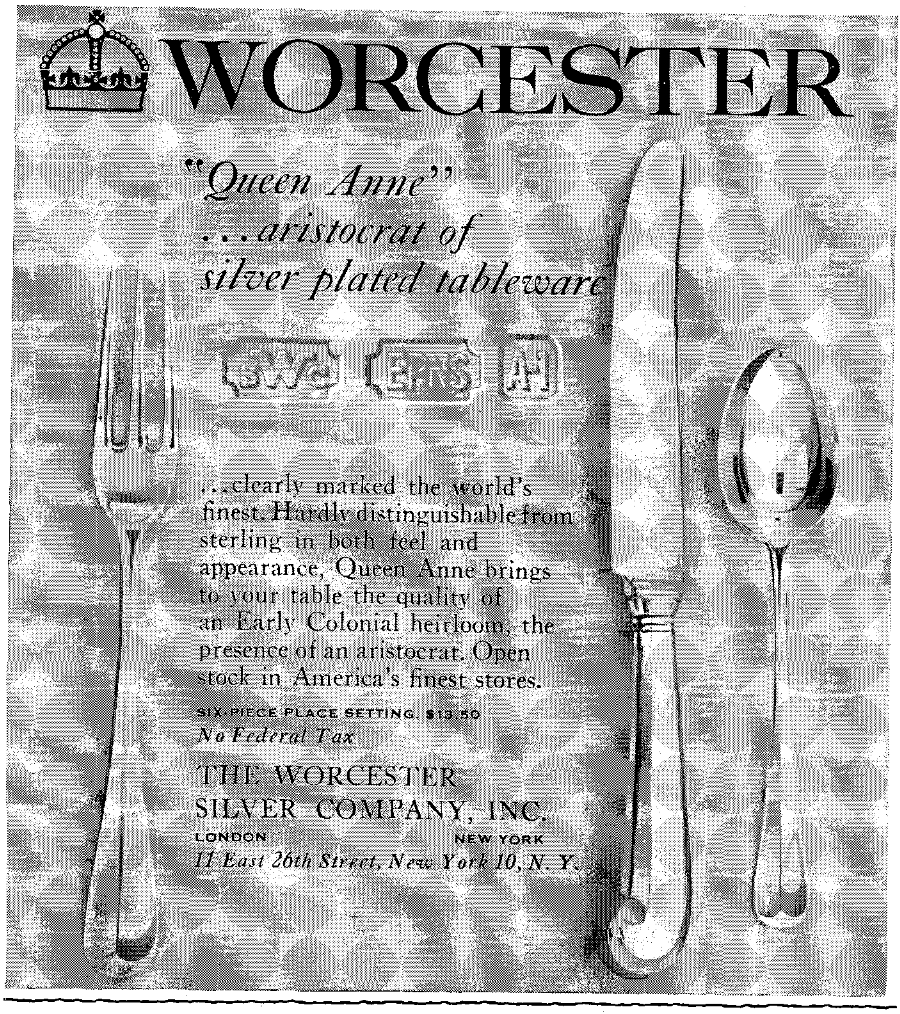
Paris—who bought up hoards of things that the conquistadors had fetched home to Europe. George himself made fifty-three trips to Europe in his lifetime, a good many of them devoted to liquidating the old explorers' stocks of Indian trophies, and most of them also including a sentimental pilgrimage to his father's native Germany. George's second wife, Thea, got to like being called Frau von Heye, and in 1929, when the University of Hamburg gave George an honorary doctorate, his cup really ran over. I remember the citation, because it covered so much so ambiguously. The honor was bestowed because George ran his museum—and I quote—'in a unique way, according to his own ideas and experience.'

"Once a year," my companion went on, "George would get himself a new limousine and make a pilgrimage, at ninety miles an hour, across the continent. He'd pause at towns that took his fancy, look up the local mortician and the weekly-newspaper editor, and ask for word of people lately deceased, or soon likely to become so, whose possessions might include an Indian collection. Chauffeurs couldn't drive fast enough to suit him, so he'd take the wheel and leave the poor devils cringing in the back seat until he pulled up for the night. Then he'd turn the car over to them, telling them to gas and garage it and have it waiting in the morning. Every few years, he would stop at a red light long enough to fall into conversation with his chauffeur of the moment, discern a gleam of perceptiveness in the fellow, and give him a field commission as an anthropologist. This system worked out surprisingly well. One of the Museum's present curators was working for the phone company when George drafted him to drive him around and do various odd jobs. And among the cars George bought was a Pierce-Arrow, which the Pierce-Arrow people sent along equipped with a kind of mechanic-in-residence—an ex-racing driver named Ed Coffin. Ed soon became a highly skilled archeological photographer, and began running digs for George.

"What George enjoyed most on his automobile trips was hunting up Indian reservations. At a reservation, the ordinary cultivated collector will select nothing but the tribe's best Sunday-go-to-meeting things, while the everyday scientist will spend his money frugally on a few highly significant objects. But George would be fretful and hard to live with until he'd bought every last dirty dishcloth and discarded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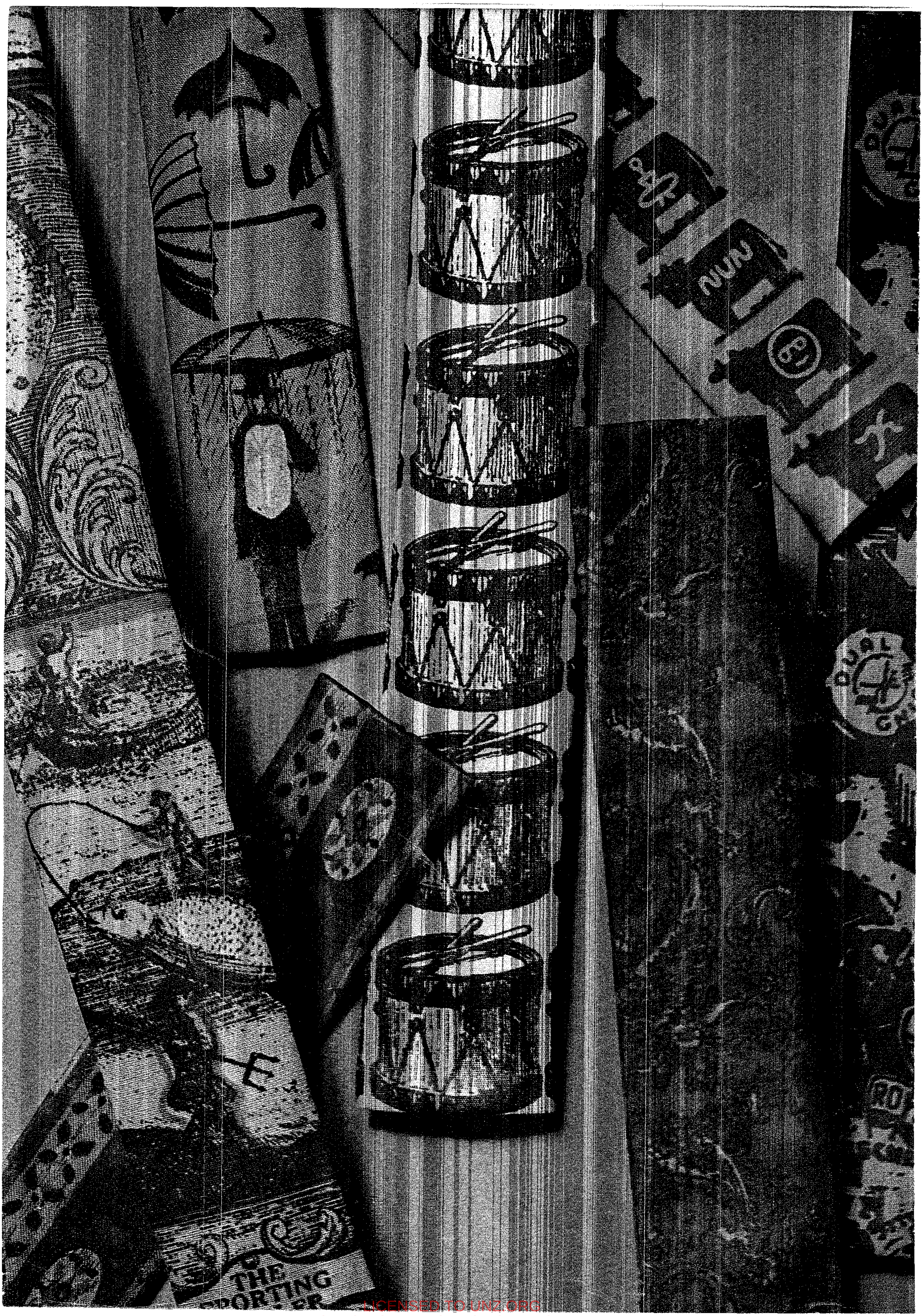
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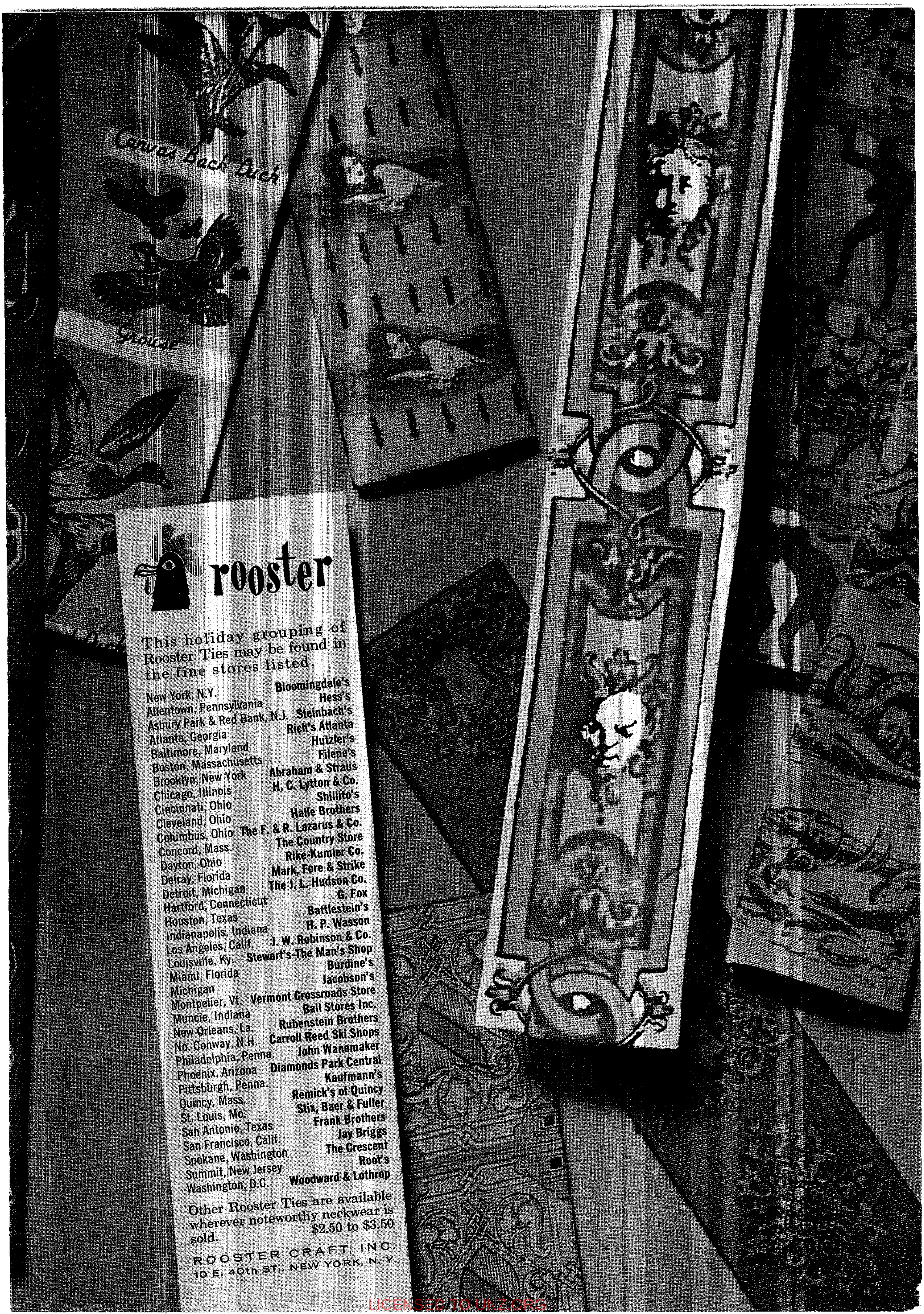

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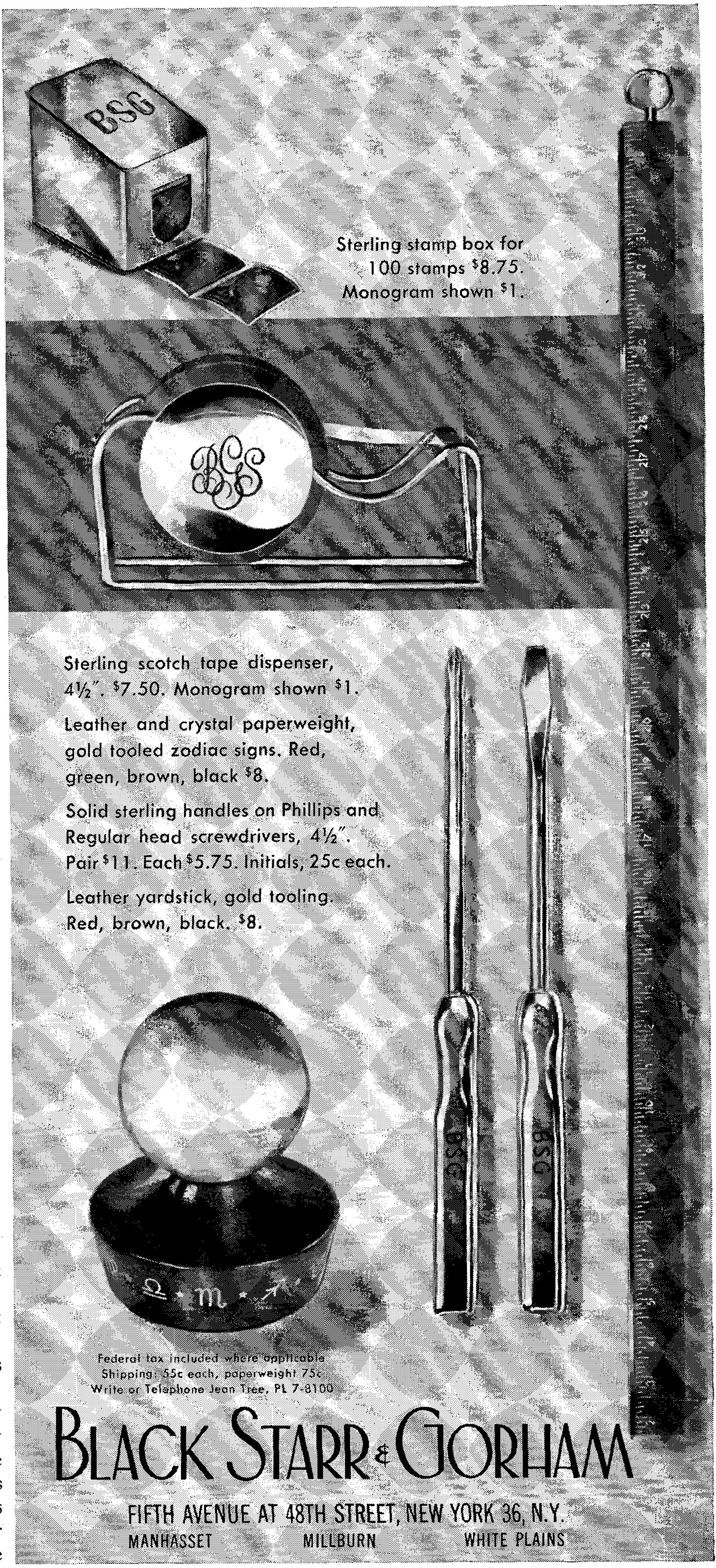
shoe and shipped them back to New York. He felt that he couldn't conscientiously leave a reservation until its entire population was practically naked. George was what we call a boxcar collector. A month later, I'd turn up at the same reservation and be told by a beaming elder that a fat man from New York had bought the place out. It was George's genius for being indiscriminate that made his collection the glorious research center it is, because a scholar can't reconstruct a vanished culture without examining its commonplace fixtures as well as its unusual ones. Not that George's method did much to slow down the vanishing. But with George it wasn't a method—it was George."

I asked the professor if he knew how Heye had come to be so well supplied with money, and he explained that most of it came from Heye's father, Carl Gustav Friederich Heye, who, having developed a little pipeline and refinery at Oil City, Pennsylvania, in the eighteen-seventies, traded his holdings to John D. Rockefeller for cash, some stock in the original Standard Oil trust, and a job that led to his becoming head of Standard Oil's export department. George Heye was this shrewd gentleman's only son. "George always looked as if he were fresh up from the Wall Street of his father's day," the professor said. "A very downtown air. Just under six feet four, weighing two hundred and thirty pounds, immaculately tailored in pale blue, with a big gold watch chain across his stomach and a canny, mournful expression on his big sagging flour bag of a face, centering around a sixty-five-cent cigar. He smoked eighteen of those cigars a day. He was accustomed to power, and to respecting only those with more power—and those who really stood up to him. I think of the smell of leather chairs from his University and Lotus and Explorers Clubs; the aura of Escoffier's and Oscar's cooking, which he gorged himself on, training for it by breakfasting on a piece of dry toast and half a grapefruit, and by lunching not at all. Ah, the interesting canapés I remember eating, surrounded by all that ugly Chippendale in his house—hard-boiled plover's eggs, venison liver, quarts of undyed black caviar with hot butter."

The professor signalled to the waiter for the hors-d'oeuvre tray. "In many ways, George made perfect sense," he said after we had helped ourselves. "As a first-nighter paying a hundred bucks to have his car be first at the curb after the show, as a Santa Claus whose



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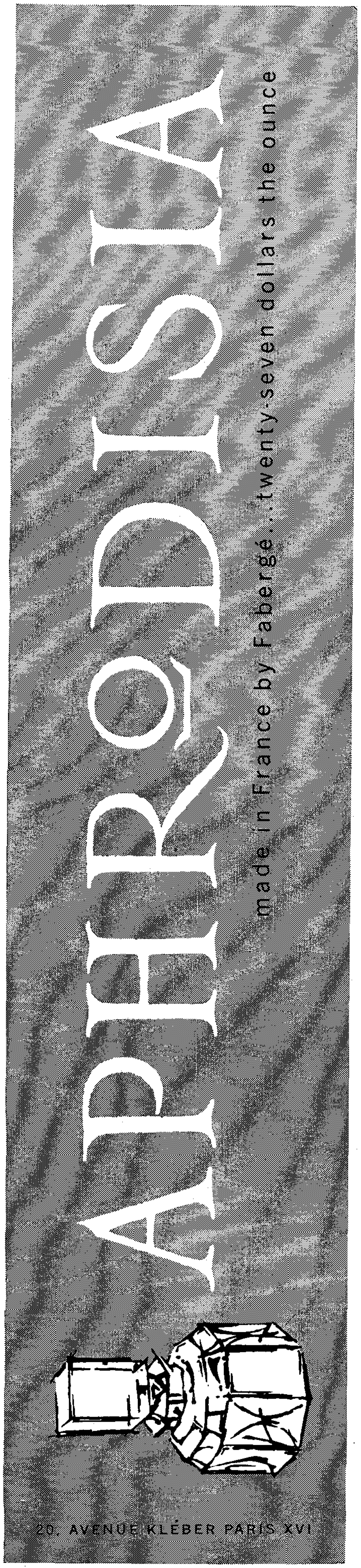

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Christmas remembrances to the Riverside Drive traffic cops suspended all laws on his driving to work and back, and as a sentimentalist who hired Lauritz Melchior to sing 'Auld Lang Syne' at the pagan routs he staged every New Year's Eve in the Waldorf's Sert Room. Where his protective coloration failed was with us in the profession. He stood out there.

"I think of Bill Fenton. Bill's family lived for several generations in the old Seneca Nations section of upstate New York. Being neighbors of the Indians there, the Fentons gradually built up a good collection of Iroquois masks. So it was natural enough that one day while Bill was at Dartmouth he should have felt the call of anthropology. He knew about Heye, so he came down here to discuss his ambitions. George told him, 'Young man, anthropology is not a career that I'd advise anyone in your position to go into. You'll never make big money in it. Go down to the Street. I can help you there. Get your money. After that, you can take up anthropology as a hobby, and hire people to collect for you.' Then he asked about buying Bill's masks. Bill shook his head, and went over to the American Museum of Natural History, where Clark Wissler welcomed him and told him, 'You'll make no money, but you'll get a lot of satisfaction.' Which is what happened. Bill is now the director of the State Museum in Albany and assistant commissioner of education for the Museum and Science Service. But George got Bill's masks in the end—one time when Bill needed money to build a house."

I asked the professor what he thought Heye had been trying to accomplish, to which he responded "Ha!" as he bit into a dyed-black-caviar snack. Then he said, "Samuel Kirkland Lothrop, the curator of Harvard's Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, worked for Heye in the twenties, and he wrote in George's obituary in *American Antiquity* that the old man's museum was his monument. That's essentially true, of course, but misleading if it gives anyone the idea that George ever for a moment had a monument in mind—a monument to make him a spectacle for the unwashed crowds of the future—when he spent the better part of his eighty-two years and all of his ten million dollars, to say nothing of four or five additional millions kicked in by indulgent social peers, to pick up a lot of Indian bric-a-brac. I'm not one of those who look down on museum backers as morbid mummy worshippers,

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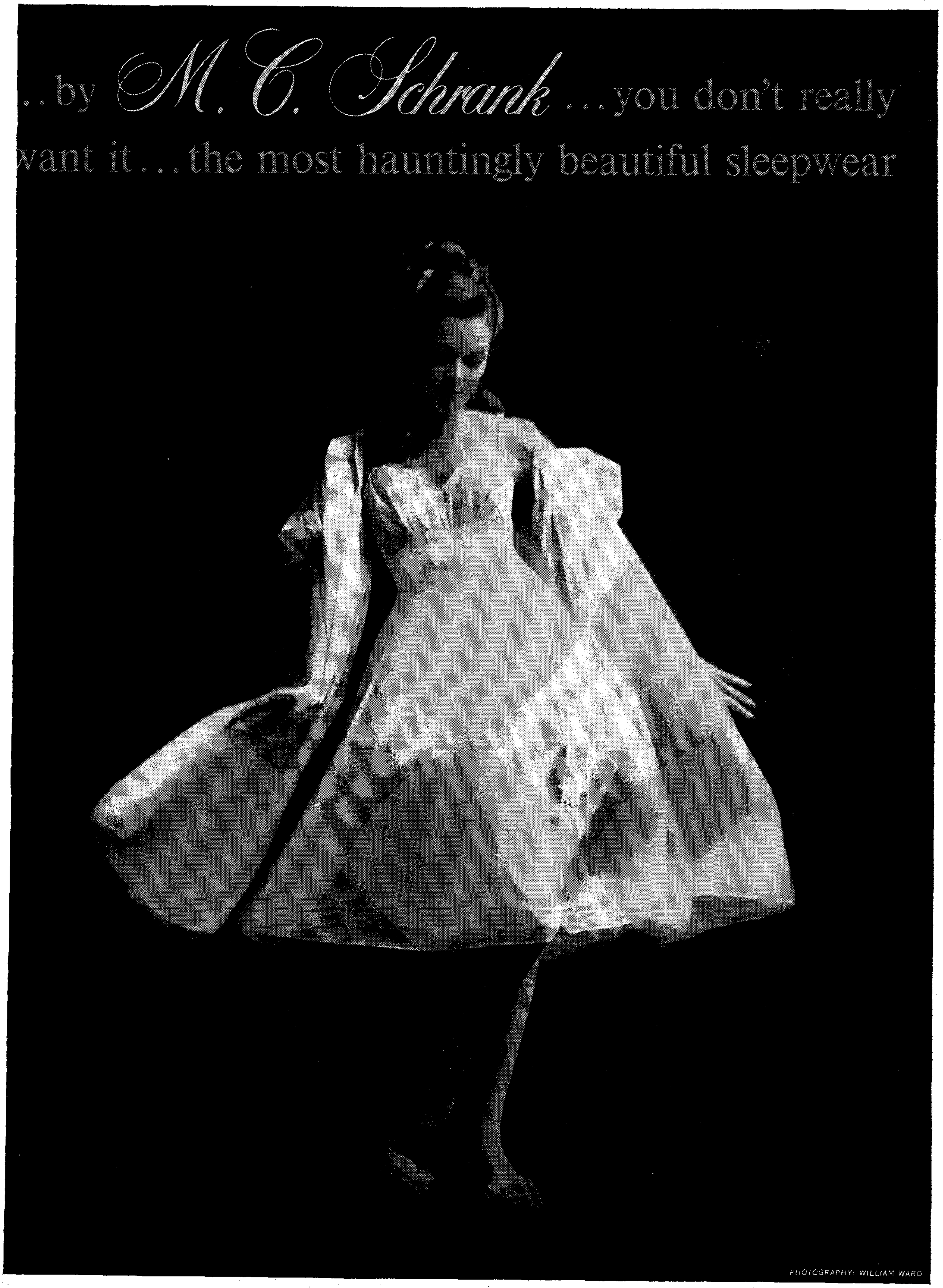
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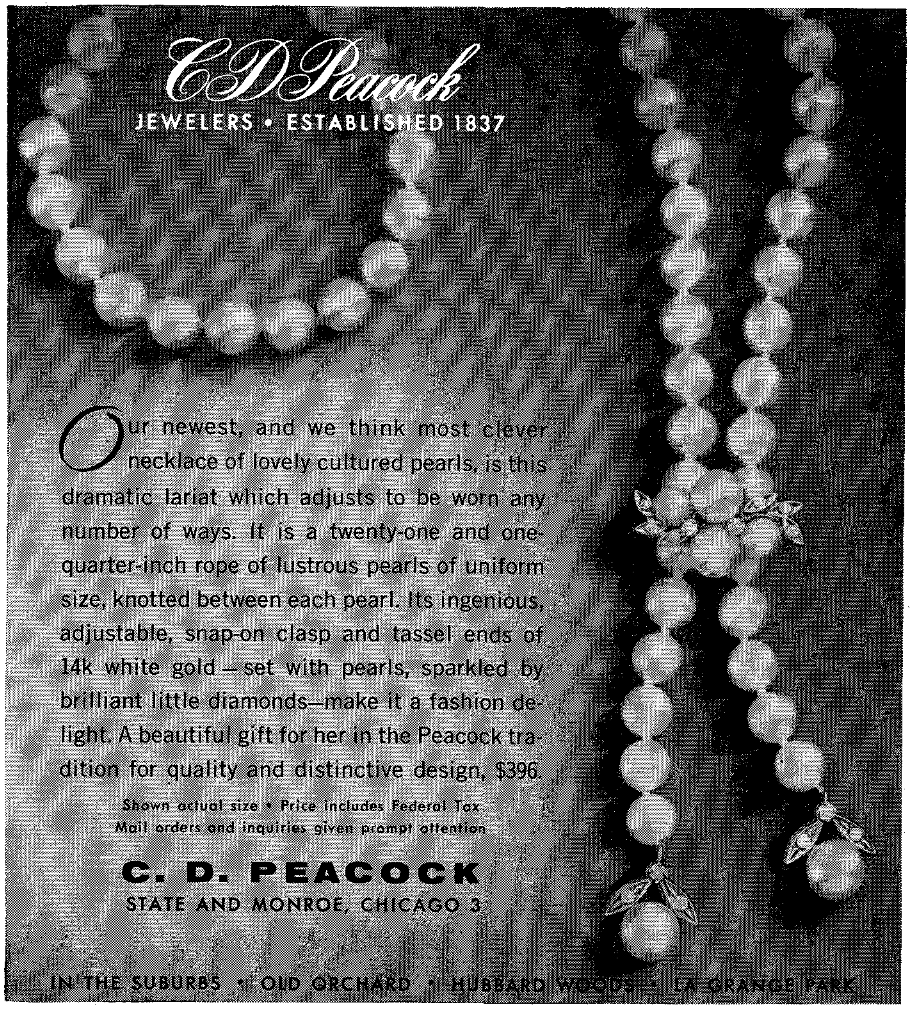

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and I think George got his money's worth, but I doubt whether his goal was anything more than to own the biggest damned hobby collection in the world. If stamps had caught and held his fancy instead of Indians, he would have bought himself the Postmaster-Generalship."

Well, then, I asked, why *was* it Indians?

"I can only speculate," the professor answered. "Back in the twenties, you know, everybody in America suddenly discovered Indians, and at the time a British wet blanket, an author and artist named Wyndham Lewis, diagnosed the fever as expiatory—sense of guilt, and all that. Well, the only reason I mention the theory is that while it seems to me a good one, I don't think it could apply to Heye by any stretch of the imagination. George had absolutely no sense of sin. He didn't give a hang about Indians individually, and he never seemed to have heard about their problems in present-day society. The only Indian he ever hired was a driver and interpreter named Amos Oneroad, and Amos didn't last. George didn't buy Indian stuff in order to study the life of a people, because it never crossed his mind that that's what they were. He bought all those objects solely in order to own them—for what purpose, he never said. He was neither the student seeking truth nor the climber seeking prestige—neither like Rothschild with his birds nor Henry Huntington with his books. George didn't collect as a means of enhancing his standing in his clubs, where he rarely ever let on that he had a museum. It wasn't school spirit. Nicholas Murray Butler wanted the collection for Columbia, where George had studied electrical engineering, but George said he saw no reason to let his hobby get out of his own control. It wasn't civic-mindedness; he turned down the American Museum of Natural History's bid for his stuff on the same ground. It wasn't even sheer boyish acquisitiveness, like Hearst's. George was fortified by sufficient monomania to build up a superlative, disciplined collection in just one great category, whereas Hearst ran wild through five hundred and four categories, or five hundred and five if you count newspapers, and wound up with everything—signifying nothing—from Richelieu's bed to some superb Navajo silver pieces, which George got when Hearst's tax accountants made the old boy unload his jumble at Gimbel's. No, I prefer to explain George simply as a difficult fellow determined to have a

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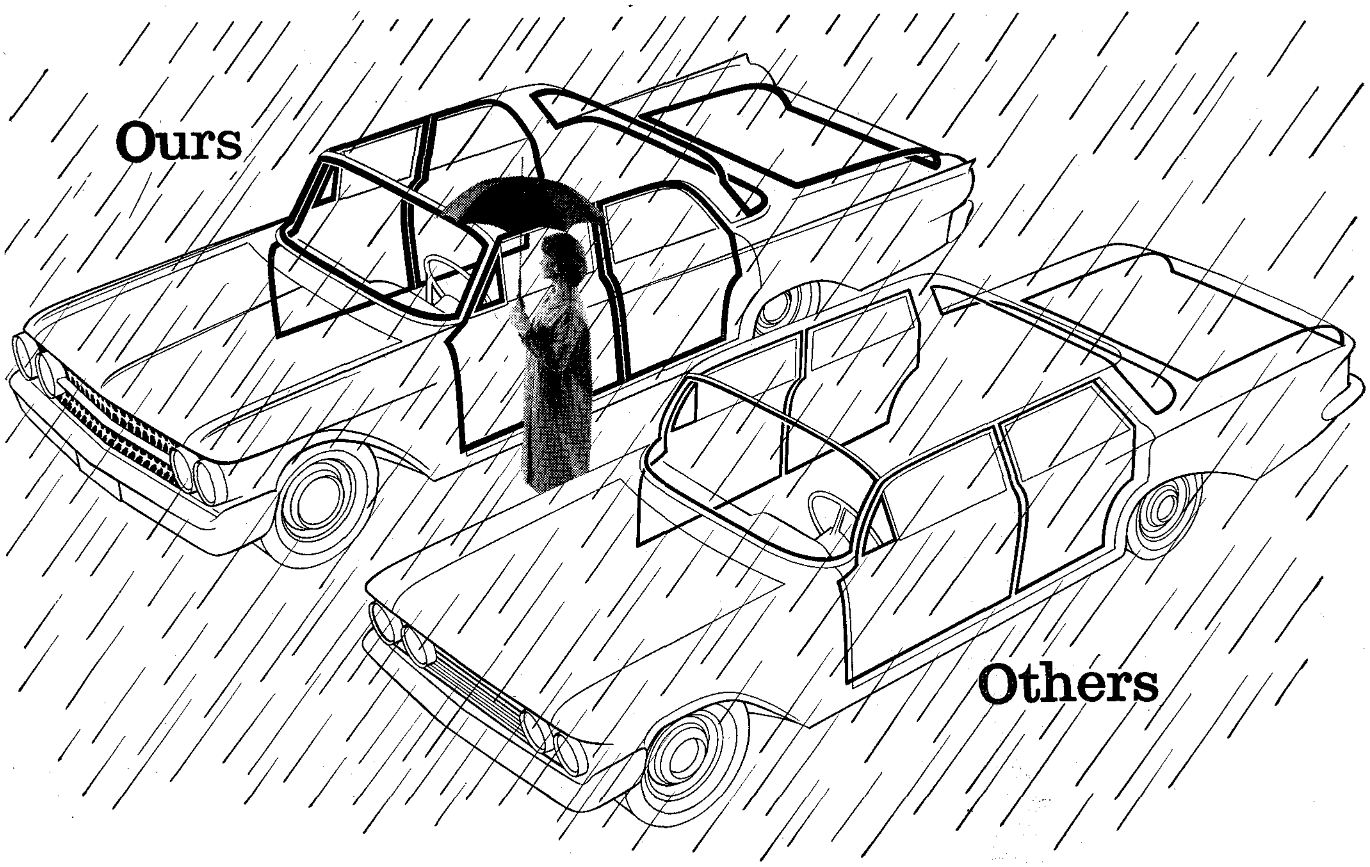

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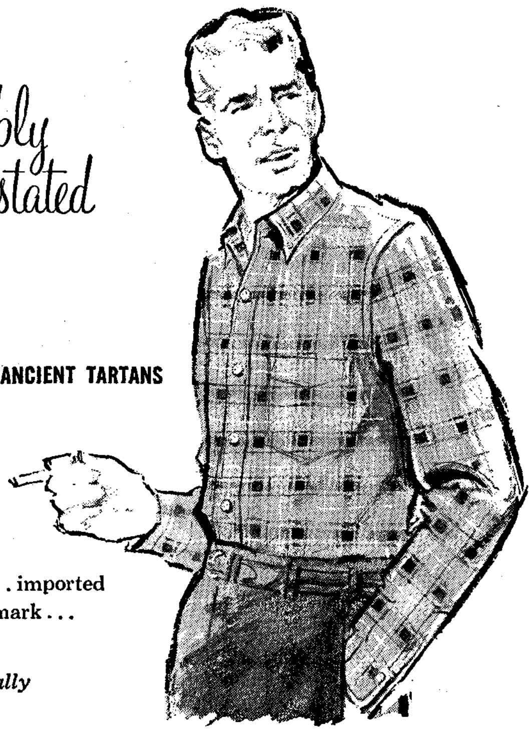

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good time. He was eighty when I last saw him. It was in a night club not far from here, and he had a blonde at either elbow and a bucket of champagne in front of him, presenting a cheerful sight that was neither undignified nor unattractive. He was maddening, but he won my admiration."

A FEW days after listening to the professor's views, I had lunch at the Century Club with General Harrison Kerr Bird, an octogenarian Wall Street alumnus, collector of Chinese porcelain and Irish literature and Columbia honors, and former military secretary to a New York governor (hence the title), who was a lifelong friend of Heye's. "George was the last boy in our neighborhood I would have suspected of getting a hobby on Indians—or on anything," said General Bird, toying with a cup of vichyssoise. "George was called Baby George by his nurse and by his mother almost up to the day he and I matriculated at Columbia's old School of Mines, on Madison Avenue at Forty-ninth—class of '96. George idolized those women. He wanted to go out for track, but they were against it, so he didn't. But at least he got out from under their thumb enough to join our S.O.B. Club, a floating card game that included Walter I. Slichter, who became a professor; Ambrose Monell, who invented Monel metal; and J. Barstow Smull, who became president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. George was the pleasant, unassuming, plump product of a well-regulated German home dominated by his father. He never spoke of his father with any fondness, though he mentioned admiring his administrative ability. At Columbia, George and I worked as laboratory assistants to the great inventor Professor Michael I. Pupin, who liked us because we weren't irritatingly bright and because we took him over to Schaefer's brewery after lab. It certainly surprised me later to hear that George had bestirred himself enough to get himself a museum. Whenever we met in later years, we always matched for five dollars—I forget why, if I ever knew. It was a fine, enduring relationship. I still mean to get up there and take a look at his museum one day."

The next morning, I received a solicited communication from another of Heye's classmates, Paul MacGahan, a retired engineer of Haines Falls, New York. "When it came to preparing a graduation thesis," MacGahan wrote, "George persuaded me to go in with him on a study of the lubricating values of different oils. All I now remember is that we found peanut oil of no value in our experiments, but castor oil very fine for lubricating machines that operate at high temperatures. We also studied the effect of lubricating the inside of a growler—a covered can of beer—so as to get more beer and less foam when we sent freshmen to the brewery across the New York Central tracks that are now under Park Avenue. I remember that Professor Crocker, in charge of our department, was nonplussed when he read our thesis, and would have flunked us but did not quite want to, on account of the Heye family's well-known oil background. The engineering degree was a necessity for me; as for George, I hardly think he was seriously inclined."

Pursuing my researches, I learned that upon his graduation Heye left town to work for ten months on a railroad-construction job near Kingman, Arizona, and there, at the age of twenty-three, encountered his first Indian, and, somewhat tentatively, embarked on his lifework. Heye himself, in his only known account of how his collecting career began, wrote of his Arizona experience, "One night I noticed the wife of one of my Indian foremen biting on what seemed to be a piece of skin. Upon inquiry I found she was chewing the seams of her husband's deerskin shirt in order to kill the lice. I bought the shirt [and it] was the start of my collection. Naturally when I had a shirt I wanted a rattle and moccasins. And then the collecting bug seized me and I was lost." (The shirt survives, well-laundered and under glass, in the northwest corner of the Museum's refurbished ground floor.) The implication that "naturally" the acquisition of a masticated shirt leads to the founding of a museum of course must oversimplify considerably. When

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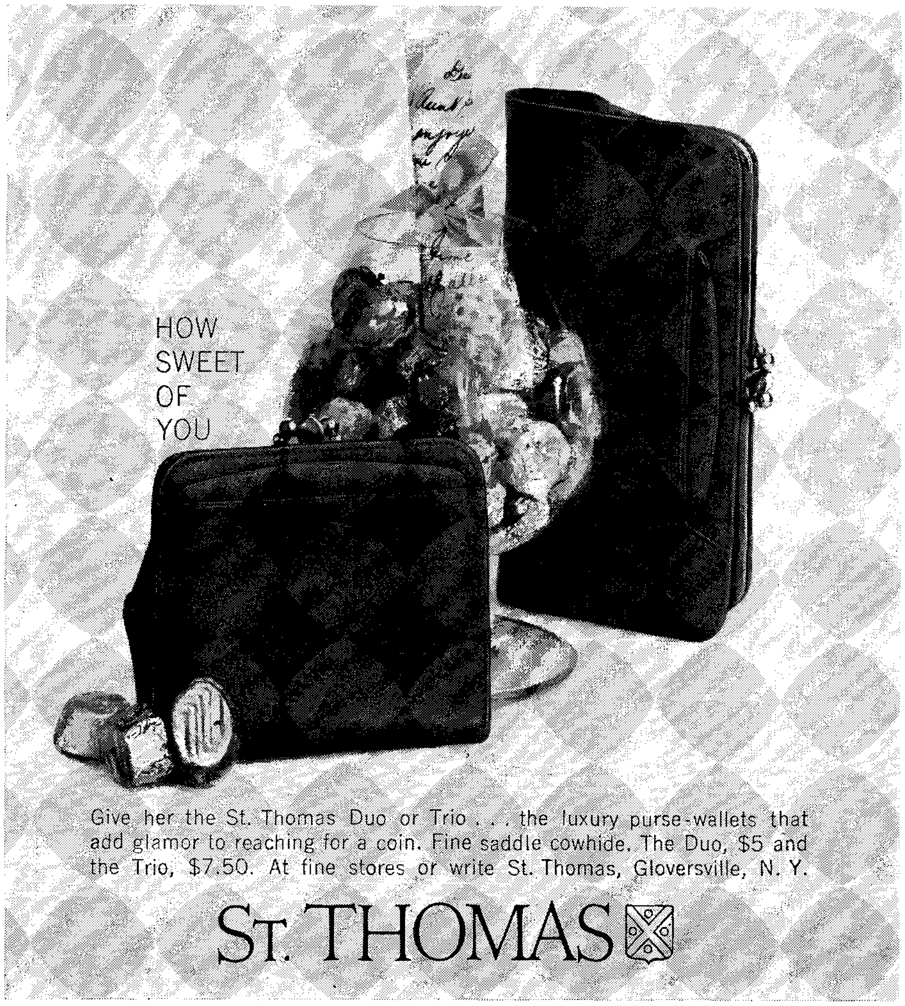

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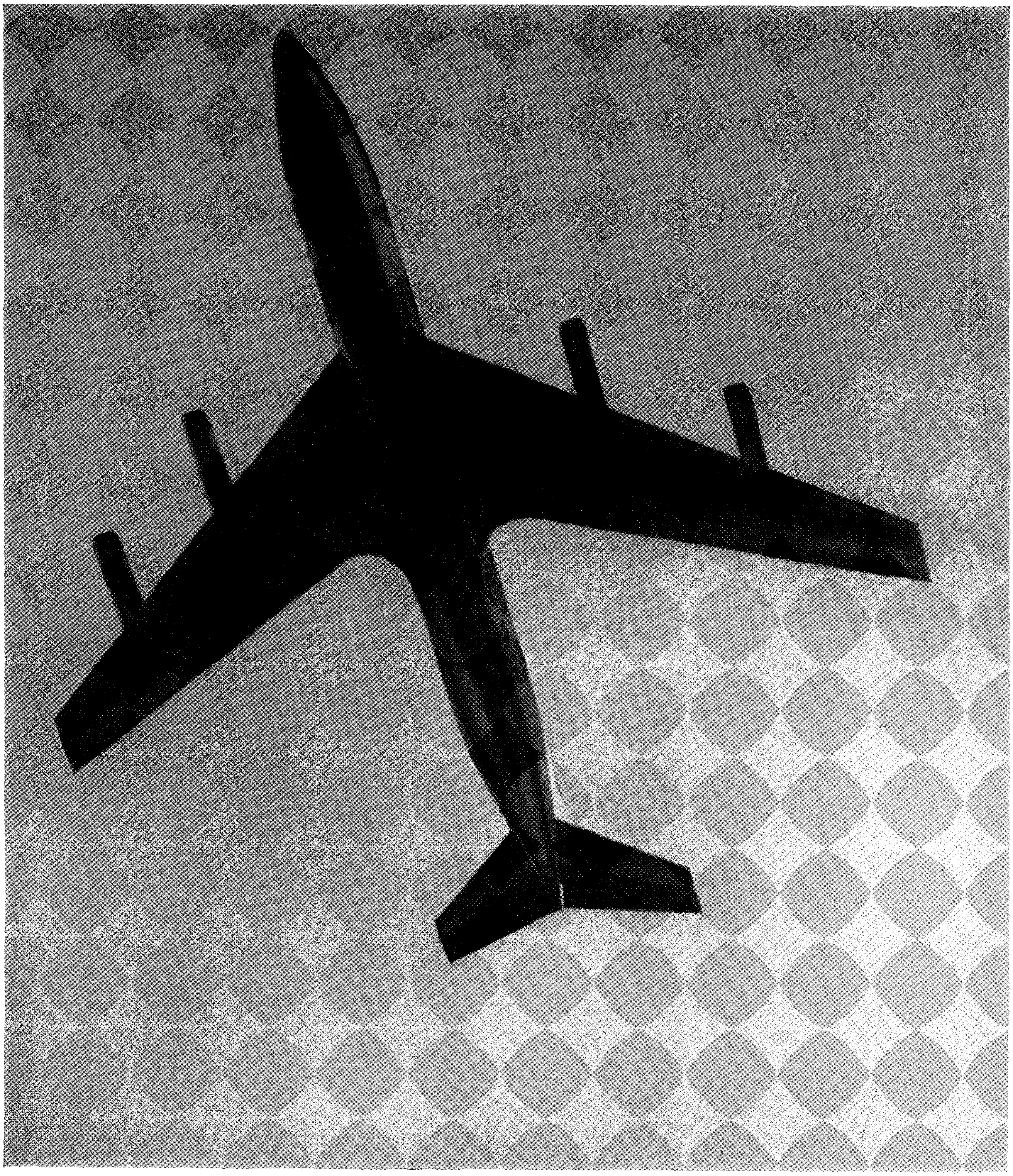
I asked my professor friend how he explained the birth of Heye's obsession, he obliged with an elaborate, if highly speculative, theory: "George wasn't unaware that his paternal inheritance derived from the Indians' old but unexploited underground resources. Right? And we may accept the proposition that he harbored complex feelings toward his father. Right? So George proceeded to spend the rest of his life giving his inheritance back to the Indians, while at the same time outcheeking the senior Heye by frisking every buried Indian he could locate and taking the shirts off the live Indians' backs. Obvious." I reserved judgment on how obvious it all was. In any case, it is apparent that Heye's mania took its time to mature. Returning from Arizona to deposit his Indian curiosa in the family house on East Forty-eighth Street, where he was living with his by then widowed mother, Heye settled down and tried his best to conform to the standards of his place and time. He joined clubs; bought Rolls-Royces; helped found a Wall Street bank, called Battles, Heye & Harrison; built a bridge in Delaware, a trolley line in Pennsylvania, and the Hudson Theatre, on West Forty-fourth Street; learned all about wines; and, in 1904, when he was thirty, married the first of three wives, the former Blanche Agnes Williams, of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, and set up housekeeping at 677 Madison Avenue and at Roslyn, Long Island.

During this time, the collecting bug was biting only just perceptibly. Its first abettor was a man named Joseph Keppler—a club acquaintance of Heye's, an artist, a political cartoonist for the magazine *Puck*, and a spare-time collector of Iroquois material (the present whereabouts of his collection should not be hard to guess)—who advised Heye that the souvenirs he had brought back from the Arizona Indians possessed more than amusement value. This led to a meeting with Dr. Marshall H. Saville, a Columbia archeologist, who, as my professor put it, "saw in George valuable magpie tendencies, and decided they should be nurtured and guided." In 1903, Saville and a friend of his named George H. Pepper, an ethnologist then attached to the American Museum of Natural History, put Heye on to a cache of several hundred pre-Columbian pots that had been found recently in a New Mexico canyon. When Heye got married, less than a year later, his mother sent the pots over to 677 Madison to add their challenge



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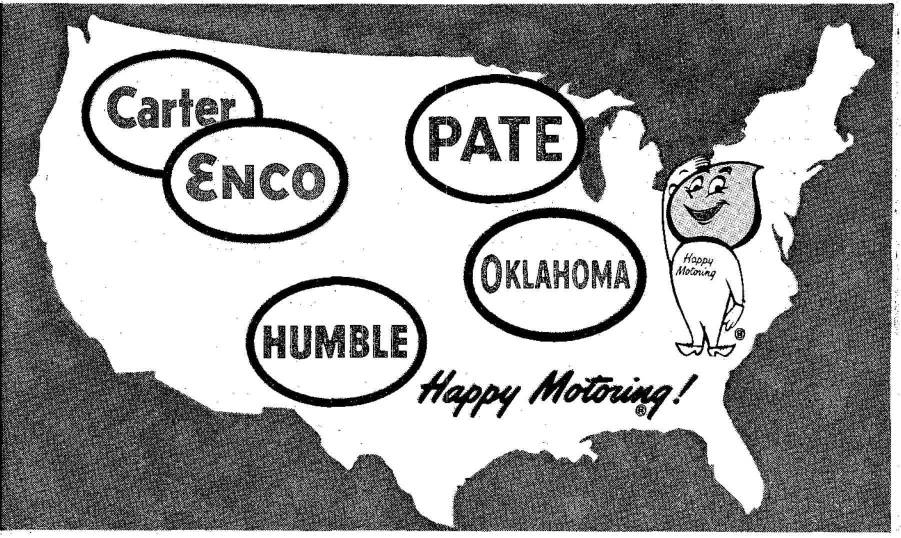
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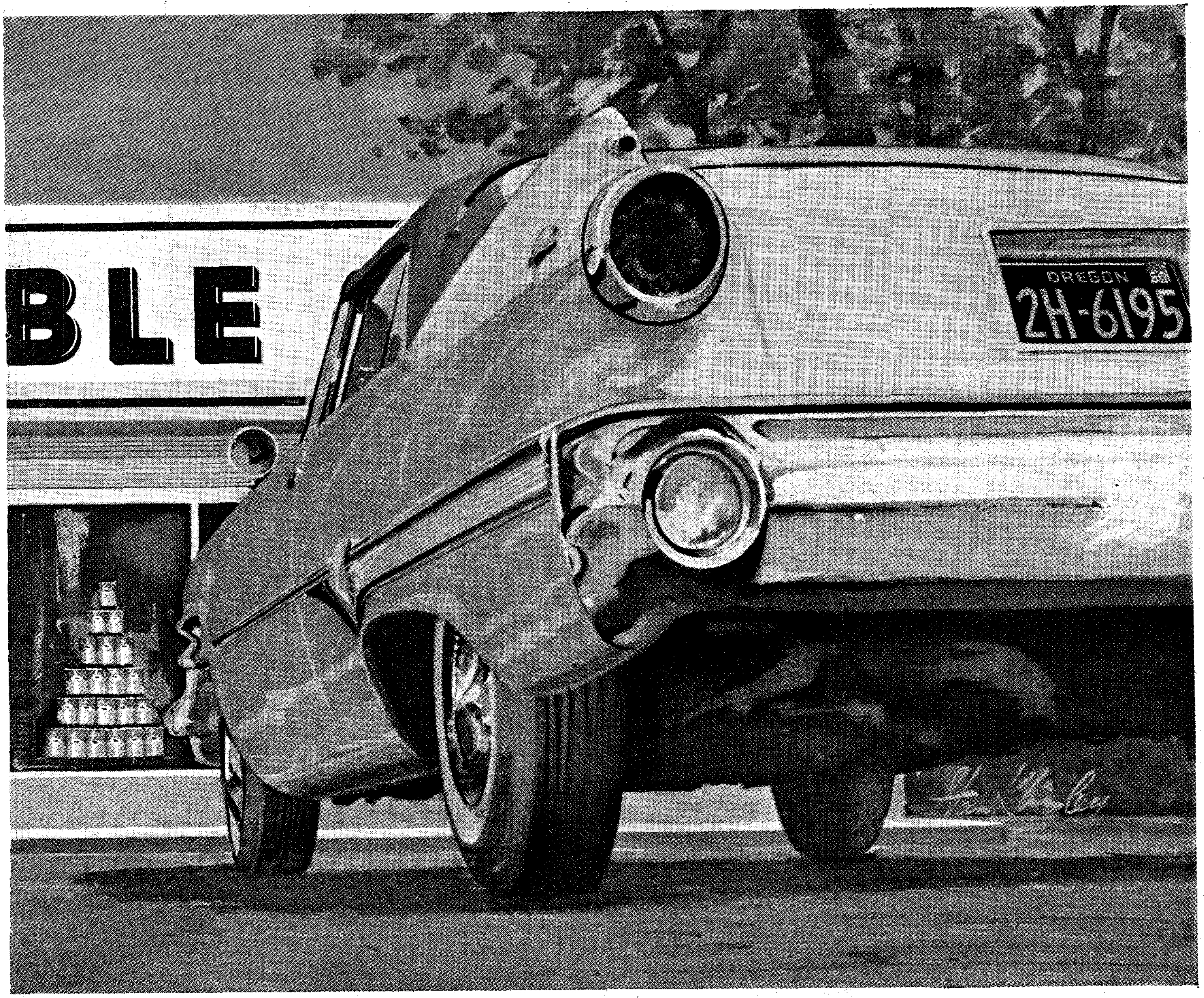

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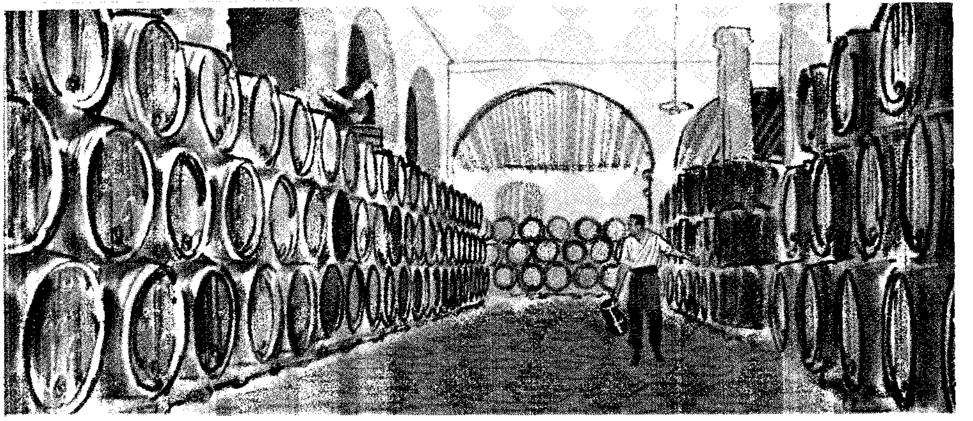

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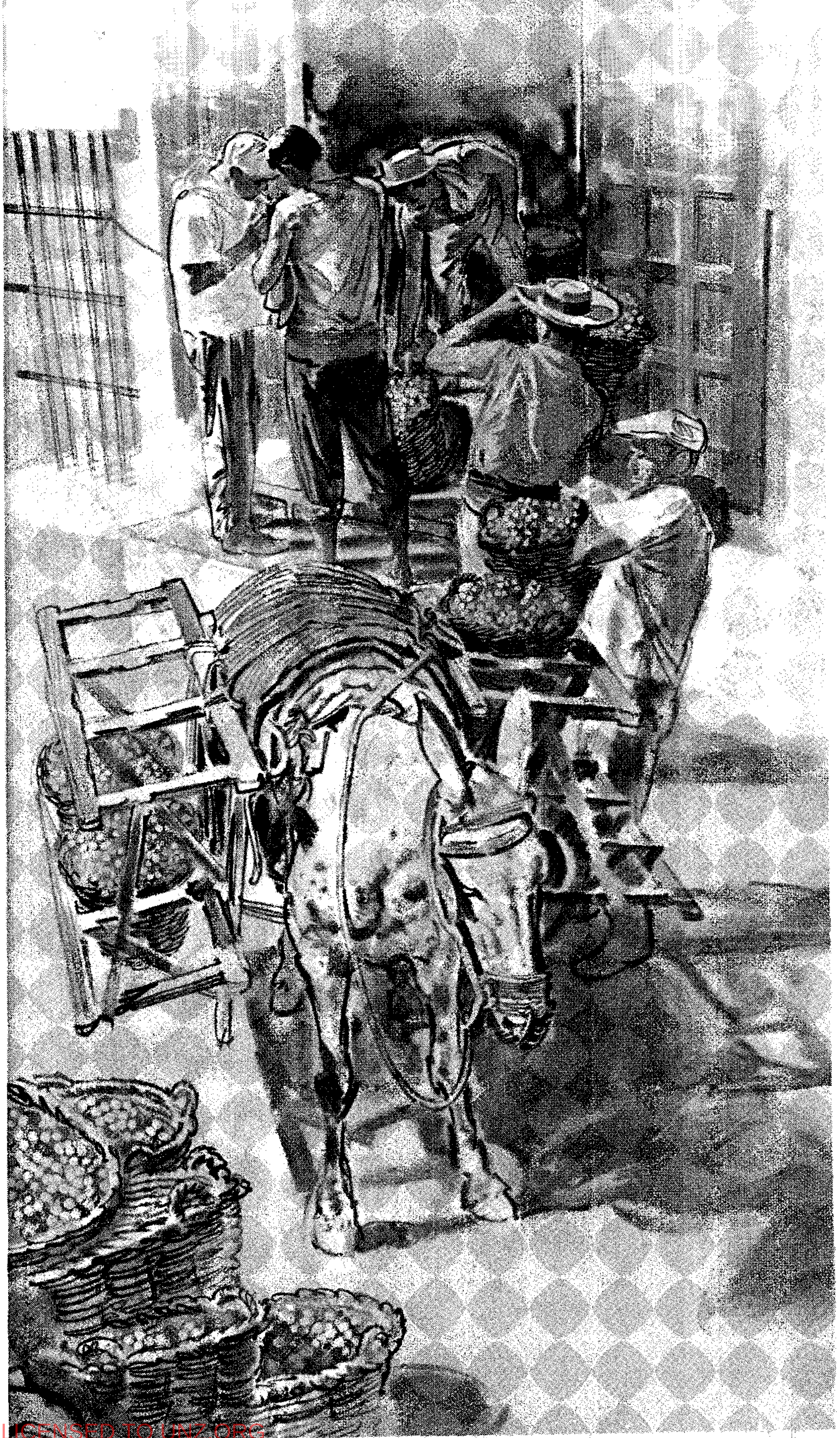

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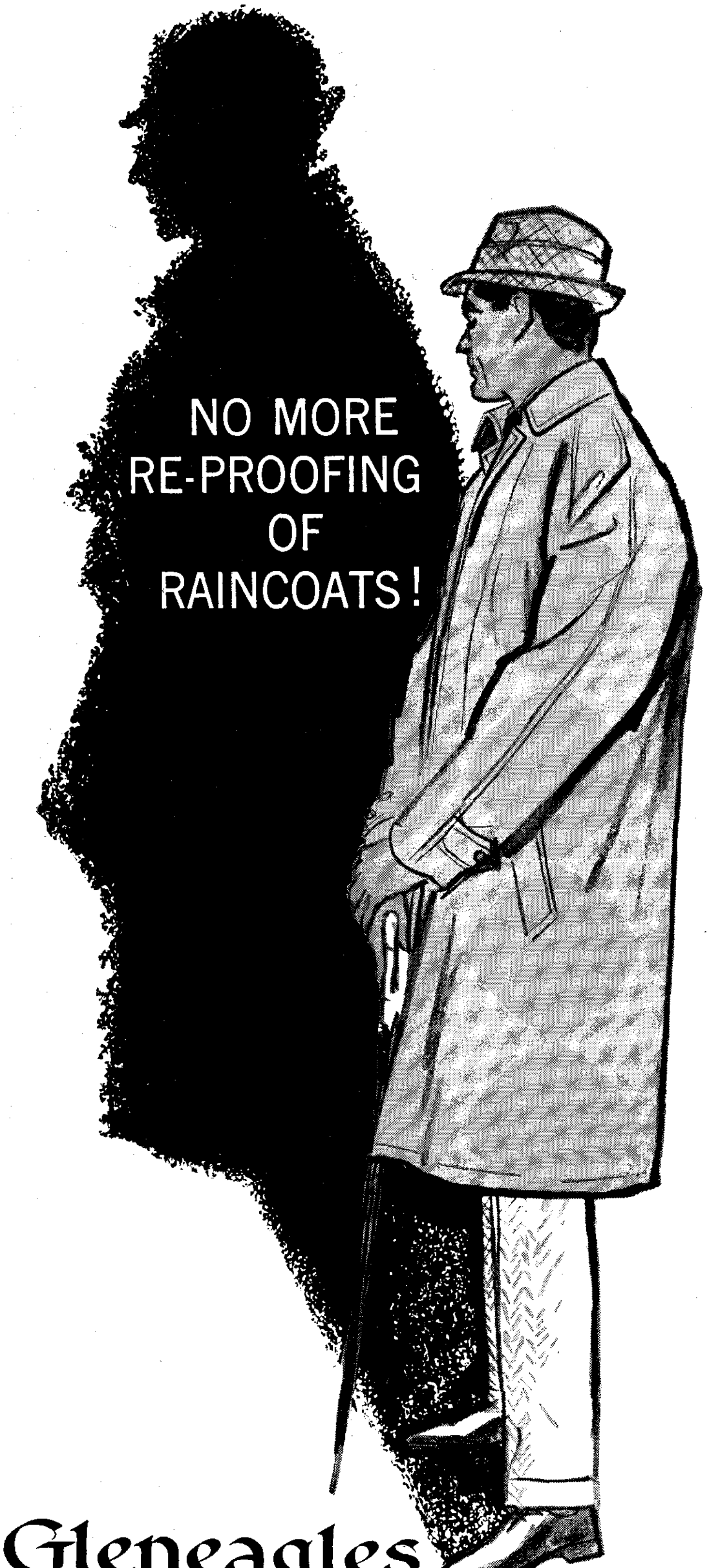
to her new daughter-in-law's housekeeping problems. Soon the older Mrs. Heye demonstrated further interest in the new ménage by agreeing to underwrite a trip by Dr. Pepper to Michoacán, Mexico, for additional conversation pieces to ginger up the young couple's new household, and the next year she paid the bills when Heye sent Dr. Saville to Ecuador for more relics.

And so it went, year after year, for the ensuing quarter of a century, with more and more pick-wielding Ph.D.s fanning out over the hemisphere to appease the gradually increasing demands of Heye's addiction. At first, there was nothing to indicate that Heye's hobby was any more alarming than drink or women or croquet or any of a thousand other pastimes appropriate to his position in society. By 1906, however, Heye's bride began to be irritated by the intricacies of navigation through the Indian clutter in her apartment, and she fussed. Heye obligingly rented a big room for his treasures in the old Knabe Piano Building, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street. The steady accrual from the field soon outgrew the room, and in 1909 the whole works moved on, to fill first one and then two floors of a loft building at 10 East Thirty-third Street, which the collector's friends took to calling the Heye Museum. A further overflow, in 1910, was given shelter in three halls made available by the University of Pennsylvania's University Museum, in Philadelphia, which, in gratitude, elected Heye a vice-president.

Perhaps partly in the hope of distracting her husband's attention from old bones and cooking utensils, Mrs. Heye bore him first a daughter and then a son, but he remained preoccupied. In 1912, he wandered off to look over some pots in Panama, and on his return he found that his wife was fed up with Indians. She had, in fact, locked him out and filed for divorce in Nassau County, asking seventy-eight thousand dollars a year in alimony—the largest sum ever sought in the county up to that time. The judge, evidently a doughty man's man, told the *Times*, "These New York society women make me tired. They go to fashionable hotels and drink highballs and smoke cigarettes instead of staying at home trying to make their husbands happy . . . and when they are married to a poor man unfortunate enough to have a million dollars, they come into court and say that their 'social position' requires an exorbitant amount of money. [Mrs. Heye] had a soft thing and she lost him. She'll never get $78,000



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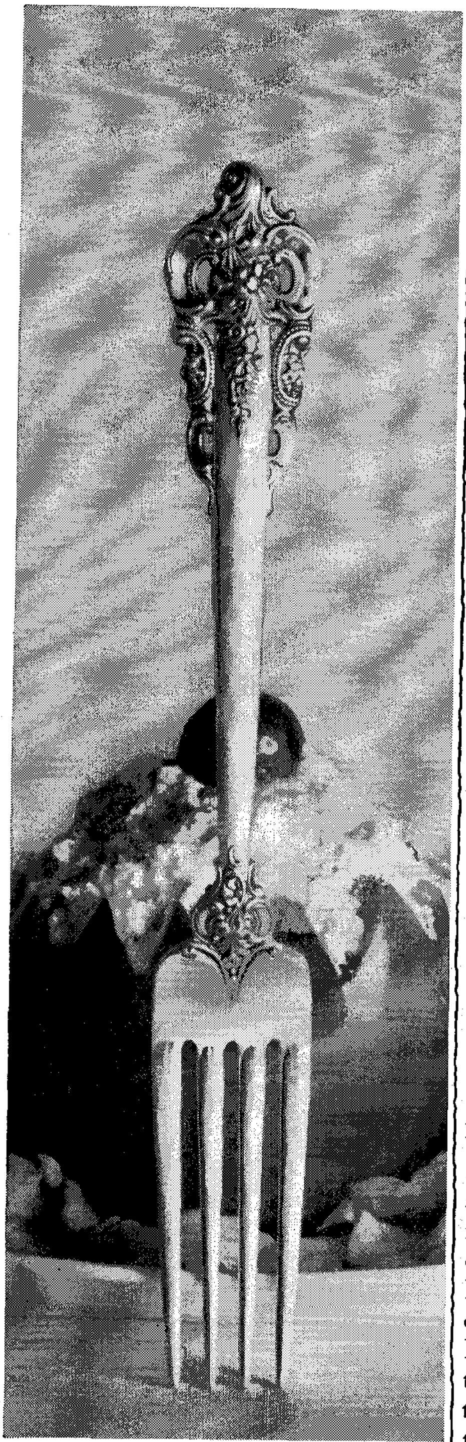

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through me." The judge awarded the plaintiff fifteen thousand a year instead, and Heye—whether out of resentment at being called "a soft thing" or simply because he had tasted freedom and wanted more of it—rapidly resigned all his remaining business and industrial connections, put his money in public-utility stocks, and proceeded to devote himself exclusively to the hiring and dispatching of more and more pot-happy archeologists. In 1914, during the digging of an ancient Munsee-Delaware burial ground in Sussex County, New Jersey, Heye's sense of mission was strengthened when a farmer, misunderstanding the lofty purposes of archeologists, had Heye and his crew arrested for grave robbing. Heye fought the case to the New Jersey Supreme Court and won.

In 1915, when Heye's collection was again bursting out of its confines, a happy coincidence of needs developed. Archer M. Huntington, the son of the railroad builder Collis P. Huntington, had extensive real-estate holdings in the vicinity of the old John James Audubon farm uptown. The Boltons and the Grinnells and other venerable New York families who had once maintained summer homes there had moved away, and Huntington wanted to do something to salvage the social tone of the neighborhood. He hit on the device of giving land, money, and architectural plans to specialized institutions that would assemble, each under its own roof, research materials otherwise unavailable to scholars who lacked funds for travel. Heye, whose mother had just died, giving him sole disposition of the Heye fortune, fell in with the idea at once. He created and endowed the Heye Foundation, and gave it his entire collection—stipulating, however, that only he might name the Foundation's trustees. (Other institutions that met Huntington's specifications—and occupy matching temples along Audubon Terrace today—were the Museum of the Hispanic Society of America, the American Numismatic Society, the American Geographical Society, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the National Institute of Arts and Letters.) The Foundation's building cost Heye and Huntington, jointly, two hundred and forty-three thousand dollars ("less than it would cost to tear it down today," according to a current trustee, Edmund F. Wagner, who is president and chairman of the board of the Seamen's Bank for Savings), and Heye's souvenirs were lugged in toward the end of 1916. (These included the contents of the three halls in Phila-

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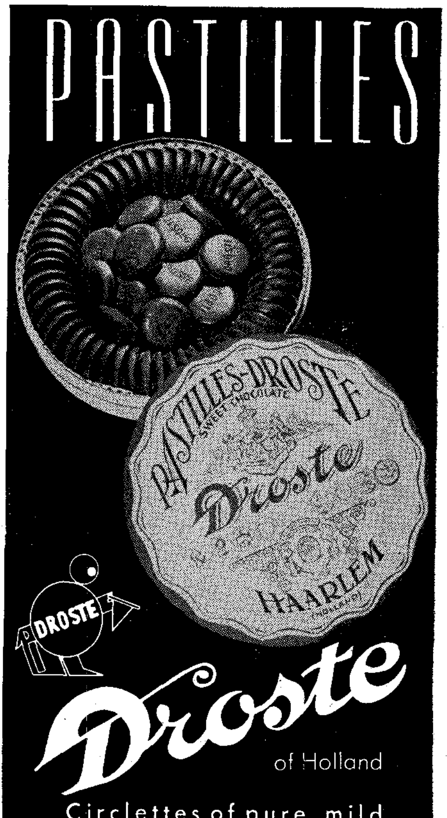

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delphia's University Museum, whose officers simultaneously protested—almost too much, some people thought—that they really didn't consider Heye an Indian-giver.) Almost at once, though, the United States entered the First World War, the Museum's floor space was requisitioned, and Navy cartographers moved their desks in among the still unpacked crates. As a result, the new building wasn't formally opened until 1922, and by then, of course, it was far too small. Huntington patiently turned over to Heye the six acres in the Bronx for the Research Branch, which was opened four years later.

There followed the best of the best pre-depression days, when Heye and his happily anthropologophilic second wife, Thea Kowne Page Heye, whom he had married in 1915, presided over the Museum's sizable family of archeologists and ethnologists, school-taught and home-grown alike. Even the public was allowed in—the tax laws required it—although, to be sure, no great effort was made to encourage an influx of staring strangers, a number of whom could be counted on to arrive clutching, in rolled-up copies of the *News*, pitiful collections of cuttlefish bones picked up on the Staten Island beaches and hopefully thought to be Indian relics. "George didn't go out of his way to be a snob," my professor told me. "He didn't have to."

Among the cronies Heye appointed to his original board of trustees were James B. Ford, a vice-president of the United States Rubber Company and the perennial Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club, and Harmon W. Hendricks, an owner of Hendricks Brothers, Inc., a metalworks, both of whom had taste and money, and both of whom died in 1928, within the span of two days, after giving the Museum not only some of their money—a million and a half from Hendricks, two and a half million from Ford—but other things, too. Hendricks gave it the William Penn wampum belts, gold objects from Colombia, and textiles from the Southwest and Mexico; and Ford, who, unlike Heye, had a good opinion of books, gave it a library of thirty thousand volumes. Neither the Museum nor the Branch had room for the books, so the ever-thoughtful Huntington set up a museum annex for them, as an adjunct to his Huntington Free Library and Reading Room, in the Bronx.

OF all the people Heye hired in the pursuit of his hobby, the one who is commonly credited with having come

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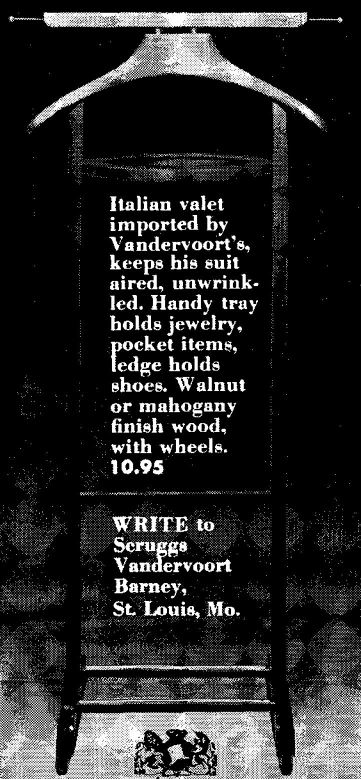

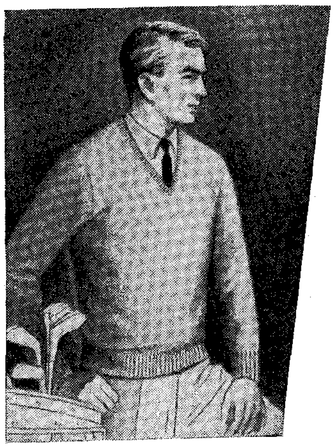

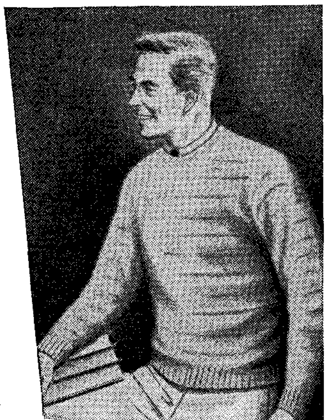

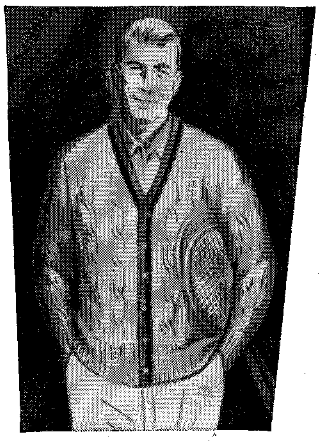

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to know more than anyone else except his employer about the four million items in the Museum's collection is the Research Branch's custodian, a tall, lean, rangy North Carolinian in his early seventies with a long, bumpy face, bristly white hair, tortoise-shell glasses, and the name of Charles O. Turbyfill. (The surname has been identified by some of Turbyfill's anthropologist friends as a Southern United States rendering of D'Urbe Ville, the ancestor also of Thomas Hardy's D'Urberville.) Turbyfill lives in an apartment that has been carved out of the collection area on the first floor of the Research Branch, where I called on him one afternoon in order to ask some questions aimed at untangling the personality of the man he had watched amassing the greatest Indian collection on earth. Turbyfill was glad enough to answer, but at his own speed, and with numerous detours.

Speaking in the cadenced voice of his native region, Turbyfill told me, "I joined up with Heye in May, 1915, a month after I first heard the man's name. In March, a feller named Pepper had come into the livery stable that my daddy and I ran—along with a hardware store carrying everything from a darning needle to a threshing machine—back in the hills in Waynesville, North Carolina. Pepper said this Heye had sent him down from New York to arrange to dig a little old Cherokee burial mound about ten miles out on Pigeon River, on Jim Plott's land, and where could he rent a car? I told him, 'Pardner, there's one Ford in town and no roads. But Plott is a special friend of mine. I have a nice span of horses here, and a buggy. I'll drive you over.' At Plott's, I waited outside, not wanting to butt in. When this Pepper come back out and said Plott wouldn't let him dig, no matter how much money he offered, I had to tell him, 'Pardner, there's nothing around here for Jim Plott to buy with your money, so why should he take it? If he did, he'd be obligated to you. This way he's not.' It was a lesson that in future years I never could get across to Heye, either. Heye took fifty trips, over thirty years, trying to buy an old pot from a man who kept it in his service station at Winchester, Virginia, and also to try to buy a clay pipe from some people on Pigeon River whose boy had run a calf down a bank and the calf had kicked this pipe out of the dirt, and Heye never believed they didn't just want more money. But, going back to this Pepper, I saw how disgusted he looked, and I said to him, 'Pardner, if

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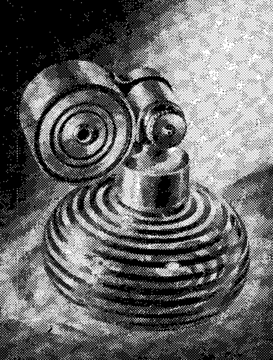

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you want me to, I'll get you permission to dig that mound.' I went inside and said, 'Jim, what's the matter you won't let this man dig your old mound?' Plott says, 'I don't know. I thought it might cause some confusion.' I said, 'Jim, it'll give my horses work. And you can rent him your plows.' I went out and told Pepper he could dig then, and Pepper says he has to have it in writing. I told him, 'Listen, pardner, we don't do business down here that way. The man says you can dig, you can dig.'

"So Pepper went back up to New York to fit up his expedition. On April 5th the Chief of Police's boy had died and I drove the hearse. When I got back to the stable, there was a phone call saying this Heye was at the hotel and wanted me to drop by. Having just come from the funeral, I was dressed pretty nice. We shook hands, and Heye says, 'How'd you like to come to work for me as an archeologist?' I said I'd think it over. I had wanted to be a ballplayer—I'd played in the Piedmont League, but I was six feet tall and couldn't gain to weigh more than a hundred and thirty-five pounds. They fed me milk and steaks, but I was twenty-four by then and figured I'd never gain enough in time to make the major leagues. I told Heye I guessed I would take the job. But I had heard New York City people could be rough on little old country boys, and I told him, 'I have never been hollered at, and I have never been cursed at, and the day that comes, we'll shake hands and part as friends.' That day never came."

I asked Turbyfill what Jim Plott's mound had yielded. "Not a damn thing," he said. "But right afterward Heye organized a big expedition to Georgia, and stopped in Atlanta to marry his second wife, and we all went on the honeymoon trip to White County, where we dug that famous big Nacoochee mound. Books were written about it afterward; we made a killing. Next thing, Heye sent me and Alanson Skinner and Mark Harrington over to Arkansas, and . . ."

I was puzzled by Turbyfill's idiomatic use of the word "killing," which I had never thought of as rural North Carolinian, and which I felt carried avaricious overtones alien to the dedicated archeologist, but I said nothing, and presently the puzzle was solved. In the meantime, I gathered that for a decade or so Turbyfill's relationship with his chief matured mostly at long distance. Now and then, Turbyfill, out in some dusty field with pick and shovel, would be unexpectedly favored with a brief

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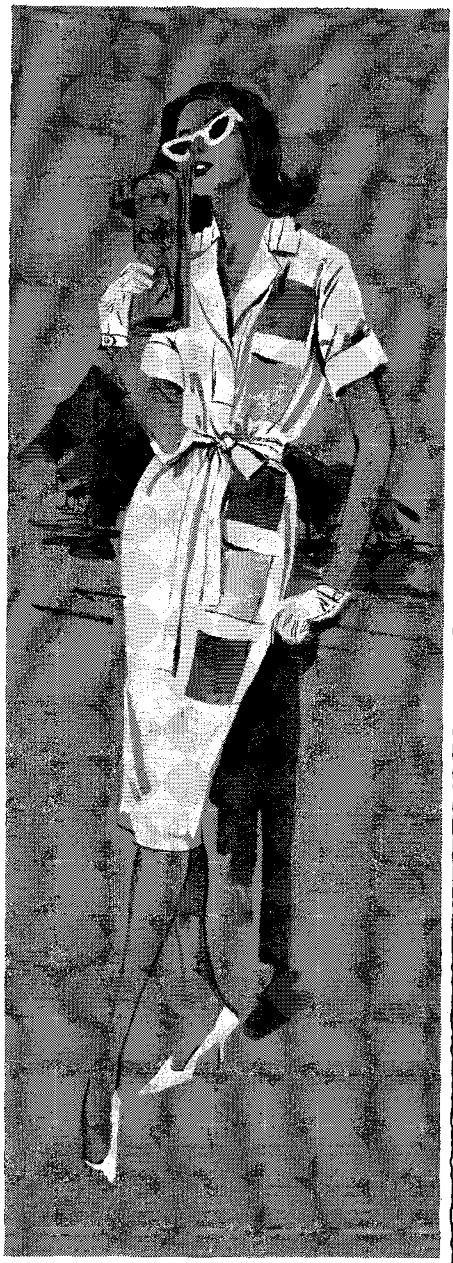

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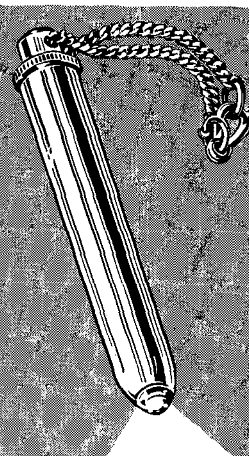
visit from Heye, puffing on an expensive cigar; otherwise, contact was maintained by means of such communications as a note that Turbyfill produced for me, written by Heye in England and received by Turbyfill in Murphy, North Carolina (a digging site that Turbyfill said he selected because "there was a Miss Dickey at Murphy who ran the best restaurant in the United States—five kinds of meat for breakfast"). Heye's letter, praising a pre-Columbian carved pipe that Turbyfill had retrieved from Murphy's burial mound, read, "Dear Turbyfill: The pipe is one of the best I have ever seen. Do not mention this to anyone as I have shown it to no one yet. I rather feel you would make a killing by doing some more work where you are." As Turbyfill refolded the letter, he recalled happily, "And that's just what we made—a killing. Worlds and worlds of pots, fifteen hundred years old, and skeletons, shell beads, gaming stones. My crew was all just crude mountain men who made blockade liquor, but the finest type of people. One of them is a big banker now in Gastonia, North Carolina."

Finally, in 1926, Heye summoned Turbyfill to Audubon Terrace, where he arrived just in time to attend a recurrent gala rite of the Museum's halcyon period—an all-night work session enlivened by a midnight banquet catered by the old Waldorf-Astoria, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. "The meal began with a fish this long," Turbyfill recalled, his outstretched arms suggesting the creature that so depressed Spencer Tracy in "The Old Man and the Sea"—"and it built up from there. At the end, we pitched into eating up a great big molded ice-cream Indian. Heye came over then and started telling me about this Research Branch and Huntington giving the land for it, and all. Heye said to me, 'Turbyfill, for eleven years you've been living like a jack rabbit, in Pullmans and rock shelters and houseboats and tents and hotels. You're due for some home life with your wife and kids. I've picked you to take charge of the Branch.' "

Turbyfill lifted a hand in salute to the extensive responsibilities weighing on the ceiling of his apartment. "I've got six hundred and thirty-eight different tribes up there. Heye used to claim there wasn't a thing in the collection I couldn't locate for him in three minutes. I'm getting too old for it now, but so far I've been able to see to it that no dust gets in, and no damp, and no worms. I've had moths in here only three times in thirty-three years. But it's



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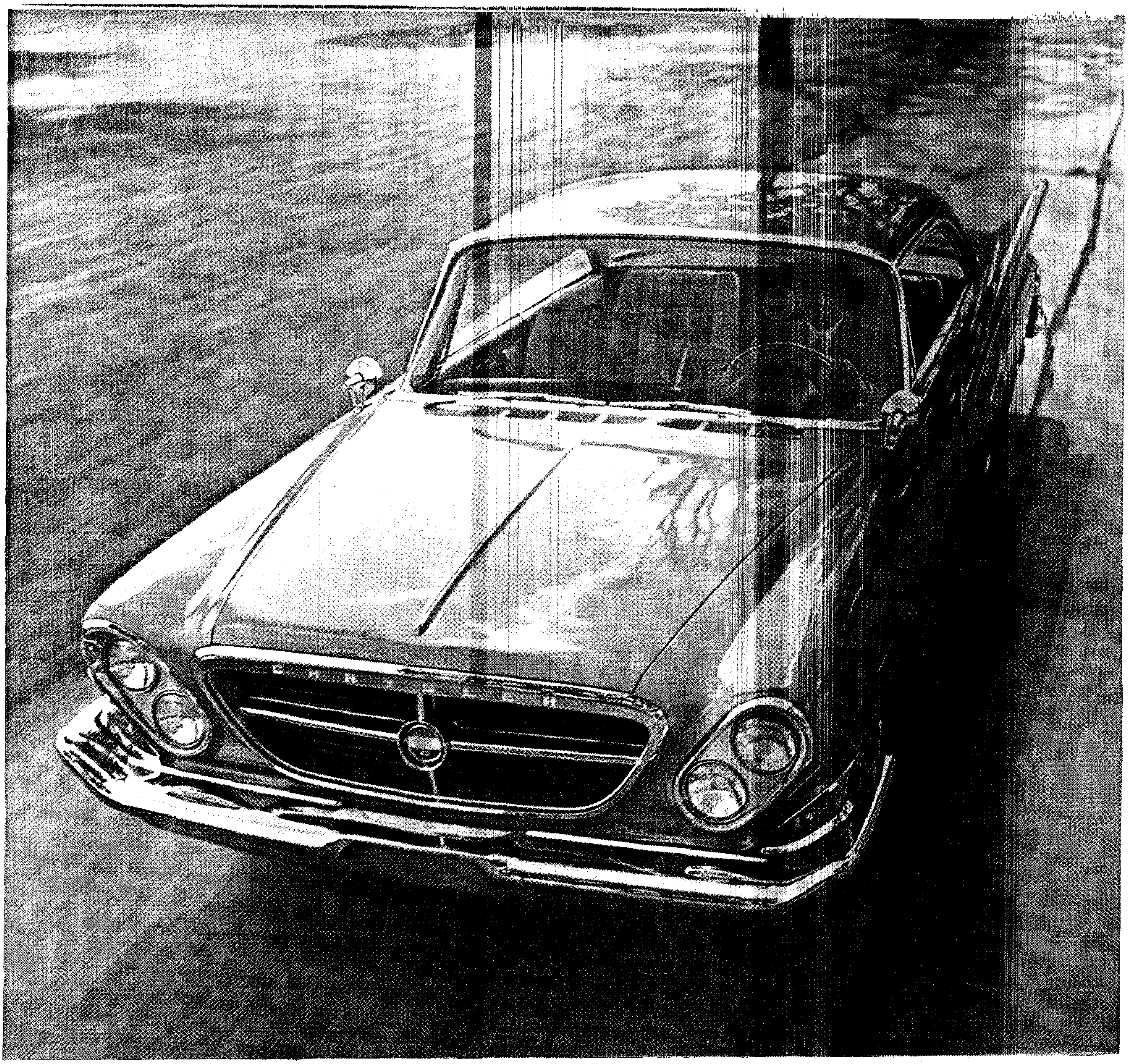

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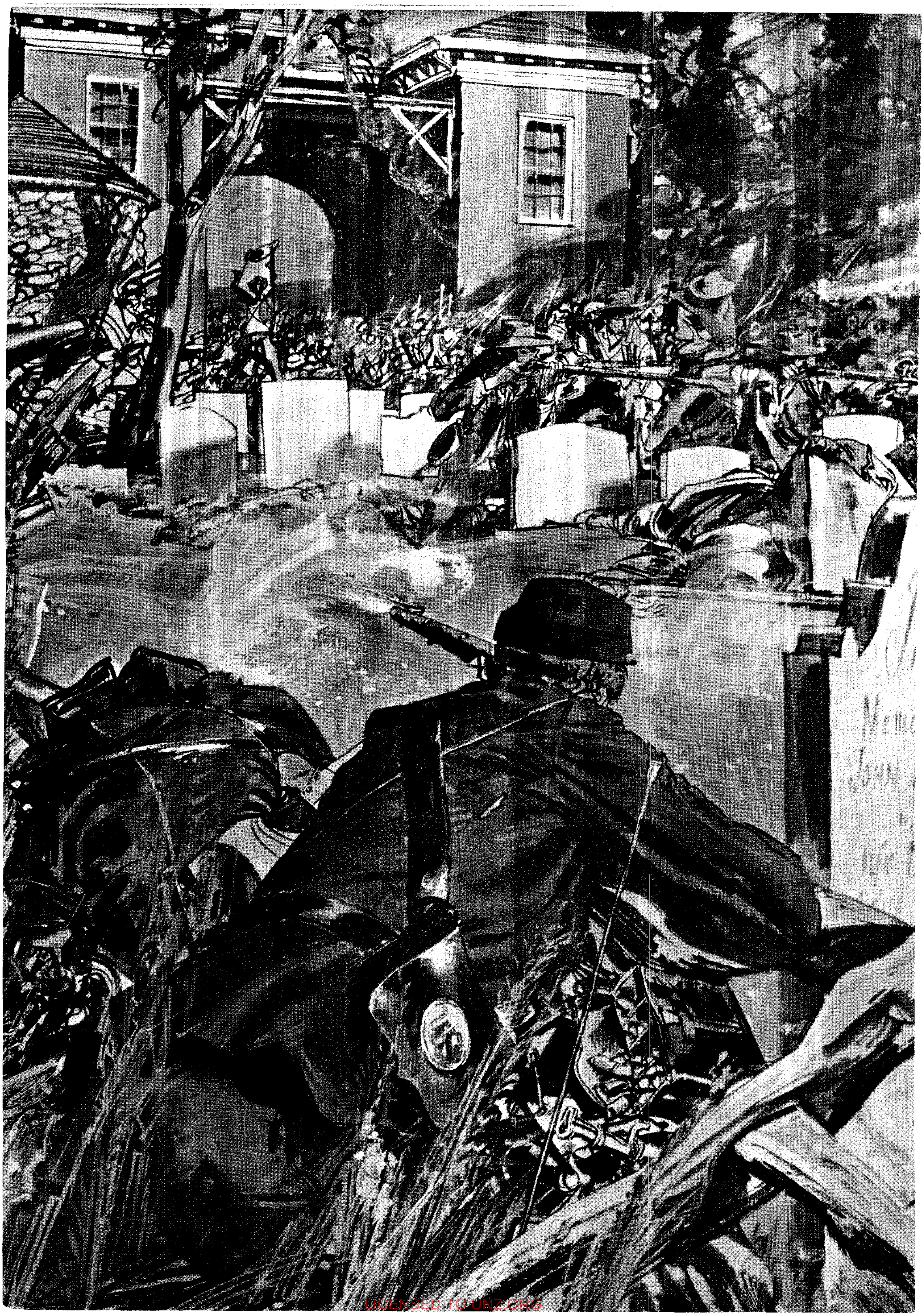
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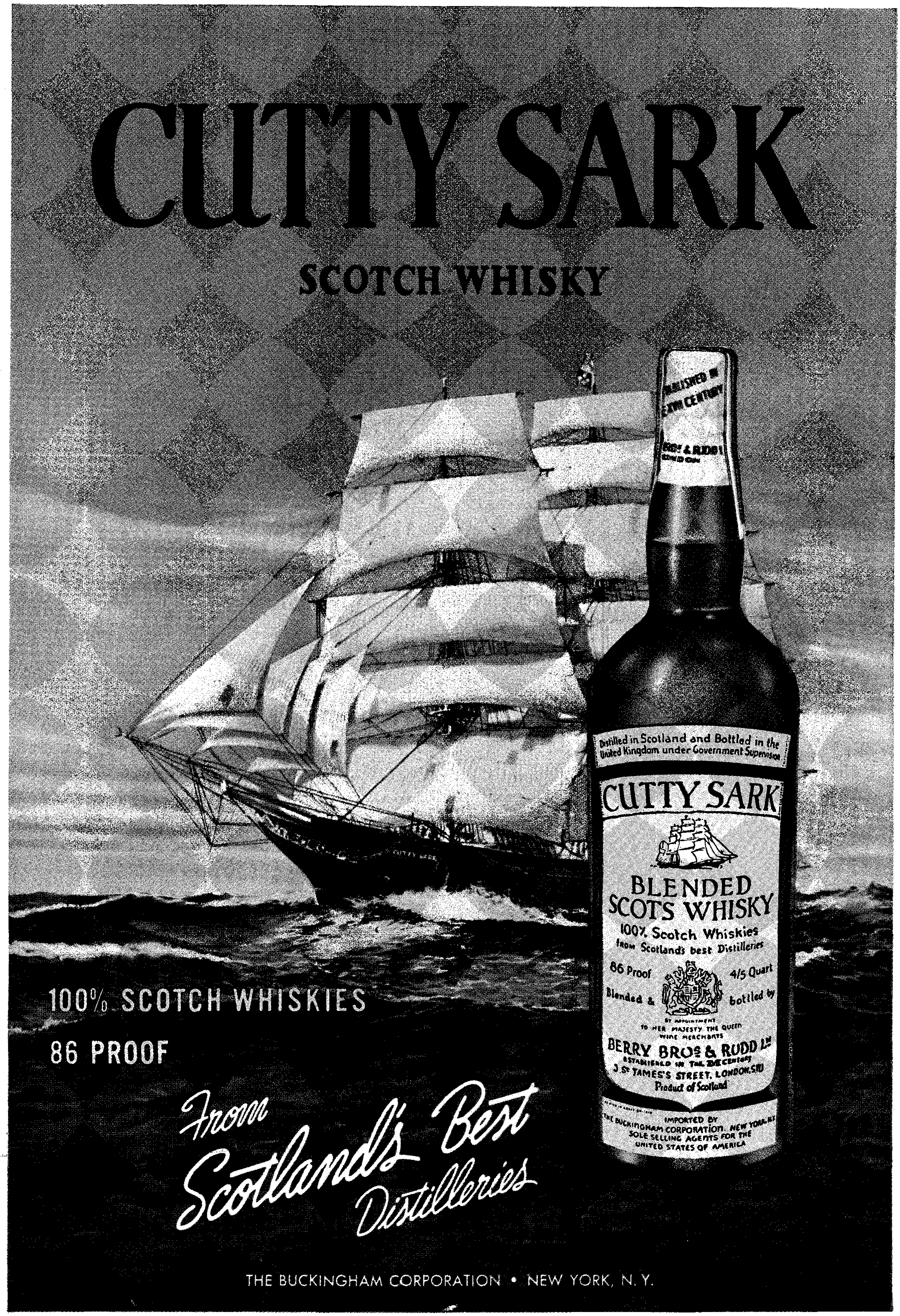

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a lot to keep watching. It didn't seem like so much in the days when the anthropologists were all over the place, writing their scientific books—and writing short stories for magazines if they thought Heye wasn't looking. When five o'clock came, nobody wanted to go home. Heye used to drop in here and eat strawberries out of my wife's kitchen colander and try to warn me off the stock market and the Democratic Party. We agreed in being Giant fans, the difference between us being that once he tried to buy the team. Those days went. In 1929, there was the crash. In one day, Heye lost this *room*ful of money. He called me down to his apartment—at 912 Fifth Avenue, it was then—and he said, 'Turbyfill, we're sunk. I've got to let everybody else go, and you cain't possibly do all that work alone.' I said to him, 'Mr. Heye, I'm surprised to hear you use that word "cain't." How many times have you yourself told me that the Museum is built on the unbeatable combination of German efficiency and American ingenuity?' I had to sit there and talk two hours until I had him straightened out. But after that everybody scattered."

Turbyfill sat silent, preferring, I supposed, to go no further into a period that must have been painfully lonely around the Research Branch. I sought to revive pleasanter memories by asking about Heye's family life, but this, I soon realized, was also a rather unhappy subject. "Heye brought up his kids in boarding schools and summer camps," Turbyfill said. "The girl, Mildred, worried about putting on weight, travelled around, and died in 1941. Larry, the boy, played baseball at Yale, then he flunked out and come to New York to talk to his daddy. Heye phoned me up and said, 'Turbyfill, I'm sending my boy over to work for you every day from nine to five. I want you to see what he's made out of and let me know.' That didn't set very good with me. I thought, What a way to bring up a boy, where you have to ask somebody else to find out what he's made of. The boy come up here—a great big old boy, six-one and weighing a hundred and ninety, and they didn't come any nicer, but scared stiff of his daddy. He looks around and says, 'I didn't know Dad had this place,' and goes to work. He worked hard for me, and was scared even to ask his daddy for lunch money. I told him, 'Larry, if I had been you, I would have long ago flew the coop and got myself some overhalls and dug ditches.' Heye sent him off somewhere else after a while, but Larry come back to Thanksgiving din-

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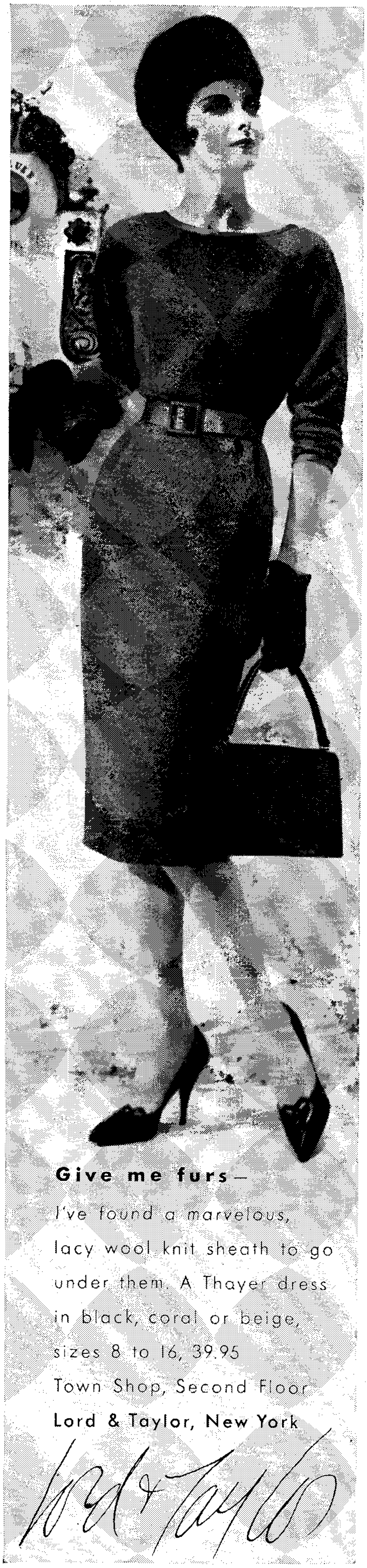

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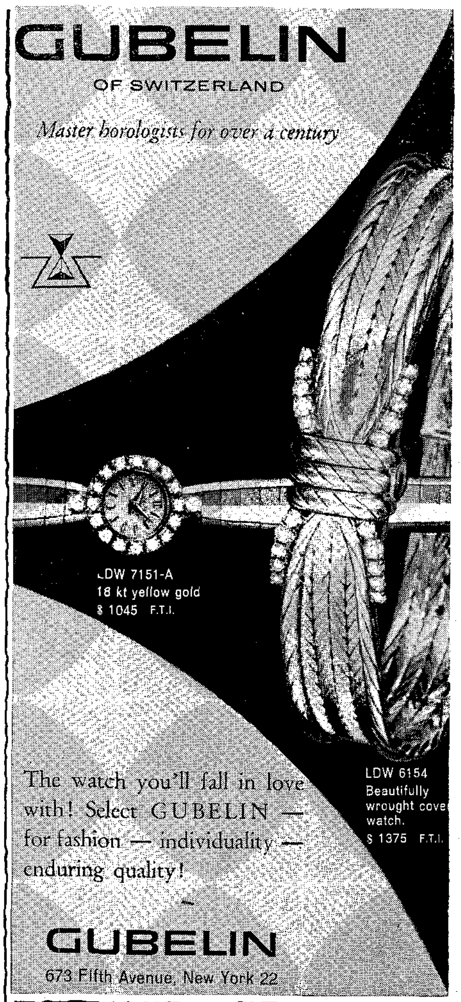
ner with us, having no place else. One day, Heye took me aside and asked what I thought of his son. Heye could always look me straight in the eye, but I could look him straighter than he could look me. I told him, 'You ought to be proud of that boy.' The boy got killed in an auto accident in 1932 at Ten Sleep, Wyoming, where he had found a job as a ranch hand. He was twenty-two, about the same age Heye was when he first went West. I wondered, if that had been my boy, what would I have thought then?"

Turbyfill told me that Thea Heye—"a fine woman who kept her apartment looking like a florist shop"—died in 1935, and that Heye remarried the following year. His third bride was a Californian named Jessica Peebles Standing, but divorce terminated the marriage before Turbyfill could find out much more about her. "Heye brought her out here one day to show her the place, as a kind of surprise, I guess," Turbyfill said. "First she said she couldn't get out of the car because she had a cramp in her foot. I told her, 'Pull off your shoes and walk around on my cold floor a little and it'll ease right up.' It did, and she looked around, and I never heard another thing about her afterward."

Turbyfill stretched. He said, "The last time I saw Heye was right after the board meeting in 1955, just before he had his bad strokes. He come up and put his arm around me and said, 'Charlie, there's only two men in the world that know this collection—you and me.' I said, 'That's right.' He said, 'Charlie, you and me haven't had many fights, have we?' I said, 'No, we haven't.' "

I HAD arranged to meet Dr. Dockstader, the Museum's new director, in a second-story sector of the Branch whose contents he was recataloguing, and it was now getting on toward the appointed hour, so I said goodbye to Turbyfill, assuring him that I could find my way upstairs. But after his door shut I felt some uncertainty. It was still broad daylight outdoors, but little of the daylight penetrated the spacious loneliness I found myself sharing with what is probably the world's only surviving non-reconstructed Massachusetts bark wigwam, the only Chilean Choros Indian sealhide-and-balsa raft in the Northern Hemisphere, and a formidable invasion fleet of kayaks, bullboats, and other craft. The atmosphere was gloomy, and there was a silence that had a quality of having been long uninterrupted. I spurned the obvious



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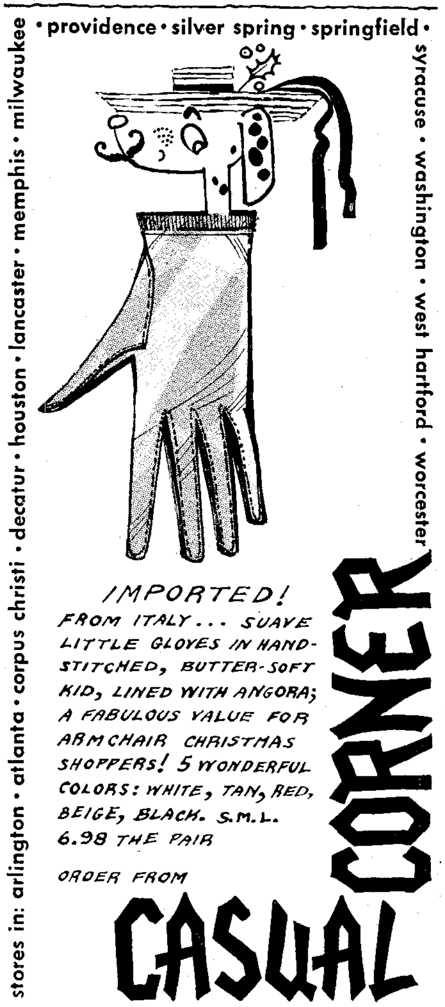

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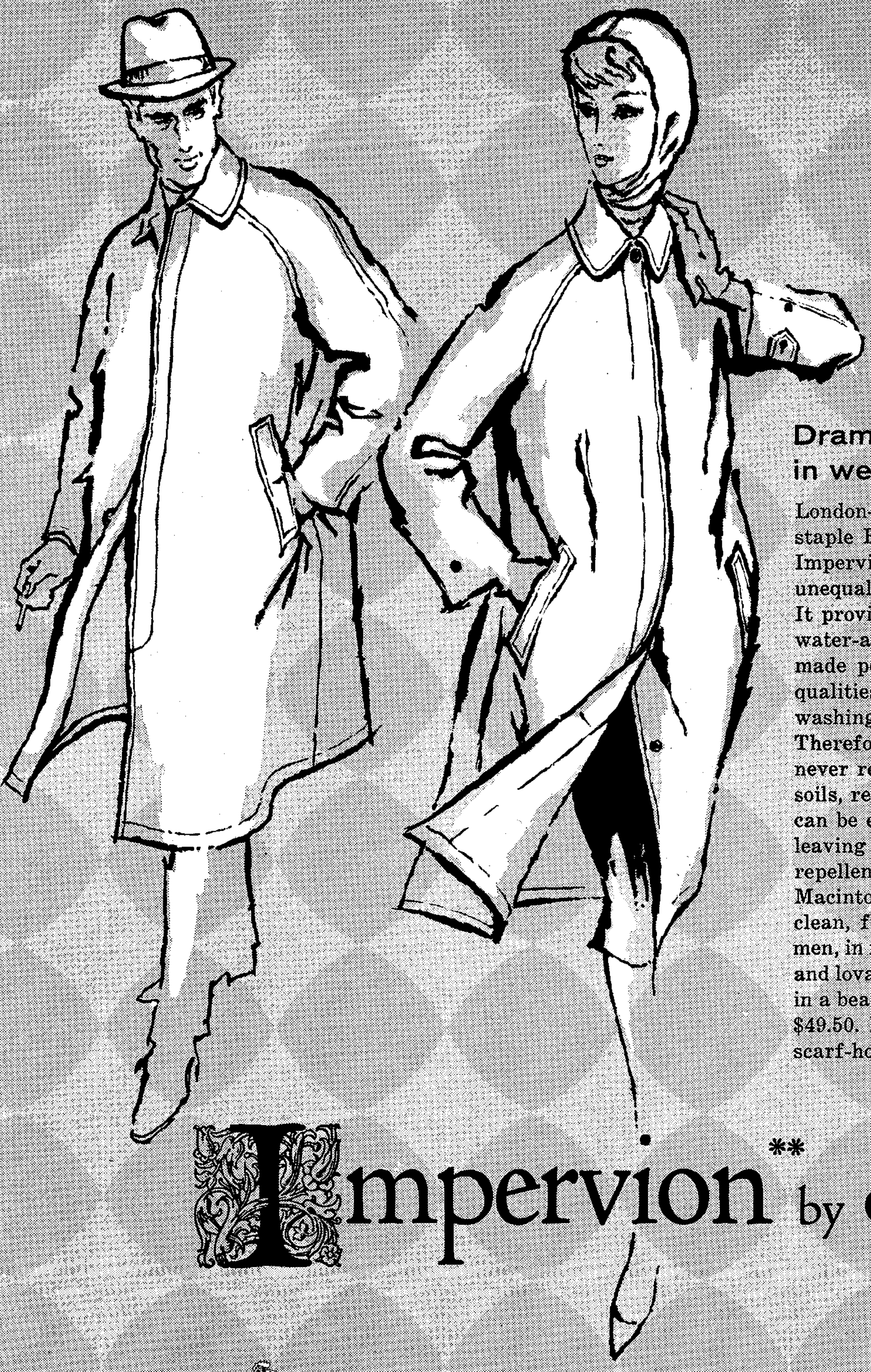

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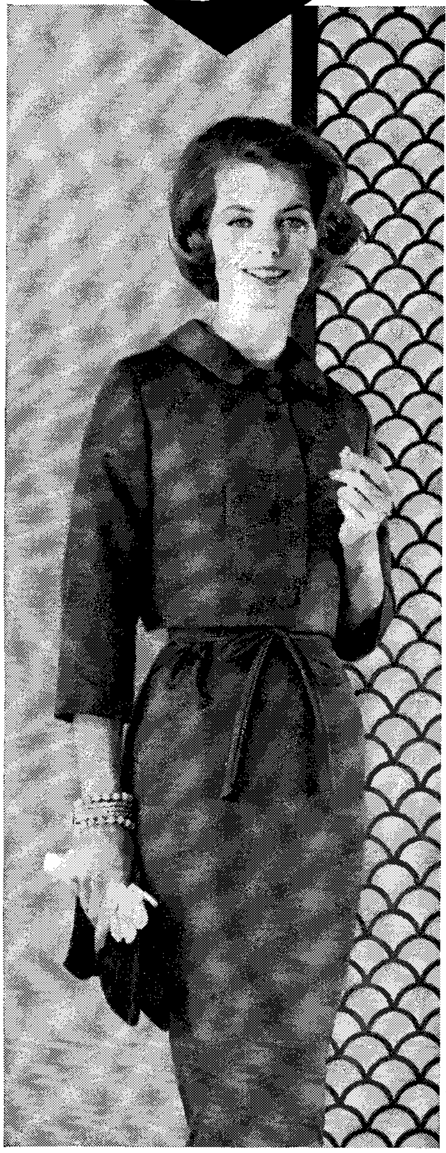
fancy that Heye had been a sort of King Tut, whose tomb I was in; it seemed more appropriate to think of him as an enormous, shy tortoise who had grown this shell and ultimately vacated it. I ascended the stairs, and at the top exchanged glances with a twelve-foot-tall Kwakiutl infant carved in cedar. Then I scanned the long row of locked doors that, I knew from previous visits, hid in darkness innumerable priceless oddities: hundreds of necklaces of pig, dog, monkey, and human teeth; bales of elegant Haida slate carvings of the type that Brentano's reproduces so profitably; five thousand delicate little walrus-tusk carvings on which Alaskan Eskimos had whittled away their six-month nights. A sense of isolation from the living quality of the Bronx outside oppressed me.

Rounding a corner, I found the open door I had expected, and entered to greet Dr. Dockstader, a tall, sinewy man of forty with bushy dark hair and a rapid, agreeable way of talking. Inventory pad in hand, he was perched on the fourth rung of a stepladder, half hidden behind racks of clothes hangers supporting several hundred smartly beaded dresses, and gazing dreamily at some shelves on which stood fifteen hundred bright and sassy little Hopi kachina dolls.

"These are my babies," he remarked possessively, by way of saying hello. "I got my doctorate in kachina dolls at Western Reserve, in Cleveland. The Cranbrook Institute of Science gave me a grant to visit a dozen or more big kachina-doll collections around the country, and naturally I spent the most time—three weeks—with the biggest collection of them, here in this room. From this fantastic number of dated samples, I could time the vogues for certain styles and reconstruct the trends in religious thinking that accounted for them. Unless you have a whole lot of good, bad, and indifferent examples, you can't tell if a specimen is a gorgeous one-shot freak or a commodity that was standard for many years in thousands of editions."

I asked Dockstader how he had come to work the field of Heye's hobby, and he told me, "My interest was more or less built in, I suppose. I'm part Indian, and I spent some of my childhood around an Arizona reservation, where I learned enough about silver working to know the difference between tourist junk and the perilously surviving tradition of Indian craftsmanship. That's helpful in a job I hold as one of the Commissioners of the Department of



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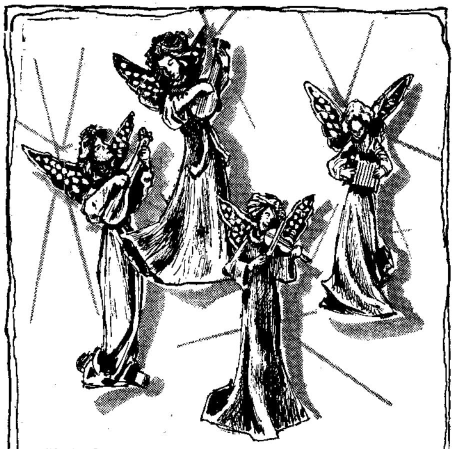

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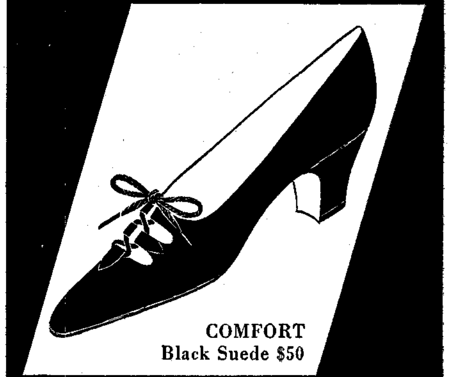

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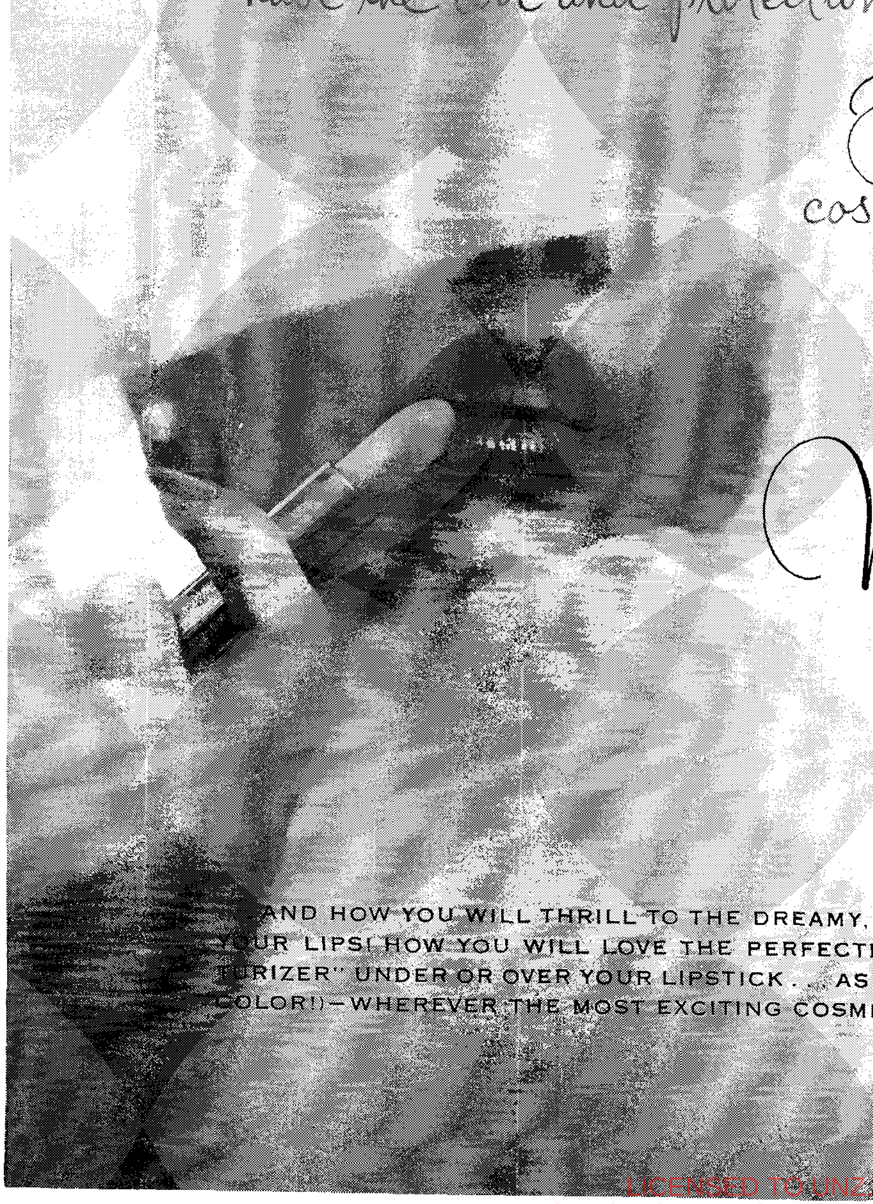

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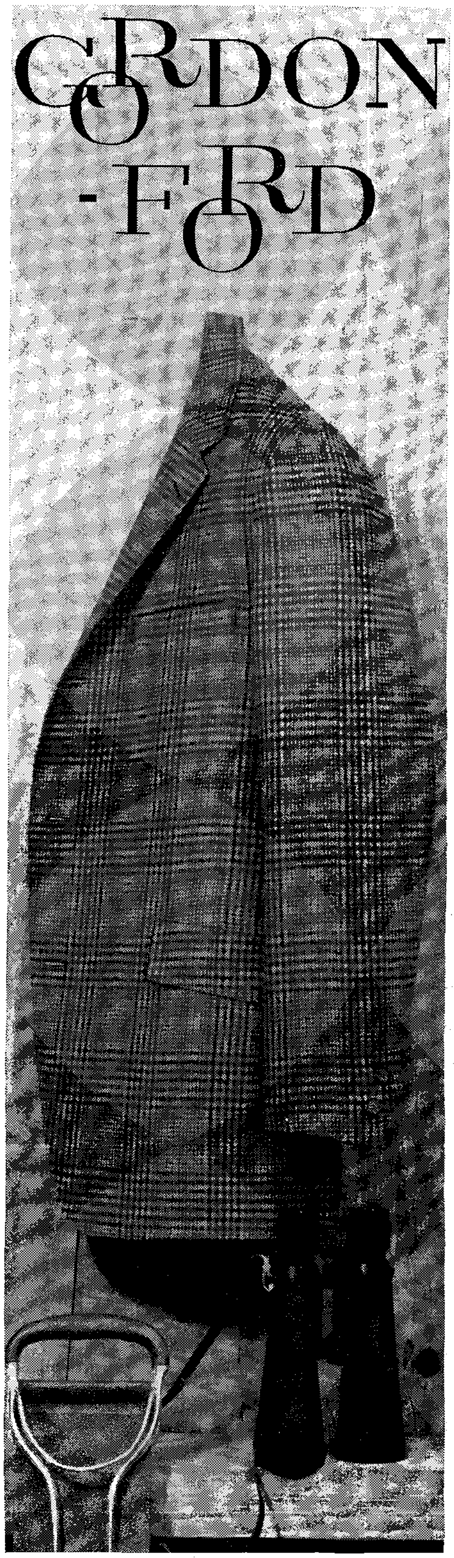

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the Interior's Arts and Crafts Board, which places authentic Indian handicrafts in responsible outlets, including places on Fifth Avenue and the Museum itself. But what really led me to this career was that, when I got old enough to be a Boy Scout, I was living with relatives in Los Angeles, and on a Scout outing I visited the Southwest Museum, one of the fine Indian museums, and got talking to its director, Dr. Frederick Hodge. It was Fred Hodge who ran one of the biggest digs of all time—the Hawikuh dig in Arizona—on a site Coronado had written about. It was a dig Heye paid for, incidentally. What Hodge told me about it gave me my career, it turned out." He looked at his watch and said, "Would you like a lift as far as Audubon Terrace? I'm supposed to meet our director emeritus and our chairman of the board there in half an hour, and they'd be glad to see you, too."

I said I would like very much to come along. On the way downstairs, Dr. Dockstader said, "Kinsey's successor at Indiana, Dr. Paul Gebhard, was checking our erotica here not long ago and said some nice things about it. Every year, we're visited by roughly thirty-five doctoral candidates from all over this country, maybe a dozen or two from France and Germany, fifteen from Latin America, and three from Canada. Surprisingly, that's about as many Ph.D. candidates in material anthropology as you get in this field nowadays. Until a couple of dozen years ago, when anthropology's center of gravity began to shift from museums to universities, anthropology *meant* material anthropology. Then, for a while, just about all of it was cultural anthropology—linguistics, kinship, behavior—and you could get a degree without coming any closer to an artifact than the Yale cross-cultural index or the New York Public Library. But the material-anthropology candidates are on their way back in. You can discern these pendulum swings. Every generation discovers the high art of the Indians. Over and over."

As we headed downtown, Dr. Dockstader continued, "You know, I keep turning up surprising things here. Some of them are interesting cases of mistaken identity, such as a Zulu belt from Africa, and a Tibetan trumpet made of a human thighbone and so ancient that it figured in the legends of the founding of Lhasa. I'm saving that trumpet to trade for something we'll want from another museum someday. Any big museum can't help containing a lot of things that haven't yet been

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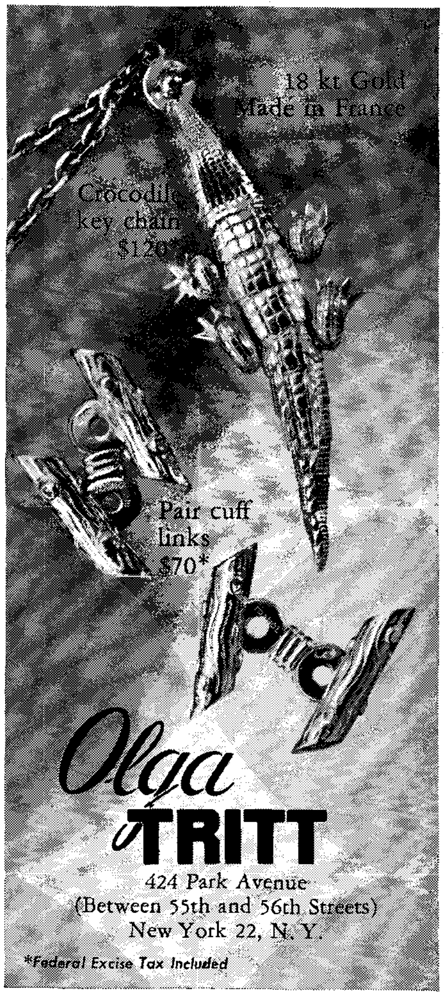

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accurately classified. In a way, that's its justification. There are hundreds of years of profitable research and discovery still to be put in on this collection. Our job isn't to pin everything down for all time but to make it accessible to a large number of people, who will make their own discoveries."

Dr. Dockstader turned his full attention to a twilight traffic jam for a few minutes, and then went on, "Actually, Heye's cataloguing was no more careless than that of any normal big museum. And if he was generally against documentation, I happen to know he wasn't *consistently* against it. After I had studied his kachina dolls for my dissertation, I wrote him what I supposed was a standard bread-and-butter letter, including—it seemed only reasonable—my cataloguing of his items, with new identifications and cross references, and a few remarks and suggestions. He wrote back saying, 'This is the first time in years that anybody has taken the pains to help me make my collection more valuable for others.' I thought he was merely being polite, until I'd been around long enough to realize he meant it literally. Many of the hot shots who come through here wouldn't think of leaving their findings with the Museum."

Dr. Dockstader parked in front of Audubon Terrace and escorted me through the lobby of the Museum and into a big, gloomy mahogany study, dominated by a gold-framed watercolor likeness of its former occupant, George Gustav Heye, sardonic of eye, dead of pan, and mocking of lip, but by no means hostile—only watchful. A big cigar smoked eternally between his large fingers.

Two men were relaxing in easy chairs around an outsize mahogany desk, and Dr. Dockstader led me over to them and made introductions. "A pleasure. Not everybody gets this far up Broadway," said the first, who was E. K. Burnett, the Museum's director emeritus and now its librarian. A small, cheerful, well-dressed man in his early seventies, and an old friend of Heye's, he joined the staff some thirty years ago and supervised the Foundation's financial affairs through the depression—a delicate operation widely credited for the institution's survival. The second man, who asked "How do you do?" as though he really cared, was the board chairman, John S. Williams, the son of a late Heye trustee, the father of a recently appointed one, and a partner in a downtown investment firm. Just fine, I told him, and murmured some

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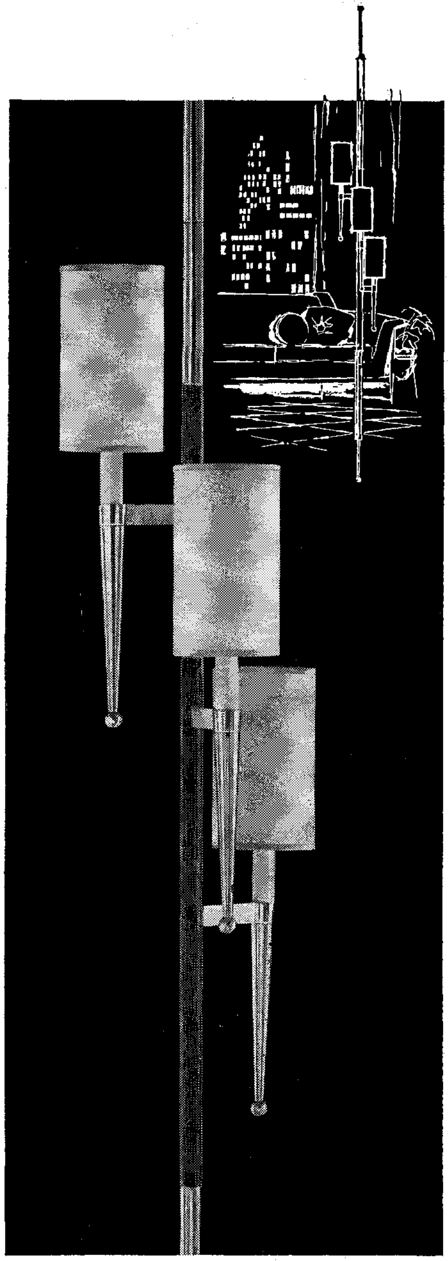

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word of praise for the regenerated museum.

"It'll be nice," Williams said. "And we're doing it without dipping into the Museum's capital."

"I think we'll have about the nicest ethnological museum anywhere when we're done," Dr. Dockstader said. "Not too arty, not too antiseptic, not just for children, not overlapping other institutions or competing with them. If we can do a good job of generalization here for casual visitors, and keep the Branch's raw materials available for the anthropologists and cultural historians who can profit from them, we'll be all right."

Burnett nodded toward the portrait of Heye and remarked affably, "I wonder what George might have said about all this. George's Indian name was Isatsigibis—literally translated, Slim-Shin, because he had slender bandy legs supporting his large body. In 1938, the Gros Ventre Indians of North Dakota suffered from a severe drought, and they found that their water-buster bundles, containing the rain-making skulls of two reincarnated thunderbirds, had somehow got into George's hands. Two of the Gros Ventre elders, named Drags Wolf and Foolish Bear, came to dicker with him in this room for the return of their bundles. George loved to dicker, and dicker he did, eventually giving them their bundles in return for a buffalo medicine horn. They gave him the name Slim-Shin then, the three of them smoked a peace pipe the visitors had brought with them, and that night it rained all over North Dakota." —KEVIN WALLACE

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WAR

[*From "The Face of Death," by Captain Jack Evans, as told to Ernest Dudley*]

I dumped my gear in the bathroom at the flat, and that was the last I saw of it. It was not the last I was to hear of it, however; three years later, when I was working behind the enemy lines in North Africa, I was to receive telegram after telegram from the authorities in London, requesting information respecting the whereabouts of my uniform.

•

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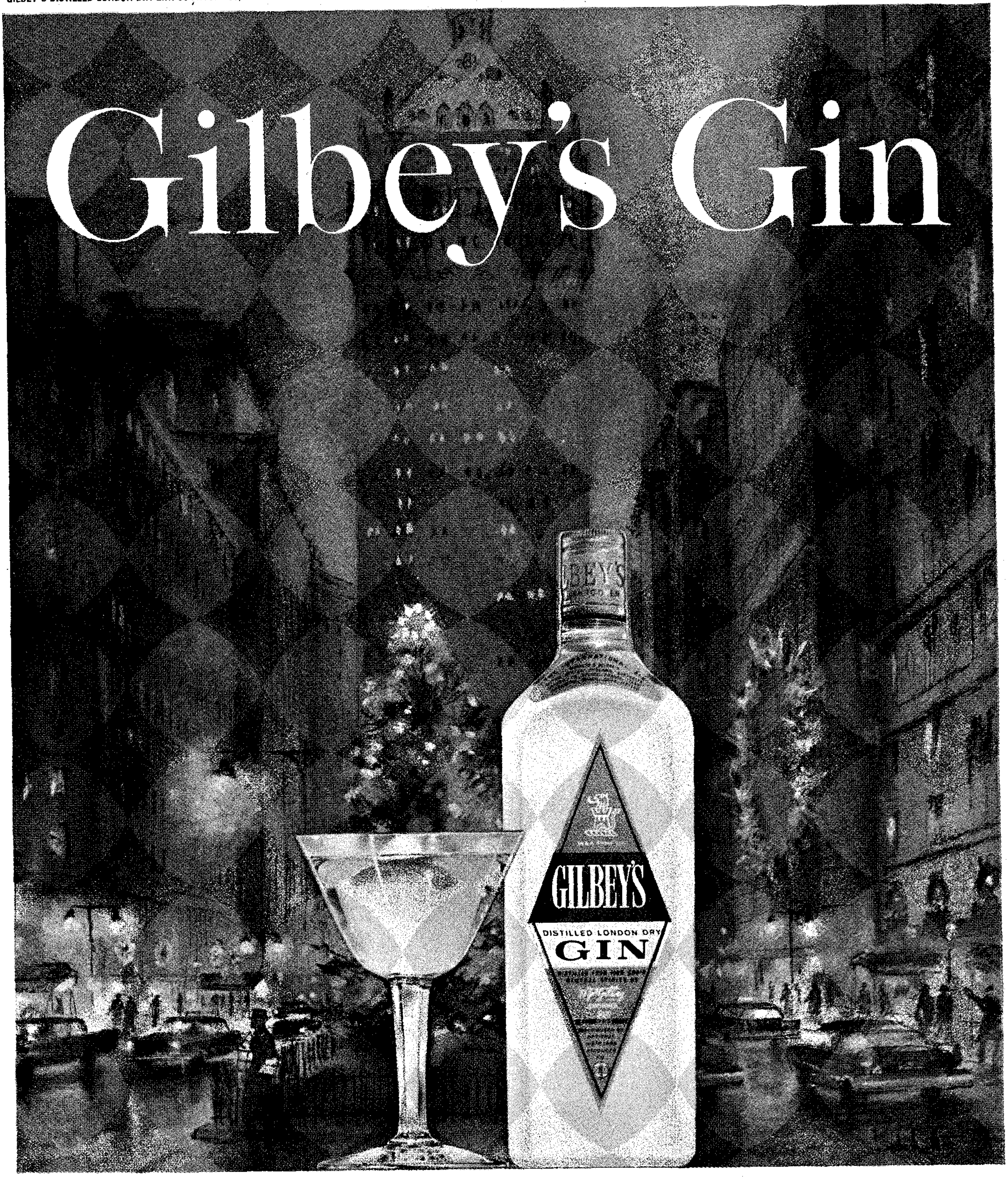

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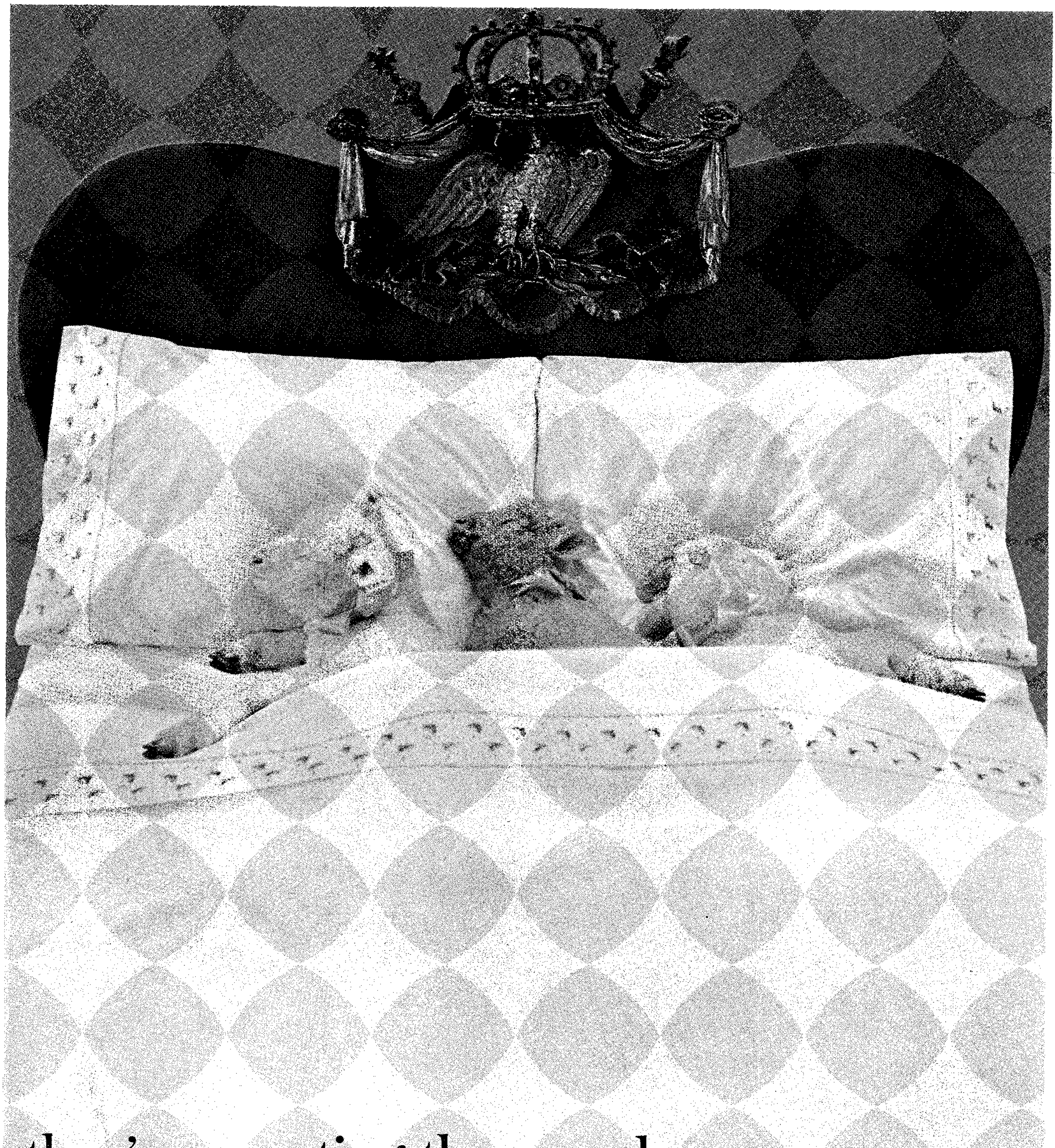

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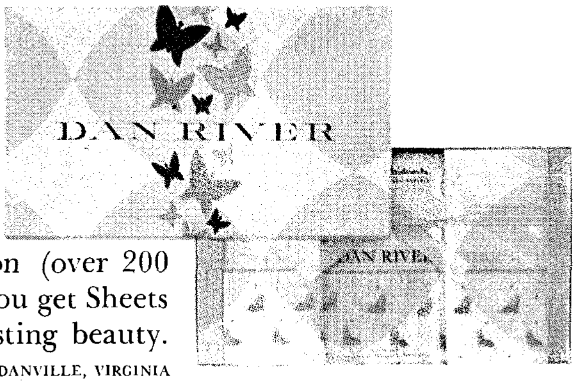

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Foreign Entanglements

ALL opera houses have their ups and downs, but I have seldom found the Metropolitan as far down as it was in the performance of "Carmen" on Monday night of last week. In fact, the production was so poor that I can find hardly anything favorable to say about those who took part in it. To be sure, the Swedish contralto Kerstin Meyer, the evening's Carmen, is rather pretty to look at and has a serviceable voice that might be well suited to other roles, but she hasn't the presence, the acting ability, or the temperament that this one demands. A new Bulgarian tenor, Nikola Nikolov, was simply inadequate as Don José, singing the "Flower Song" out of tune and showing little evidence of the polished style and lyric vocal quality that are requisites for the part. The comparatively new Italian baritone Lorenzo Testi lacked the low notes necessary for a good Escamillo, and his French enunciation was atrocious, even by the modest standards of accuracy that obtain at the Metropolitan today. Jean Morel conducted what was, on the whole, a limp and sleepy reading of the score. A dependable American singer, Lucine Amara, provided the evening's only bright spot, as Micaela.

This sort of thing is, fortunately, not typical of the Metropolitan, and it must be admitted that it is not easy to find a great Carmen nowadays. Nevertheless, the performance made me wonder again, as I did in these columns last spring, about Mr. Rudolf Bing's methods of choosing new artists—methods that seem to lean heavily on his summer visits to the opera houses of Central Europe, where he tends to turn up not only singers but stage directors and scenic designers. Some of these artists have proved to be very good, but many more have proved to be mediocrities by Metropolitan standards. I think that Mr. Bing should turn his attention to a broader area. Except in productions of Mozart, Wagner, and Strauss, the opera houses of Mitteleuropa have never, during my lifetime, met the vocal requirements we are accustomed to make

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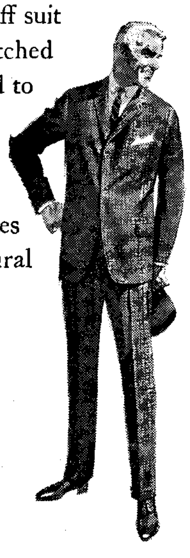

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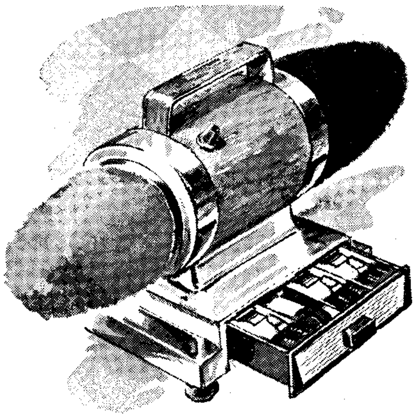
of the artists at our leading opera house. The Metropolitan has long had its own traditions, and its impresarios have generally prided themselves on picking and developing their own personnel, often without regard to what Europeans think, and often with happy results. Moreover, we now live in an age of fine American opera singing, in which Americans (to say nothing of such superb Canadians and Australians as Jon Vickers and Joan Sutherland) are outshining even the finest European artists in adaptability, fluency in languages, and acting intelligence as well as vocal artistry. The Metropolitan has a long history of really great American artists, and a good many of them—one thinks immediately of Rosa Ponselle, Lawrence Tibbett, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren, to name just four—have been signed up without the prior European experience that Mr. Bing seems to value so highly. Though I would be the last to propose the exclusion of fine European artists on narrow nationalistic grounds, I feel that Mr. Bing has a strong responsibility toward the native product, and not only toward the American singer but also toward the American conductor, the American scenic designer, and the American stage director—a responsiblity to use them not as occasional features of his annual season but as a continuous basic ingredient of his productions. By all means let us have the best of the Europeans, but European mediocrities are another matter, and we have lately been having more than our share of them.

AT Friday afternoon's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall, the American composer Aaron Copland took over the baton by way of celebrating his sixtieth birthday, and provided a matinée of ceremonial interest, though it can scarcely be described as a wildly exciting one. As a conductor, Mr. Copland has the virtues of unpretentiousness and simplicity, and his opening reading of the overture to Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide" was well balanced and clear. I cannot say as much for the other standard item on the program—Dvořák's Violin Concerto, in which John Corigliano, the concertmaster of the Philharmonic, appeared as soloist. It is, to begin with, not a very eloquent work, and it demands the utmost in virtuosity if it is to sound like anything. Mr. Corigliano is an excellent concertmaster, but he has neither the power of tone nor the brilliance of technique to make this particular composition come alive. Besides,



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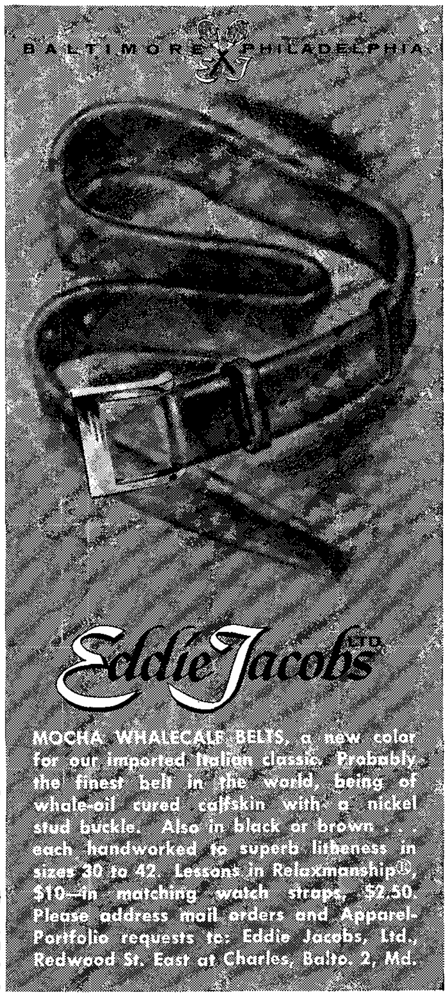

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Mr. Copland's orchestral accompaniment was beset by the inexpertness of a man who has not spent his life at this sort of thing, and it was about all he could do to keep soloist and orchestra in the same place at the same time. He did a great deal better with two of his own compositions—the "Symphonic Ode" and "El Salón México"—both of which got rousing, not to say slightly shrill, readings. I have never been an unrestrained admirer of Mr. Copland's work as a composer, though anyone must admit that he has a well-defined style of his own and is very experienced at manipulating it. What I have always missed in it is a talent for meaningful melodic invention. I did not particularly like the "Symphonic Ode"—but then I have never liked it. I liked "El Salón México" better, perhaps because the melodies in it are not Mr. Copland's own but are borrowed from Mexican folk music.

I CAN add one bright note to what has thus far been a rather gloomy accounting. This concerns the opening performance of the New York City Ballet, on Tuesday evening. There was nothing unfamiliar on the program, but the troupe was in scintillating form and the evening contained several things that were a joy to watch. Among them was the wonderful assurance of Violette Verdy, who danced the female part in the Tchaikovsky-Balanchine "Pas de Deux," providing a superb exhibition of lightness, charm, and breathtaking skill. Among them, also, was the entire production of Birgit Cullberg's "Medea," which strikes me as one of the most stunning of contemporary tragic ballets. I have recently become a little weary of dance dramas based on the agonies of Greek mythology, but only because the agonies usually outweigh the dancing. Miss Cullberg's Greeks avoid this pitfall. Their emotions are expressed in movement that is at once dramatic, athletically exciting, and pleasing to the eye, and both the stage picture (with costumes by Lewis Brown) and the accompanying score (consisting of some of Béla Bartók's earlier and more evocative music) contribute to a continuously absorbing spectacle. A great deal of the spectacle's effectiveness arises from the tour de force that Melissa Hayden makes of the principal role. She was certainly an incarnation of fiery grace the other night, and Arthur Mitchell, as Jason, and the delectable Jillana, as the *femme fatale* Creusa, were not far behind her.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Yukon 6

BACK in 1935, young John O'Hara, possessing the most accurate eye and ear of his generation and determined never to sully a page of manuscript with simile or metaphor, wrote a brilliant short novel called "Butterfield 8." Proof of its brilliance is that it reads every bit as well today as it did then (and sells, in paperback, by the half million). Though the place and time of the novel—New York City in the depression-and-prohibition year of 1931—must seem nearly as remote to young readers as Dickens' London, not a word of the novel reads false to them, and I've no doubt their grandchildren will be racing through it with pleasure in the year 2000. That being the case, I needn't get too exercised over a picture that has come to town bearing the famous title of the book. It's a wretched thing, but I doubt whether it casts much of a pall on the work of art from which it has been wrenched. In fact, since I deplore negative criticism as much as Hollywood does, I'm prepared to look on the bright side and suggest a way for you to render the picture endurable—pretend that it has nothing to do with Mr. O'Hara's novel; just call it "Yukon 6" in your mind and judge it on its own sumptuously sordid terms.

Charles Schnee and John Michael Hayes, the writers of the screenplay, have laid the picture in the indefinite present and have beaten the intricate plot down into a simple, old-fashioned triangle, which encloses a chaste, long-suffering wife; a young bounder of a husband, born poor and humble and now the hard-drinking prisoner of his wife's wealth and social position; and a "bad" girl, with whom the bounder falls desperately in love. After the girl's death, in an automobile accident, the Messrs. Schnee and Hayes contrive to cut the ground out from under their screenplay by having the hero-bounder proclaim as her epitaph his conviction that every fibre of her being was striving for respectability. As if respectability were all that Gloria Wandrous was after! Elizabeth Taylor plays Gloria, and is very beautiful; Dina Merrill plays the wife, and is also very beautiful (but, like all rich, chaste wives in movies, is given nothing interesting to say); and Laurence Harvey plays the bounder, and is radically miscast. Mr. O'Hara's Weston Liggett was a notably masculine forty-two-year-old Yale man and industrialist; Mr. Harvey's Liggett is a slender young toff from Christ Church, with a formidable English accent and a look of megrim about the eyes. It is only too plain that he has never heard of New Haven and would think that Tap Day had something to do with drawing a bath.

"WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS" is a nonsensical picture, written and directed by Jules Dassin, who seems to be moving at a very rapid rate of speed away from the Jules Dassin of "Rififi." It stars Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand, Marcello Mastroianni, Melina Mercouri, and Pierre Brasseur, and was filmed in Sicily, in a marvellous, sun-soaked, stony village. It is always extremely pleasant to look at, and so is Miss Lollobrigida, who plays a sexy peasant girl in what appears to be a burlap shift and carries off the now obligatory splashing-about-in-water and thrashing-about-in-bed scenes with a refreshing lack of conviction. One cannot say she is wasted in her role, but the winning Mr. Montand is shockingly wasted in his. Mr. Dassin took his screenplay from a recent novel by Roger Vailland called "The Law." I remember hearing good things of the novel, so a lot has evidently been lost in translating it from one medium to another. Mr. Dassin seems uncertain whether to emphasize the comic, the tragic, or the merely melodramatic in his overabundant material, with the result that we get ill-balanced portions of all three, and with the still worse result that the picture never achieves a continuing forward movement; like the old Sicilian bus of which we catch occasional glimpses, it keeps starting and stopping and grindingly changing gears.

INGMAR BERGMAN has reached the point, perhaps as awkward for him as for all the rest of us, where, before beginning to criticize one of his pictures, we hear ourselves cravenly praising other works in the Bergman canon. Nobody can accuse me of being less craven than the next man, so let me say at once that I immensely admire "Wild Strawberries," "The Magician," and "The Seventh Seal," and *then* let me say that I find "The Virgin Spring" disappoint-

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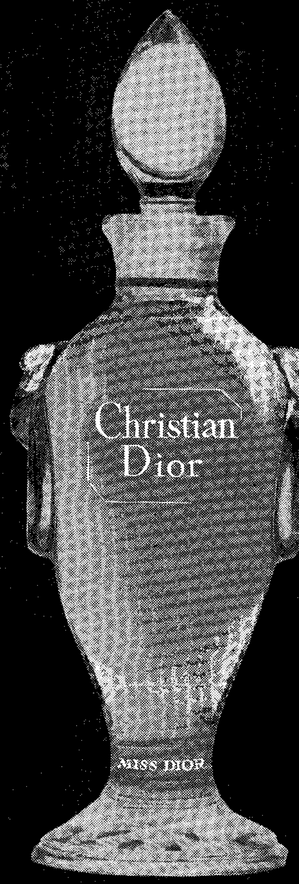

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ing. It is in Mr. Bergman's medieval and mystical vein and is based on a folk song, and I confess that there are few things on earth toward which I am by nature less sympathetic than mysticism, the late Middle Ages in Scandinavia, and folk songs. Despite these prejudices, Mr. Bergman reached me in "The Seventh Seal;" in "The Virgin Spring," I never got past feeling that a beautifully photographed pageant was being stalked through by twentieth-century actors trying very hard not to think twentieth-century thoughts.

The story of "The Virgin Spring" is, Odin knows, simplicity itself: a pretty young girl sets forth to carry holy candles to a church; in a wood along the way, she falls into conversation with some herdsmen, who, inspired by a gust of supernatural malignity, rape and murder her. Unwittingly, they then repair to her parents' house to spend the night. The girl's mother finds them out, and her father bloodily (I warn you, *very* bloodily) kills them. The household sadly journeys to the wood to find the girl's body, from under which, as they lift it up for burial, a spring of pure water suddenly gushes. You will see how grossly out of tune with Mr. Bergman's genius I am on this occasion when I tell you that I thought the young virgin behaved like a perfect idiot, that I suspected Mr. Bergman of showing undue relish in depicting the rape, and that since the herdsmen were obliged to commit their crimes entirely as the result of supernatural mumbo-jumbo, my heart went out to them.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—World populations are growing so fast, a biologist said today, that at the present rate people would cover the Earth's land area in another 700 years.

They would be "standing shoulder to shoulder and without room to sit down," said Prof. James Bonner of the California Institute of Technology.

Conceding such a situation would be impossible, he nevertheless said it shows the need for population control especially in countries where hunger and poetry already stalk.—*Daytona Beach (Fla.) Evening News.*

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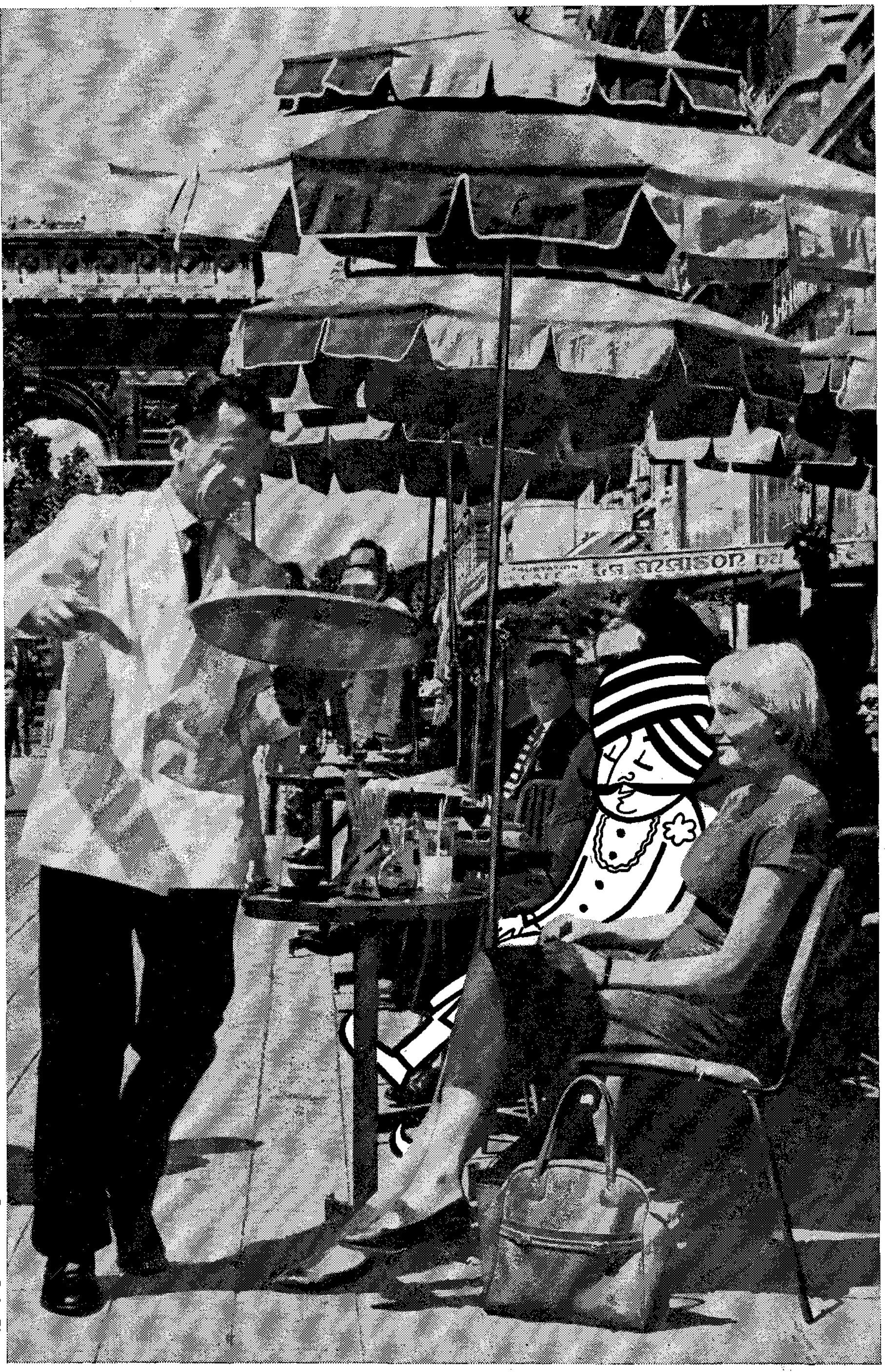
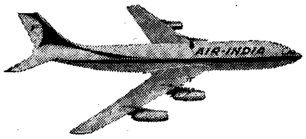
FOOTBALL

Make Way for the Conqueror

TINY Tufts, which hadn't lost a game this fall, finally managed to come sufficiently unglued against Lafayette to enable it to lose by 22–7, and great big Minnesota, which hadn't been beaten either, finally lost, 23–14, to a not especially successful Purdue team, but Yale, never once singed this season, kept on its merry way last Saturday (Yale 43, Princeton 22)—a way on which, if the amplitude and the aptitude of the Yale freshman squad can be considered to mean anything at all, it may continue forever. Life has been made easy for Yale these past few weeks because of the odd relationship of its opponents to the conqueror. Each of these teams has gone up against Yale with the intention of making a full and honest confession of its faults right at the start, and this has allowed Yale—in the role of analyst—to go to work at once on its subject instead of having to waste half the afternoon trying to find out what is wrong with it. Princeton was as honest as the rest. Its confessions came in this order: linsey-woolsey thinking, which nearly gave Yale the ball on Princeton's three-yard line on the first play of the match; an inclination to fumble, which helped Yale to its first two touchdowns; a disinclination to tail Yale receivers, which allowed Wolfe to wander lonely as a cloud through the entire Princeton team and gather in Singleton's enormous pass for Yale's fourth touchdown. One of the fumbles, it is true, was technical; Yale's Carpenter bore down on Princeton's Scott, who was running back a punt, and tackled the ball, not the man, so neatly that Scott galloped on empty-handed for some distance before he realized that he had been robbed. And so it went. Princeton's running attack (mostly Scott and Sullivan), which has been in a state of euphoria this year, was never better, as long as its men weren't fumbling the ball away. But Yale's running attack, which has only gradually worked up to the state of perfection attained by the Yale line and the Yale passing attack way back at the beginning of the season, was better than ever. In fact, Yale had only one problem all afternoon. Bursiek, a prominent member of its stern and rock-bound line, was





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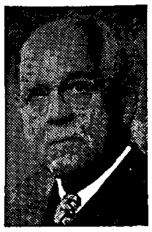

In our border State of Kentucky during Civil War times, Buck Hines sat on the fence as a troop of soldiers rode up. They were Federals but wore Confederate gray.

"Which side are you on?" they asked.

"I'm a red-hot Seesesh," Buck answered.

They arrested Buck and stuck him in jail. After his release some Confederates came by wearing Yankee capes.

They asked Buck how he stood, and he said, "Strong for the Union." They took him along.

Shortly after his second release some men rode up wearing neither blue nor gray. "What are you?" they asked.

Old Buck replied, "Well, I reckun I'm bout as dang nigh nuthin' as you'll find anywhere."

From what I can observe, a new generation of fence-straddlers have cropped up of late in our home State of Bourbon.

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so damaged on the first kickoff that he had to withdraw, but such is the stuff that Yale's line is made of that his departure had no visible effect on its efficiency. A flick of the wrist should give Yale the championship of the Ivy League, Harvard now being the one team that can say it nay.

ARMY, again on the road, went to the western end of Pennsylvania to tie and almost beat Pittsburgh. Blanda, whose field goals have helped Army on several Saturdays (one of them overcame Syracuse week before last), missed on his seventh try of the season (the ball hit the crossbar and bounced back, not over), and the score stayed at 7–7. The latest bulletin on Cornell's relapse (Dartmouth 20, Cornell 0) makes sense, for Cornell has been reduced, by damage of one sort and another, to a backfield that is little more than last season's freshman backfield. The latest bulletin on Pennsylvania's relapse (Columbia 16, Penn 6) makes more difficult reading, for Koval, regarded in Philadelphia as the mainspring of Penn's offense, has been back in service for a fortnight. Penn is now often as experimental in its makeup as Cornell, but apparently to no purpose. Dunsmore played left end against Columbia without any relief, and only three substitute players got into the Penn backfield during the game. Another tie game of note, between two teams that have been thumping away at each other for sixty years, or rather longer than Army and Pittsburgh, was played by Wesleyan and Trinity and ended in the same way—an attempt at a field goal in the final minute of play. Mitchell of Wesleyan made the effort (it would have broken the 22–22 tie), but it wasn't anywhere near as good as Blanda's. The ball just slithered along the ground.

A PLAY that worked far better than anyone could have guessed had no effect on the game—Connecticut against Rhode Island—in which it was involved, for Connecticut was already many touchdowns in the lead. Rhode Island had been stopped on Connecticut's one-yard line, and Kopp, the Connecticut quarterback, feeling cramped for space, called for one buck at the line before trying to punt the ball. "Give me two yards on the play, so I'll have kicking room," he said to White, who was to carry the ball, and White, edging through a hole in the Rhode Island defense, ran ninety-nine yards for another touchdown. —J. W. L.

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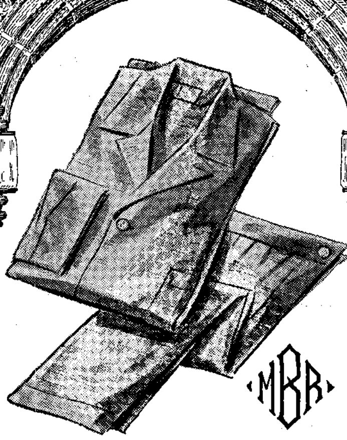

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The idea is very simple. It is to enable you to judge impartially which Scotch is your favorite. The three brands of Scotch are served in identically the same way (with soda, water or on the rocks) in the blue glasses, so that all look alike and you will not know which glass contains which brand.

Be sure one brand of Scotch is Old Smuggler. The other two can be any brands you like. Sip each judiciously. Compare the flavor thoughtfully. Then decide which brand you like best.

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE LADY AT THE OLD BAILEY

"I AM determined to stand by Lady C. and to send her out into the world as far as possible," wrote D. H. Lawrence to his literary agent, L. E. Pollinger, from Switzerland in August, 1928. "I perfectly understand that C. B. and Rich are against her, thinking she will do me harm, and probably disliking her anyhow. But I stand by her: and am perfectly content she should do me harm with such people as take offence at her. I am out against such people. Fly little boat!" This year, the thirtieth anniversary of Lawrence's death, it looked as though "Lady Chatterley's Lover" would be able to sail home legitimately at last. Sir Allen Lane, the head and founder of the paperback Penguin Books, Ltd., which happened to be celebrating its own twenty-fifth anniversary of publishing this year, and his five fellow-directors decided that they would complete their list of Lawrence's work, of which they had already published fourteen volumes, and that, to mark the milestone in a particularly fitting way, they would be able to round off the seven additional titles with the first unexpurgated edition of "Lady Chatterley" to be published in England. They decided that this was now possible because last year's decision by a United States federal court had cleared Lady Chatterley's way to American bookstores and because the new Obscene Publications Act had gone through Parliament and is now British law. The act had finally won an important victory for serious writing by ruling that a work might be pronounced obscene and yet be published if it was shown to be "for the public good" and "in the interests of science, literature, art, learning, or of other objects of general concern." Furthermore, if a publisher was prosecuted under the new act he would be allowed to call expert witnesses to testify to the merit of the work in question, evidence that had not been admissible in previous prosecutions. "Lolita" had finally been published in England without causing any trouble, and customs officers, it was said, were now taking no interest in copies of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" nonchalantly tucked under the arms of travellers returning to England from the United States.

All the signals seemed set fair, in fact, and Penguin went ahead with plans to publish this summer. After a little trouble over finding a printer, two hundred thousand copies—in the familiar orange-and-white Penguin binding, with Lawrence's phoenix design on the front, as it is on the other titles the firm has brought out—were printed for release on August 25th. Some of them had already been distributed to booksellers when, on August 16th, a detective-inspector from Scotland Yard called on Sir Allen Lane at the firm's head office, a modern building near London Airport. After a talk, the officer took a copy of "Lady Chatterley" away with him. Penguin whistled home the copies that had gone out to booksellers, and a few days later was served with a summons to appear at the Central Criminal Court in the case of Penguin Books, Ltd., v. Regina, when it would meet the charge of publishing (its gesture of freely handing over the book constituting technical publication) an obscene book. Enormous interest was taken in the case as being the first big test of the new act of Parliament, and rumors buzzed around London concerning the eminent figures in the literary and academic world who were eager to give evidence when it came up. Sir Allen Lane and his directors briefed Mr. Gerald Gardiner, a well-known Queen's Counsel, to appear for them. Finally, Lady Chatterley's trial was fixed to open on Thursday, October 20th.

THE Central Criminal Court, popularly known to Londoners as the Old Bailey (from the name of the street in which it is tucked away), is on the site of the horrible old Newgate Prison, which once had Daniel Defoe as an inmate, and in 1660 Milton's "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," a pamphlet defending the execution of Charles I, had been thoroughly banned—i.e., burned by the common hangman—only a faggot's throw away from the steps up which I and numbers of other damp citizens, irritably juggling umbrellas and papers, hurried on the first gray and soggy morning of the Chatterley hearing. Inside, the Central Criminal Court is a place of echoing halls and staircases, with enormous statues of English kings and queens

"She's lost me."

looming in the shadows, and in the domed central lobby upstairs, murals depict various muscular or genteelly feminine allegorical figures, representing the arts and virtues, entwined in calm groups to soothe the restless gaze of any parties waiting nervously or in boredom outside the courtrooms. On the opening day of each new session, the judges carry bouquets into court with them, and sprigs of sweet-scented herbs are strewn on the floor of the building—a now traditional ceremony to mark what used to be a practical, if possibly ineffective, effort to make bearable the stench of the Newgate cells. The Old Bailey today is hygienic but as gray as an airport terminal or a railway station. Voices occasionally boom messages over the public-address system, and people sit endlessly on benches clutching documents and handbags with the distrait air of being in transit between destinations and having left their ordinary lives, like surplus baggage, with one of the policemen at the door. No. 1 Court, where Penguin Books was to be tried, is the court where many big murder trials have been held—an unexpectedly small chamber, full of light woodwork, at one end of which the judge sits in a high-backed chair with a sword in a velvet scabbard hanging on the wall behind him. The general public sits in a gallery that looks like a shallow cupboard and is so close to the ceiling that, glancing up from below, one feels that at any moment the people perched on its shelves may come toppling down on the learned counsels' wigs.

I had a ticket for a seat on the floor of the court, which, in the six days I attended the trial, I became convinced was constructed on some acoustical principle that mops up uttered sound like a thirsty sponge. A microphone was placed in the witness box, but if anybody concerned in the proceedings lowered his voice the least bit, what he was saying disappeared into the woodwork, and the whole place sighed and creaked and groaned disconcertingly at every footfall. The barristers, in their wigs and gowns, sat on the right-hand side of the courtroom, and Sir Allen Lane, a compactly built gray-haired man with a quietly pugnacious expression, sat at a table in the center with another Penguin director, Mr. Hans Schmoller, and his solicitors. There was no one in the dock, since the Director of Public Prosecutions had named Penguin Books as defendant in a general lump, without isolating Sir Allen or any of his fellow-directors.

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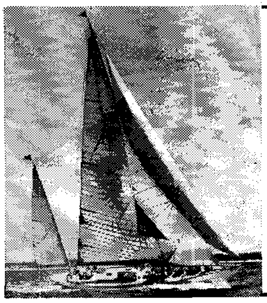

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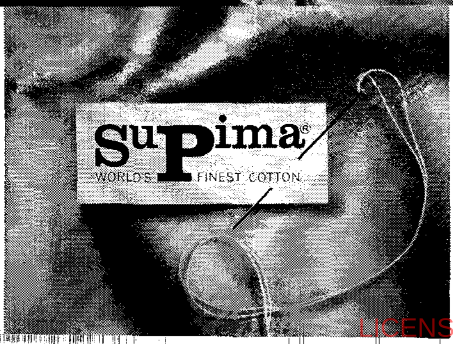

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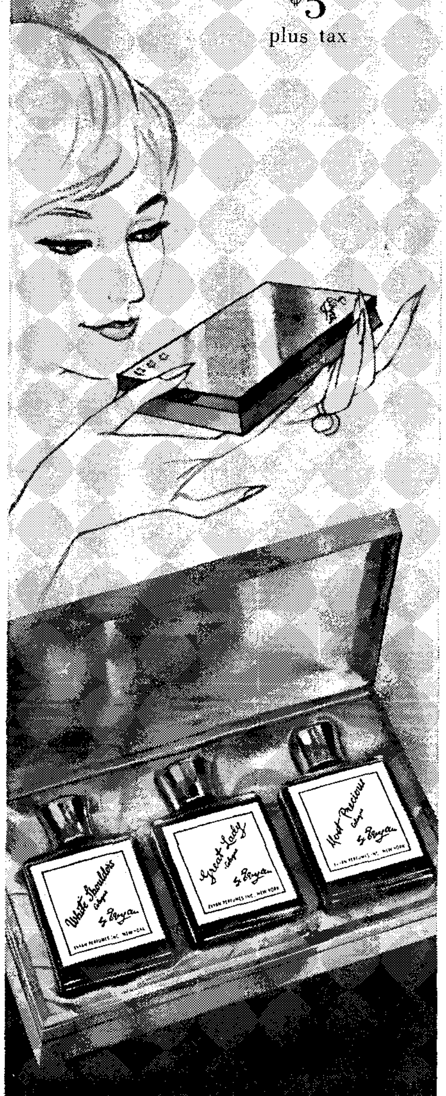

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ning of every morning and afternoon session throughout), we were invited to be upstanding by an usher with a fine, upstanding voice that needed no microphone, who then bellowed an injunction to anyone having business with the court to draw near and called upon God to save the Queen. Upon which, punctual as archaic figures popping out of a medieval town-hall clock, there appeared through a door on the judge's dais a resplendent sheriff of the City of London, his breast supporting a cascade of lace and a shine of medals, his hands in white gloves, and a cocked hat under his arm, with an alderman in a handsome dark-blue furred gown at his side. They stood back, and in strode Mr. Justice Byrne, a lean figure in a close gray wig that oddly simulated a bristling crew cut, and whose scarlet robe, broadly banded with ermine on the sleeves, was girded around him by a wide black sash. He bowed three times to the assembly, who bowed back to him, and then he and the court sat down. After the sheriff and the alderman had disappeared back into their clock, the jury was sworn in—nine men and three women, mostly young-middle-aged to middle-aged people, pleasant-looking and a bit self-conscious as they arranged themselves in the jury box under the scrutiny of so many eyes trying to sort out readers from non-readers, possible liberal minds from those of a more rigid cast. As far as "Lady Chatterley" went, anyway, they were all assumed to be starting as non-readers. The usher went along the jury box doling out orange-and-white Penguins all around, and the jurors were later told by the judge to read the book before the court reassembled the following week.

The first day was taken up with the opening speeches by the counsels for the prosecution and the defense, and here we were given the two opposing themes of the case, which were to recur day after day and turn up again and again in the testimony of the expert witnesses. Mr. Mervyn Griffith-Jones, a Senior Treasury Counsel, opened for the Crown. He had the sort of neat, well-boned good looks—full-chinned and brought into period by his wig—that you often see in English eighteenth-century family portraits of country squires and their spaniels regarding each other with mutual satisfaction, and his full, slow voice was better than anybody else's at defeating the creaking woodwork. He began by reminding the jury of how the new Obscene Publications Act worked, and then passed on to outlining the book that was to be their

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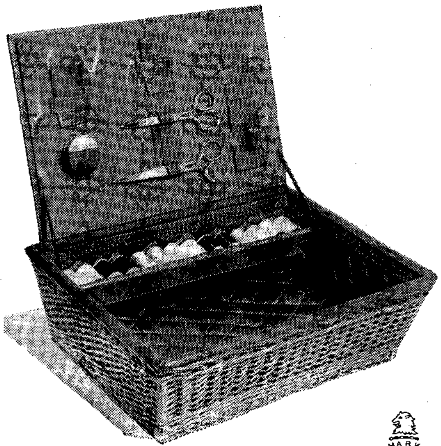

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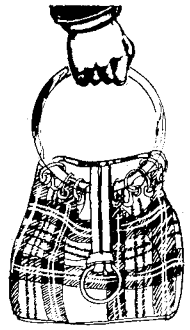

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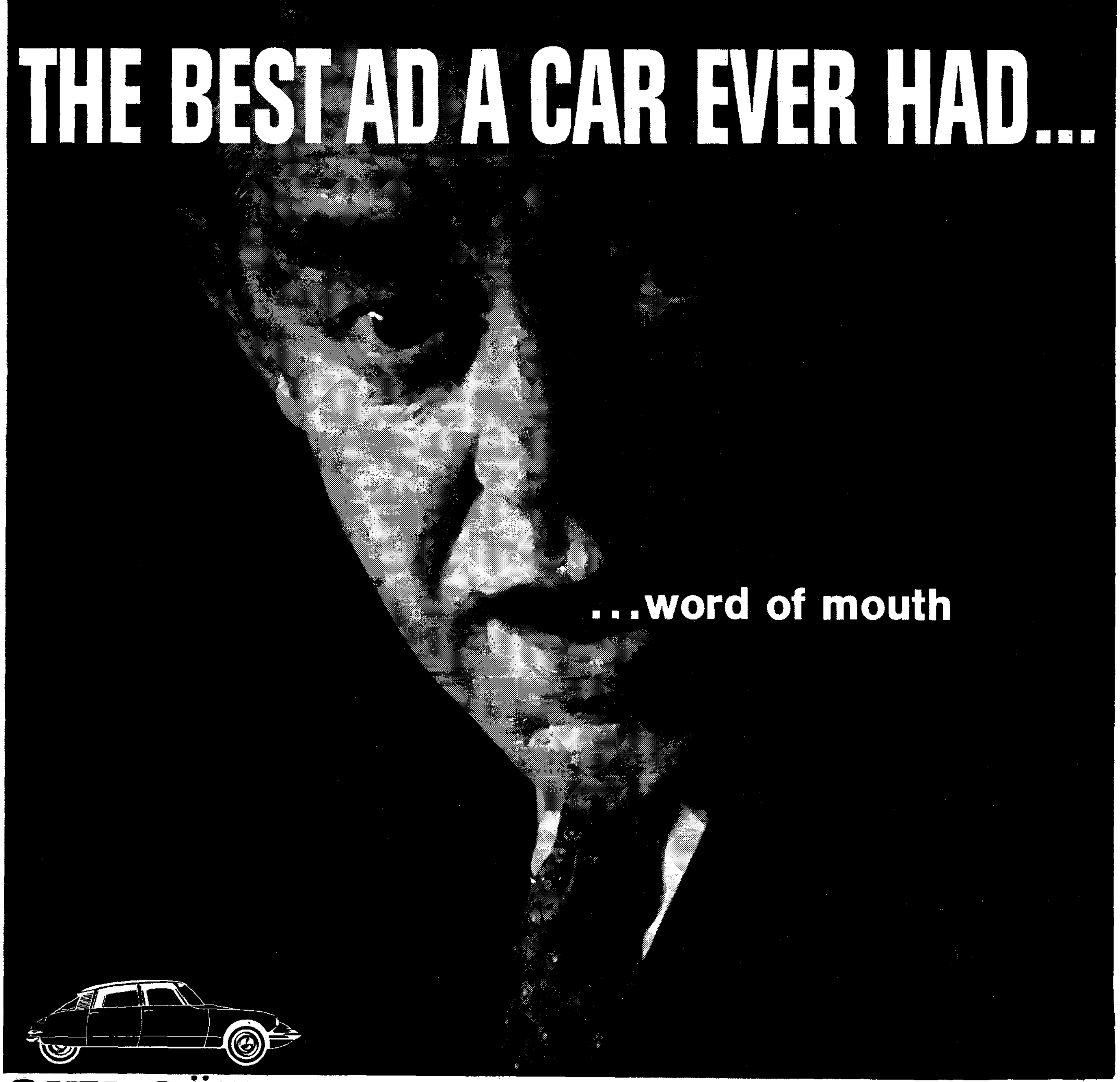

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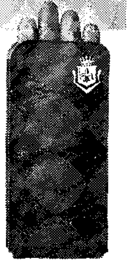

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weekend reading. D. H. Lawrence was a well-known and a great writer, as they would be told, but "Lady Chatterley's Lover" set promiscuity on a pedestal. The plot, Mr. Griffith-Jones said, was little more than padding between what he called the "bouts" of sexual intercourse—thirteen bouts in all, he advised them, and added that the hero and heroine hardly existed except as bodies. Now he came to Lawrence's deliberate experiment with the use of Anglo-Saxon four-letter words. Mr. Griffith-Jones had been counting them up, too, and his arithmetic rang through the court as baldly as a grocery list—this one thirty times, that one thirteen times, this and that six times each. If the jury registered any shock then, by the end of the case it was clearly regarding the items as neutrally as though they were indeed salt, pepper, or mustard. What the jurors must ask themselves, Mr. Griffith-Jones said solemnly, was whether they would wish their wives or their servants to read such a book. Now the eighteenth-century portrait stretched to include not only a spaniel but a wife and a row of blooming, mobcapped maidservants, all literate but needing to be sheltered, and in slight bemusement we stared at Mr. Griffith-Jones, who could thus make the centuries roll back from the Old Bailey and leave us with Sir Clifford Chatterley at unchanging Wragby, dressing to go down to dinner. The prosecution appeared to ally itself a good deal with the Chatterley-Wragby line, I felt as the case went on. "Is this," Mr. Griffith-Jones demanded scornfully one day after reading out a passage of dialogue, "a realistic conversation between a baronet's wife and her gamekeeper?" In spite of the new England, the Wragby standards are still there, we were made to feel, and it sometimes seemed that our indignation was being solicited over the class imbalance almost as much as over the frank delineation of physical love between the lady and her servant.

Mr. Gerald Gardiner, the leading counsel for the defense, was a big, cheerful-looking man on whom the silk of a Queen's Counsel hung lightly, almost casually, and his voice as he addressed the jury occasionally took on an agreeable conversational pitch. First, he spoke of the high repute of Penguin Books and of the history of the firm, going back to its start by a young man called Allen Lane, who thought that a workingman ought to be able to buy a good book for the price of ten cigarettes (which in those happy days was sixpence), and ending with its present posi-

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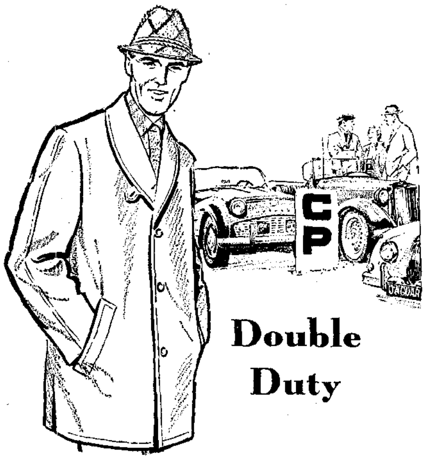

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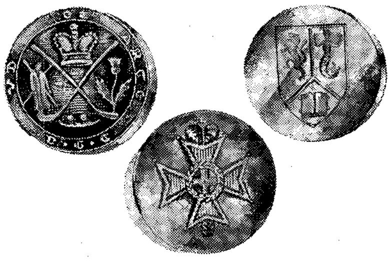

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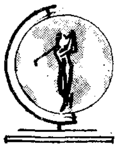

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tion of having published two hundred and fifty million books, including the complete Penguin Shakespeare, the Penguin Poets, and the Penguin Classics. Obviously, Mr. Gardiner pointed out, the firm could have published the expurgated version of "Lady Chatterley" at any time, but its policy was to print authors whole and unmutilated or not at all. How was it, then, that such a firm was anxious to publish a book that contained all the things on which Mr. Griffith-Jones had been busy with his sums of addition? There were some who felt that D. H. Lawrence was the greatest English writer since Thomas Hardy, and there was no doubt at all that he was among the five or six greatest; moreover, far from putting promiscuity on a pedestal, his whole private and writing life had been strongly in favor of marriage. Mr. Gardiner warned the jurymen and women that they might be shocked by some of the things in the book, but what they must ask themselves was one of the test questions by which the new Parliamentary act was intended to serve the serious writer and reader: Was it likely to corrupt or deprave the weak?

Finally, Mr. Justice Byrne gazed kindly over his spectacles at the jurors and told them not to take the Penguin copies home but to come back the next day, Friday, and start reading all together in the jurors' room. They were to continue the reading party on Monday, and, if necessary for slow readers, on Tuesday and Wednesday. The case would be resumed, he said, the following Thursday. When I left the Old Bailey and walked along to Ludgate Hill, where the red buses—the only cheerful things in the gray-flannel afternoon—were pounding down the dip from the great, soaring black statement of St. Paul's to the traffic lights of Ludgate Circus, the newspaper posters were out on the corners, saying "LADY C. IN THE DOCK TODAY." As much as "Mr. K.," she was now treated as a person of flesh and blood whom Londoners would recognize by a diminutive.

ONE of the jurors, a quick study, had finished his reading on Friday evening, the papers informed us, and all the rest had polished the book off by Monday, so they had a rest before the case started again. On Thursday morning, they filed into the jury box looking fresh and cheerful. As it turned out, the concentrated course in the art of D. H. Lawrence that they were about to be put through was quite

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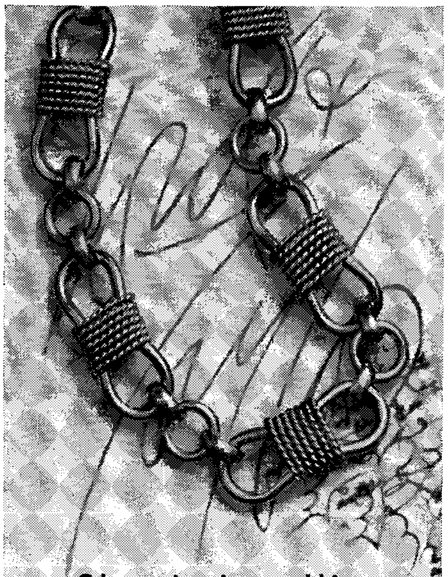
a gruelling one, and I was not surprised when, after three days of listening to the evidence of eminent witnesses, they looked considerably less fresh and passed on, through Mr. Gardiner, a request to the judge that he tell them, if he could, when there might be hope of an end to the torrent of eloquence. For three days, dons, writers, churchmen, schoolteachers, publishers, critics, and editors—many of them famous and all vocal—came before us to testify strongly to Lawrence's moral purposes in writing "Lady Chatterley." By the end of the case, every juror should have been qualified to write an honors thesis on it, so trampled and scarred with verbal skirmishes was the ground between Wragby and the gamekeeper's hut, so doggedly had Mr. Griffith-Jones marched from bout to bout, crushing the innocent flowers and scattering his Anglo-Saxon grocery list.

The prosecution's method was to select some statement out of the remarks on the book that Mr. Gardiner invited his witnesses to make when they came into the box, and then to take it apart with sarcasm and righteous wrath. "Sex," a witness would say, "was treated by Lawrence as a holy basis for a good life." Up would rise Mr. Griffith-Jones. "A holy basis? A *holy* [incredulous stress] basis? Did I hear you aright?" He did. "I see. Well, just let us turn to page so-and-so and pursue this [pause] holy basis a little further." Practically every description of lovemaking in the book must have been read out by Mr. Griffith-Jones, with awful emphasis and the air of imparting some reprehensible rite that would be news to all his listeners, and it was interesting how well the writing stood up to the treatment. "But it sounds better in Derbyshire" was the fond comment of Professor Vivian de Sola Pinto, of the University of Nottingham, which has a particularly proud interest in Lawrence, after he had listened from the witness box to Mr. Griffith-Jones' rendering—gallant, I must say—of a love scene where Mellors takes to the local dialect.

Some of the witnesses were skirted very warily by the prosecution, however. Miss Helen Gardner, the Reader of Renaissance English Literature at the University of Oxford—a lady as brown and as trim as a wren—hopped into the witness box as though onto a twig and cocked a bright and formidable eye at Mr. Griffith-Jones, who treated her with caution. Lawrence's experiment with the four-letter words was



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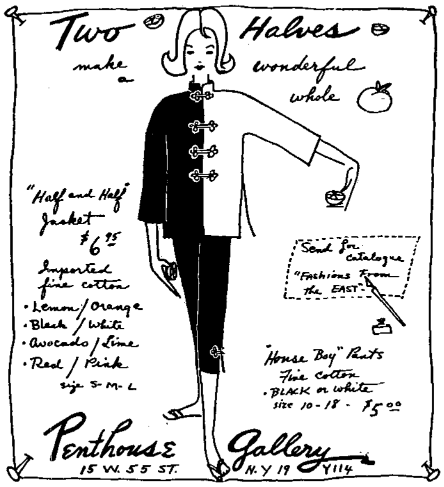

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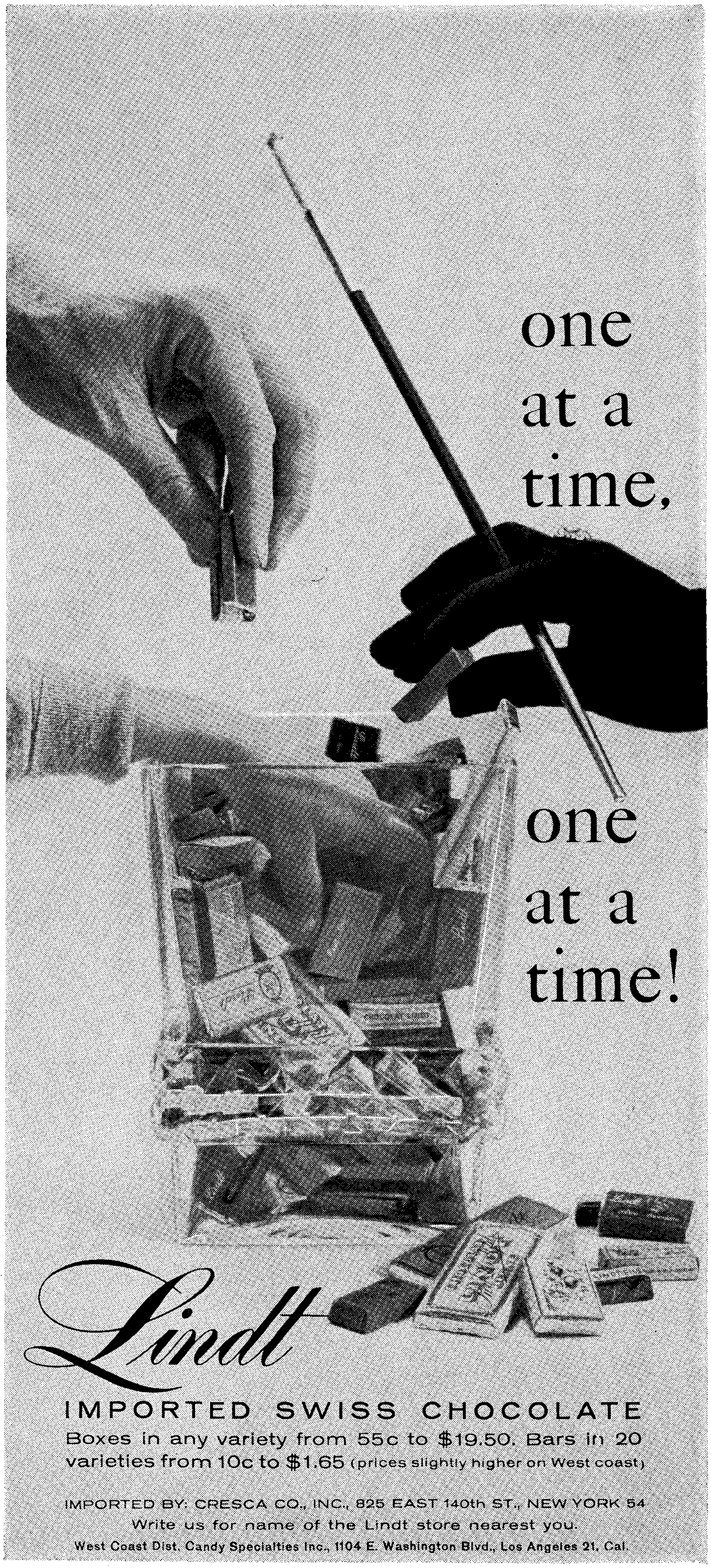
justified, she said, because, used in the proper sense, they were not shameful, since the act they described was not shameful. Would she object to lecturing on "Lady Chatterley" to a mixed class? "Oh, no," said Miss Gardner, in a voice of mild wonder, as though to inquire whether she had made the journey from Oxford and kicked her heels in the corridors of the Old Bailey to be asked such strange questions as this. Dame Rebecca West, speaking in singing tones, like a prophetess intoning from the walls of Troy on behalf of a fellow-prophet, said that "Lady Chatterley" was an allegory—beautiful but full of sentences that any child could make a fool of. The trouble was, she said, that Lawrence had had absolutely no sense of humor, but he had foreseen that the only partly lived life was taking men in the direction of evil, and, in fact, it had resulted in Hitler and the war. Mr. Griffith-Jones had no questions.

On the second day, Mr. E. M. Forster was called. There was a stir of excitement along the courtroom benches but noticeably none among the jurors, to whom Wragby was now presumably familiar but who clearly knew not Howards End. Mr. Forster, buttoned up to the neck in a long, loose raincoat, entered the box and gave a deep, punctiliously courteous bow to the judge. "Your Lordship," said counsel for the defense, "would you give permission for a chair to be placed for Mr. Forster?" "Thank you no, I prefer to stand," said Mr. Forster. Had he known D. H. Lawrence? Yes, he had seen a good deal of him in 1915, and they had kept in touch. Mr. Forster put Lawrence "enormously high" in the "great puritan stream" of English writers—somewhere, it seemed to him, between Bunyan, on the one hand, and Blake, on the other. "He and Bunyan both were preachers, and both believed passionately in what they preached." Mr. Forster waited expectantly to be cross-examined, but nothing happened, so, bowing again, he left the box and headed back to Cambridge.

The witness who most people felt was the most impressive of the lot—Mr. Richard Hoggart, a dark, serious young man who is Senior Lecturer in English at Leicester University—also used the word "puritanical" to describe the intention behind the writing of "Lady Chatterley," but a young red-brick-university intellectual cannot be allowed to get away with as much as an honored sage from Cambridge. Mr. Griffith-Jones hammered at Mr. Hoggart for over an hour with what seemed a



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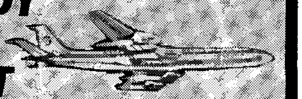

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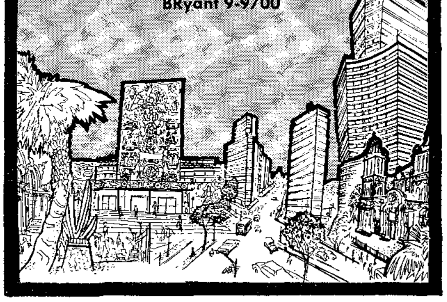

strange and special ferocity. Though the slightest murmur among the public spectators at the Old Bailey is always greeted with a roar of "Silence!" from the usher, when this witness left the box—still calm, collected, and with intelligent arguments in hand—the sense of applause in court was deafening.

BY the end of the fourth day, it seemed to me that Lawrence's little boat was well and truly (and maybe over-) loaded with intense convictions, which did not always match. Whether the jury was going to give her her sailing papers or order her to be kept in quarantine was hopefully argued that day and every day when we went out for the lunch hour—to the pub across the street or down into the Old Bailey basement cafeteria, where the friends and relatives of people having justice meted out above can refresh themselves with ham rolls or slabs of something encouragingly called gala pie. The lunch-hour discussions seemed to agree that the aspect of Mr. Justice Byrne as he listened to the case was not such as might cause Penguin's friends to feel hopeful. From the heights where he sat taking notes and turning his fine, thin face attentively upon each witness, he dropped occasional quiet questions like pebbles—small but with an edge. "If you cut the adultery out, would there be anything left?" was one pebble, and when the witness replied that there would still be a tragedy involving (I think he said) the loneliness of a warm and passionate woman, the judge let fall a dry "Mm—yes" that seemed to go on echoing in a positive well of incredulity. To another witness—Mrs. Joan Bennett, a Fellow of Girton and the distinguished author of books on George Eliot and Virginia Woolf—the judge was unexpectedly sharp when she talked of Lawrence's holding that "marriage not in the legal sense" was of "almost sacred importance." Mr. Griffith-Jones succeeded in entangling the witness in a slight confusion over the meaning of the word "marriage." "Wedlock, lawful wedlock, Madam! You can understand that, can you not?" Mr. Justice Byrne asked crisply. Wedlock is wedlock, adultery is adultery, bread is bread, and let us not depart from these facts of life and slide off into any clever definitions that the sword of the Central Criminal Court cannot slice up into honest crumb and crust—for a second, the judge's remote courtesy seemed to part and show this flash of irritation. But on the whole we could only guess his mind from the oc-

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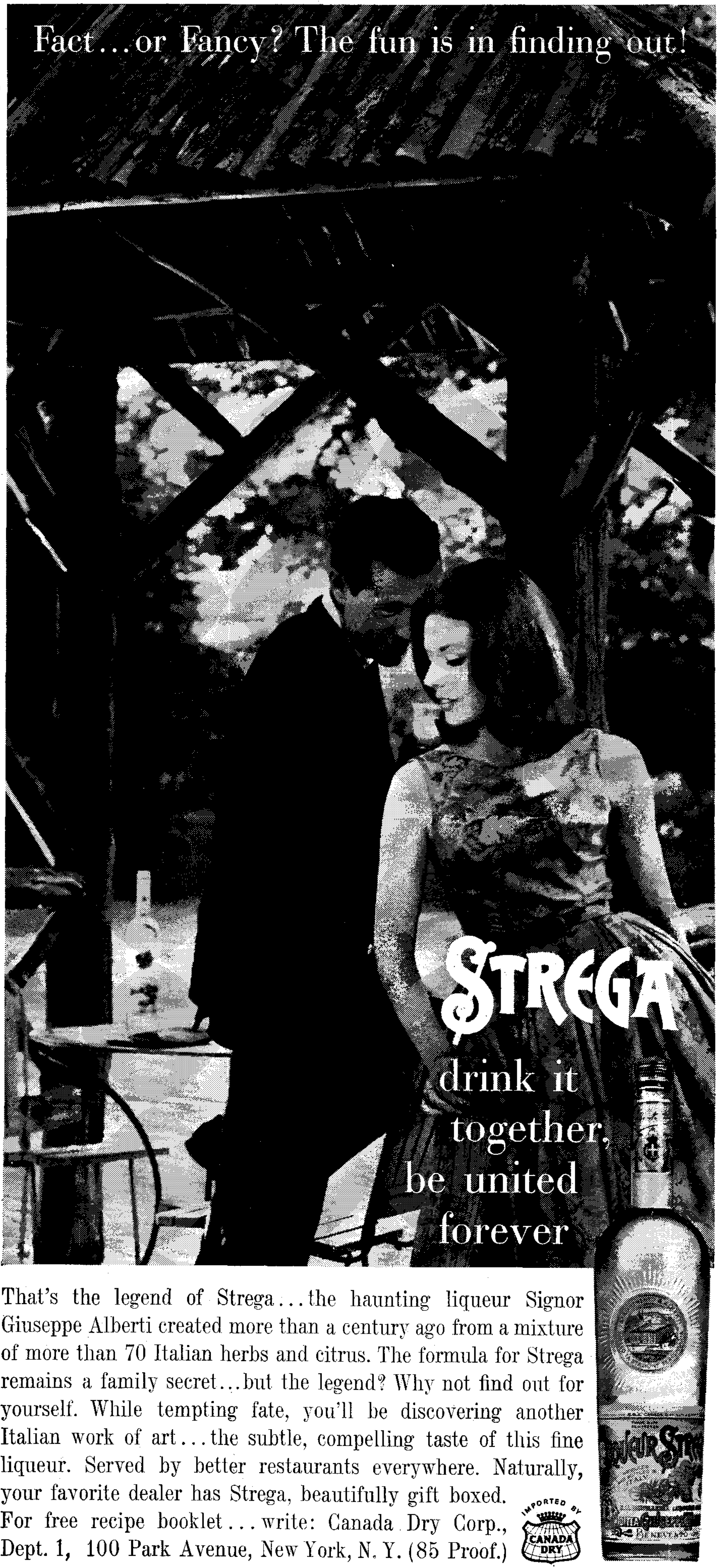
casional tinkling pebble, the raised eyebrows, the pencil twirling between his fingers.

The stream of witnesses had now been swelled by the Master of the Temple; the Provost of King's College, Cambridge; the editor of the *Yorkshire Post;* and the editor of the Manchester *Guardian.* Suddenly a purple vest and a swinging cross gleamed before us in the witness box, and lo! a bishop—Dr. John Arthur Thomas Robinson, Bishop of Woolwich, who gave his view that Lawrence was trying to portray sex relations as something essentially sacred, in the real sense of an act "almost of holy communion." Mr. Justice Byrne gazed at the Bishop and twirled his pencil. This is a novel and not a tract, another Church of England clergyman stated in the box. This is a moral tract as well as a novel, Professor Pinto told us. Lawrence was a pagan, we were more than once reminded, but every Catholic priest and moralist, a Catholic witness observed, would benefit from reading "Lady Chatterley." The jury listened with commendably bright expressions, but one or two occasionally stole a catnap. Finally, Mr. Gardiner rose to tell the judge that although he had thirty-six additional witnesses in reserve, he would now call his final one for the defense, and a sigh of relief was audible in the row where I was sitting. Mr. Griffith-Jones had already risen to say that he was calling no witnesses beyond the Scotland Yard man, who, on the opening day, had testified to visiting Sir Allen Lane and serving the summons.

The fifth morning was occupied by the addresses of the defending and prosecuting counsels, and in the afternoon Mr. Justice Byrne began his summing up. He broke off at four o'clock, when the court rose, and started again next morning. The jurors retired just before twelve, and my neighbor, an elderly, forthright gentleman who had earlier in the case remarked that in his opinion all these clever people giving evidence were talking a pack of twaddle, said cheerfully that they wouldn't be out long, that was certain. "I've had a good look at them, and they all look to be decent, sensible people who won't take any time to come to the proper conclusion," he said. "If they had any doubts, the judge's summing up must have helped them."

Mr. Justice Byrne's summing up had certainly cast gloom upon everyone from Penguin, I found when I got out in the lobby. He had scrupulously enjoined the jurors to disregard anything



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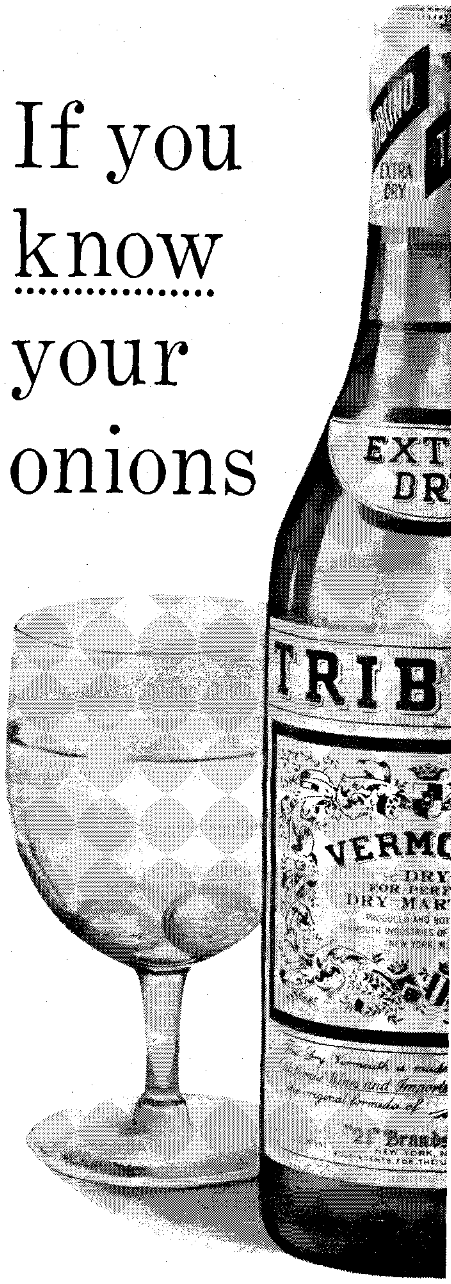

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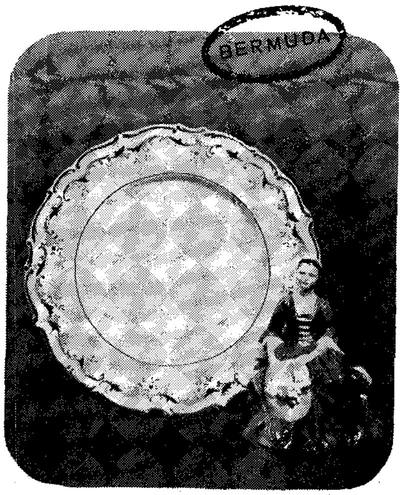
he said if they did not agree with it, since he was there merely to direct them on the law. They must take the case as having two separate limbs, he suggested, the first being the question whether the book was obscene or not, the second being the question whether the merits so outweighed any obscenity that its publication would be for the public good. As I listened, it seemed to me that from the two limbs of his patient and meticulous survey of the evidence Mr. Justice Byrne was running up a string of signals that could be deciphered as counselling Caution! Fever on board! Hold the Lady Chatterley in quarantine!, and I wondered whether the jurors, turning their faces respectfully up to his commanding lookout post, were so interpreting it. Keep your feet on the ground, he told them, and, strangely—since we had spent four days listening to the expert witnesses whose testimony, we had thought, was the important feature of the new act of Parliament—he seemed to imply that they, the ordinary people, were to judge how the book would be read in the home and the factory, not in "the rarefied atmosphere of some academic institution." He had taken us back over the evidence, delicately dropping one of his pebbles here and there to mark the route ("Sacred? Holy? Well, where are we getting to?" and "If you have read all of Lawrence's books, you will understand this one. But if you haven't?"). Mr. Griffith-Jones had made a slashing attack in his final speech, and in spite of Mr. Gardiner's brilliant and persuasive defending address, the general opinion in the lobby seemed to be that the jurors would not take long to come up with a verdict against Penguin. They had not emerged by lunchtime, however, and we descended gloomily to the basement for an unexpected last revel with gala pie.

AFTER lunch, some of us went back to sit out the wait in court, where the jury box was still empty but where Mr. Justice Byrne was still sitting up aloft. The dock was now occupied by two working-class men, of ordinary, pleasant countenance, who were standing between policemen to be sentenced for a series of disagreeable sexual offenses against children. They were both forty-one years old, a barrister was telling the judge, and they worked in the same place of employment. One was married but childless, the other was single. The unmarried one, his counsel said, was a simple soul who lived an abnormally sheltered life looking after an



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elderly widowed stepmother and who had gone along with his friend largely out of terror at being thought a poor sport. The married man's wife came into the witness box, looking like a sad mouse in a sad little fur coat, and said that he had always been a good husband. She put her face in her paws and wept, and, weeping, left the court. ("Wedlock, lawful wedlock, Madam! You can understand that, can you not?") The men in the dock looked at Mr. Justice Byrne, who, with the lash of a whip in his quiet voice, said, "Four years" to the married man and "Nine months" to the stepson. They disappeared from our sight, having been more expert witnesses on the "Lady Chatterley" case than any of the dons or the churchmen or the writers, for they had shown us the joyless predicament of such lives against which Lawrence had raged and preached, and they had explained, too, why Mr. Justice Byrne, whose daily portion was to gaze down from his lookout post upon the sad and the muddled, had so clearly wished to drop warning pebbles along the jury's path, reminding them of the existence of the weak.

"They are coming back," someone said, and there was a buzz of excitement in court as the jurors filed into the box, clasping their copies of the Penguin edition. They had been out for three hours. We gazed at them. They looked decent, sensible, and somewhat more cheerful now.

The clerk of the court got up and asked the foreman whether they had come to a unanimous verdict.

"We have."

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

There was a gasp and a slight outburst of clapping from the back of the court, cut short by the usher's roaring "Silence!" The jury was dismissed, and all the people in the courtroom poured excitedly into the lobby, where Sir Allen Lane, smiling all over his face, was already surrounded by journalists. Thirty-two years after Lawrence had written to Mr. Pollinger, the little boat had been given clearance to sail by his own people.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From "Sit Still," by Ring Lardner]

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THE POTATO GATHERERS

November frost had starched the flat countryside into silent rigidity. The "rat-tat-tat" of the tractor's exhaust drilled into the clean, hard air but did not penetrate it; each staccato sound broke off as if it had been nipped. Hunched over the driver's wheel sat Kelly, the owner, a rock of a man with a huge head and broken fingernails, and in the trailer behind were his four potato gatherers—two young men, permanent farmhands, and the two boys he had hired for the day. At six o'clock in the morning, they were the only living things in that part of County Tyrone.

The boys chatted incessantly. They stood at the front of the trailer, legs apart, hands in their pockets, their faces pressed forward into the icy rush of air, their senses edged for perception. Joe, the elder of the two—he was thirteen and had worked for Kelly on two previous occasions—might have been quieter, but his brother's excitement was infectious. For this was Philly's first job, his first time to take a day off from school to earn money, his first opportunity to prove that he was a man at twelve years of age. His energy was a burden to him. Behind them, on the floor of the trailer, the two farmhands lay sprawled in half sleep.

Twice the boys had to cheer. The first time was when they were passing Dicey O'Donnell's house, and Philly, who was in the same class as Dicey, called across to the thatched, smokeless building, "Remember me to all the boys, Dicey!" The second time was when they came to the school itself. It was then that Kelly turned to them and growled to them to shut up. "Do you want the whole county to know you're taking the day off?" he said. "Save your breath for your work."

When Kelly faced back to the road ahead, Philly stuck his thumbs in his ears, put out his tongue, and wriggled his fingers at the back of Kelly's head. Then, suddenly forgetting him, he said, "Tell me, Joe, what are you going to buy?"

"Buy?"

"With the money we get today. I know what I'm getting—a shotgun. Bang! Bang! Bang! Right there, Mistah. Jist you put your two hands up above your head and I reckon you'll live a little longer." He menaced Kelly's neck.

"Agh!" said Joe derisively.

"True as God, Joe. I can get it for seven shillings—an old one that's lying in Tom Tracy's father's barn. Tom told me he would sell it for seven shillings."

"Who would sell it?"

"Tom."

"Steal it, you mean. From his old fella."

"His old fella has a new one. This one's not wanted." He sighted along an imaginary barrel and picked out an unsuspecting sparrow in the hedge. "Bang! Never knew what hit you, did you? What are you going to buy, Joe?"

"I don't know. There won't be much to buy with. Maybe— Naw, I don't know. Depends on what Ma gives us back."

"A bicycle, Joe. What about a bike? Quinn would give his away for a packet of cigarettes. You up on the saddle, Joe, and me on the crossbar. Out to the millrace every evening. Me shooting all the rabbits along the way. Bang! Bang! Bang! What about a bike, Joe?"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"What did she give you back the last time?"

"I can't remember."

"Ten shillings? More? What did you buy then? A leather belt? A set of rabbit snares?"

"I don't think I got anything back. Maybe a shilling. I don't remember."

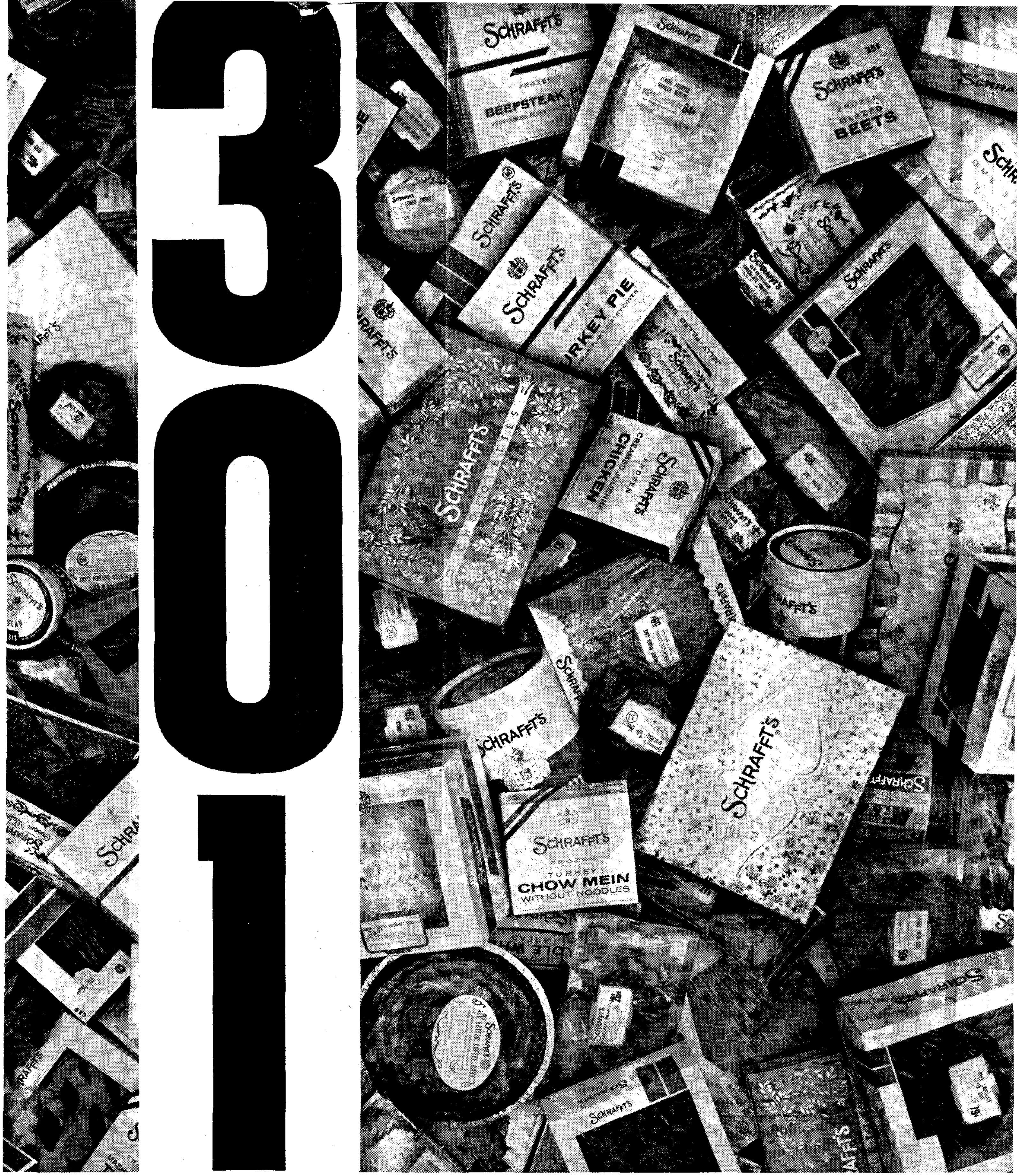
"A shilling! One lousy shilling out of fourteen! Do you know what I'm going to buy?" He hunched his shoulders and lowered his head between them. One eye closed in a huge wink. "Tell no one? Promise?"

"What?"

"A gaff. See?"

"What about the gun?"

"It can wait until next year. But a gaff, Joe. See? Old Philly down there beside the Black Pool. A big salmon. A beaut. Flat on my belly, and—*phwist!*—there he is on the bank, the gaff stuck in his guts." He clasped his middle and writhed in agony, imitating the fish. Then his act switched suddenly back to cowboys and he drew from both holsters at a cat sneaking home along the hedge. "Bang! Bang! That sure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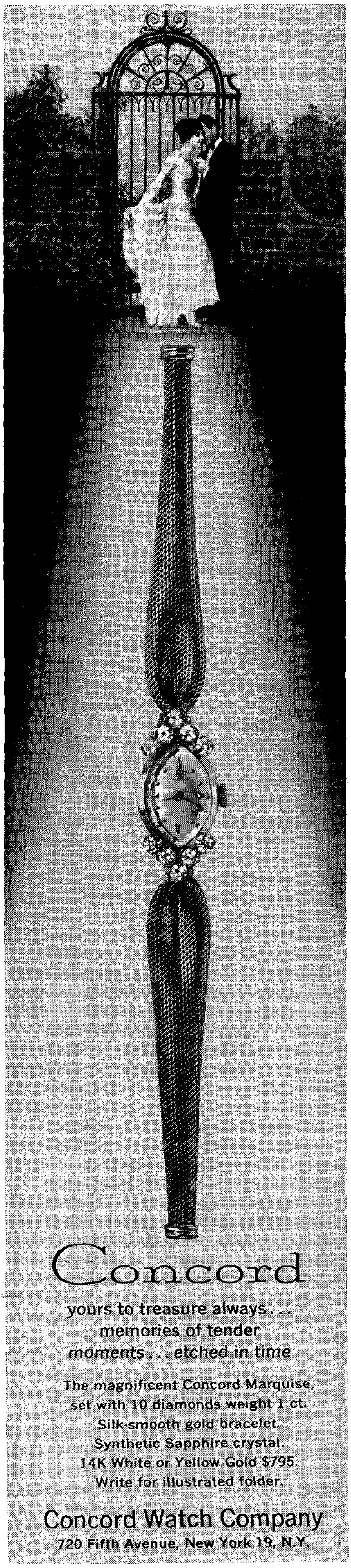

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settled you, boy. Where *is* this potato territory, Mistah? Ah want to show you hombres what work is. What's a-keeping this old tractor-buggy?"

"We're jist about there, Mistah Philly, sir," said Joe. "Ah reckon you'll show us, O.K. You'll show us."

THE field was a two-acre rectangle bordered by a low hedge. The ridges of potatoes stretched lengthwise in straight, black lines. Kelly unfastened the trailer and hooked up the mechanical digger. The two laborers stood with their hands in their pockets and scowled around them, cigarettes hanging from their lips.

"You two take the far side," Kelly told them. "And Joe, you and—" He could not remember the name. "You and the lad there, you two take this side. You show him what to do, Joe." He climbed up on the tractor seat. "And remember," he called over his shoulder, "if the school-attendance officer appears, it's up to you to run. I never seen you. I never heard of you."

The tractor moved forward into the first ridges, throwing up a spray of brown earth behind it as it went.

"Right," said Joe. "What we do is this, Philly. When the digger passes, we gather the spuds into these buckets and then carry the buckets to the sacks and fill them. Then back again to fill the buckets. And back to the sacks. O.K., Mistah?"

"O.K., Mistah. Child's play. What does he want four of us for? I could do the whole field myself—one hand tied behind my back."

Joe smiled at him. "Come on, then. Let's see you."

"Just you watch," said Philly. He grabbed a bucket and ran stumbling across the broken ground. His small frame bent over the clay and his thin arms worked madly. Before Joe had begun gathering, Philly's voice called to him. "Joe! Look! Full already! Not bad, eh?"

"Take your time," Joe called back.

"And look, Joe! Look!" Philly held his hands out for his brother's inspection. They were coated with earth. "How's that, Joe? They'll soon be as hard as Kelly's!"

Joe laughed. "Take it easy, Philly. No rush."

But Philly was already stooped again over his work, and when Joe was emptying his first bucket into the sack, Philly was emptying his third. He gave Joe the huge wink again and raced off.

Kelly turned at the bottom of the

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staged**

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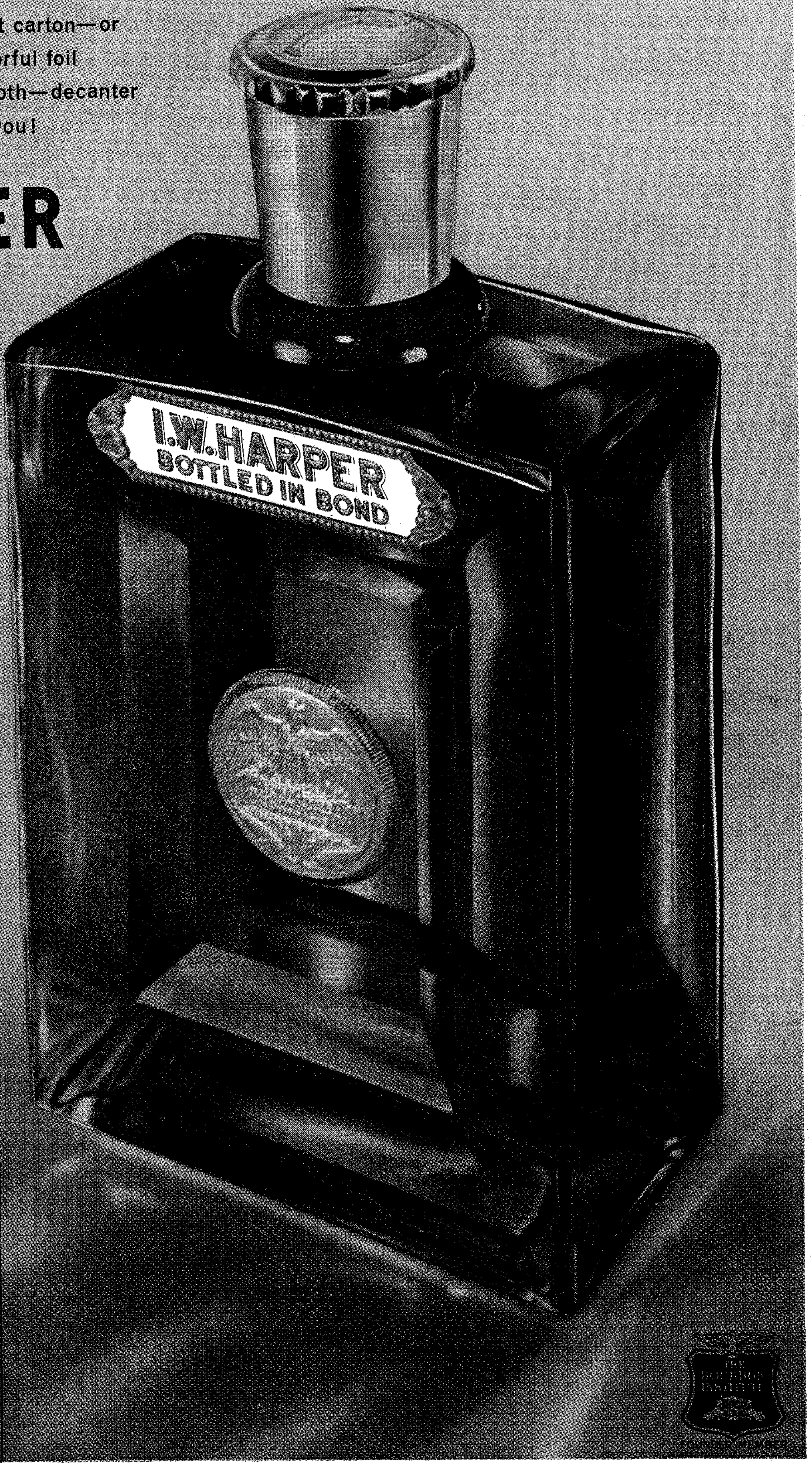
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field and came back up. Philly was standing waiting for him. "What you need is a double digger, Mr. Kelly!" he called as the tractor passed. But Kelly's eyes never left the ridges in front of him. A flock of sea gulls swooped and dipped behind the tractor, fluttering down to catch worms in the newly turned earth. The boy raced off with his bucket.

"How's it going?" shouted Joe after another twenty minutes. Philly was too busy to answer.

A pale sun appeared about eight-thirty. It was not strong enough to soften the earth, but it loosened sounds—cars along the road, birds in the naked trees, cattle let out for the day. The clay became damp under it but did not thaw. The tractor exulted in its new freedom and its splutterings filled the countryside.

"I've been thinking," said Philly when he met Joe at a sack. "Do you know what I'm going to get, Joe? A scout knife with one of those leather scabbards. Four shillings in Byrne's shop. Great for skinning a rabbit." He held his hands out from his sides now, because they were raw in places. "Yeah. A scout knife with a leather scabbard."

"A scout knife," Joe repeated.

"You always have to carry a scout knife in case your gun won't fire or your powder gets wet. And when you're swimming underwater, you can always carry a knife between your teeth."

"We'll have near twenty ridges done before noon," said Joe.

"He should have a double digger. I told him that. Too slow, Mistah. Too doggone slow. Tell me, Joe, have you made up your mind yet?"

"What about?"

"What you're going to buy, stupid."

"Aw, naw. Naw . . . I don't know yet."

Philly turned to his work again and was about to begin, when the school bell rang. He dropped his bucket and danced back to his brother. "Listen! Joe! Listen!" He caught fistfuls of his hair and tugged his head from side to side. "Listen! Listen! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Come on, you fat, silly, silly scholars and get to your lessons! Come on, come on, come on, come on! No dallying! Speed it up! Get a move on! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! 'And where are the O'Boyle brothers today? Eh? Where are they? Gathering potatoes? What's that I hear? What? What?' "

"Look out, lad!" roared Kelly.

The tractor passed within inches of Philly's legs. He jumped out of its way in time, but a fountain of clay fell on

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his head and shoulders. Joe ran to his side.

"Are you all right, Philly? Are you O.K.?"

"Tried to get me, that's what he did, the dirty cattle thief. Tried to get me."

"You O.K., Mistah? Reckon you'll live?"

"Sure, Mistah. Take more'n that ole coyote to scare me. Come on, Mistah. We'll show him what men we really are." He shook his jacket and hair and hitched up his trousers. "Would you swap now, Joe?"

"Swap what?"

"Swap places with those poor eejits back there?" He jerked his thumb in the direction of the school.

"No, sir," said Joe. "Not me."

"Nor me neither, Mistah. Meet you in the saloon." He swaggered off, holding his hands as if they were delicate things, not part of him.

THEY broke for lunch at noon. By then, the sun was high and brave but still of little use. With the engine of the tractor cut off, for a brief time there was a self-conscious silence, which became relaxed and natural when the sparrows, now audible, began to chirp. The sea gulls squabbled over the latest turned earth and a cautious puff of wind stirred the branches of the tall trees. Kelly adjusted the digger while he ate. On the far side of the field, the two laborers stretched themselves on sacks and conversed in monosyllables. Joe and Philly sat on upturned buckets. For lunch they each had half a scone of homemade soda bread, cut into thick slices and skimmed with butter. They washed it down with mouthfuls of cold tea from a bottle. After they had eaten, Joe threw the crusts to the gulls, gathered up the newspapers in which the bread had been wrapped, emptied out the remains of the tea, and put the bottle and the papers into his jacket pocket. Then he stood up and stretched himself. "My back's getting stiff," he said.

Philly sat with his elbows on his knees and studied the palms of his hands.

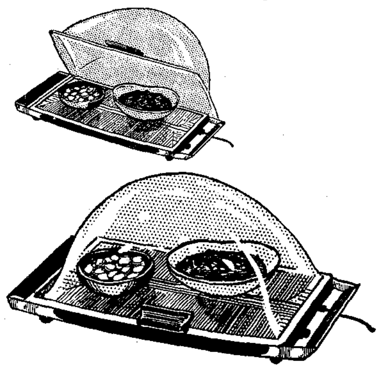
"Sore?" asked Joe.

"What?"

"Your hands. Are they hurting you?"

"They're O.K.," said Philly. "Tough as leather. But the clay's sore. Gets right into every cut and away up your nails." He held his arms out. "They're shaking," he said. "Look."

"That's the way they go," said Joe.



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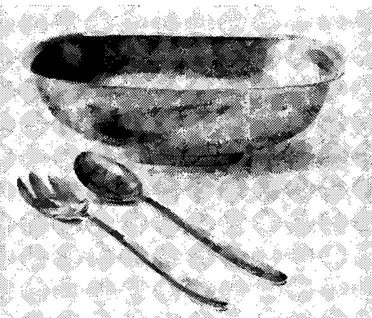

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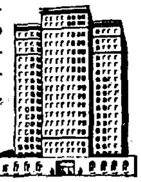

"But they'll— Listen! Do you hear?"

"Hear what?"

"Lunchtime at school. They must be playing football in the playground."

The sounds of high, delighted squealing came intermittently when the wind sighed. They listened to it with their heads uplifted, their faces broadening with memory.

"We'll get a hammering tomorrow," said Joe. "Six on each hand."

"It's going to be a scout knife," Philly said. "I've decided on that."

"She mightn't give us anything back. Depends on how much she needs herself."

"She said she would. She promised. Have you decided yet?"

"I'm still thinking," said Joe.

The tractor roared suddenly, scattering every other sound.

"Come on, Mistah," said the older one. "Four more hours to go. Saddle up your horse."

"Coming. Coming," Philly replied. His voice was sharp with irritation.

The sun was a failure. It held its position in the sky and flooded the countryside with light but could not warm it. Even before it had begun to slip to the west, the damp ground had become glossy again, and before the afternoon was spent, patches of white frost were appearing on higher ground. Now the boys were working automatically, their minds acquiescing in what their bodies did. They no longer straightened up; the world was their feet and the hard clay and the potatoes and their hands and the buckets and the sacks. Their ears told them where the tractor was, at the bottom of the field, turning, approaching. Their muscles had become adjusted to their stooped position, and as long as the boys kept within the established pattern of movement their arms and hands and legs and shoulders seemed to float as if they were free of gravity. But if something new was expected from the limbs—a piece of glass to be thrown into the hedge, a quick stepping back to avoid the digger—then their bodies shuddered with pain and the tall trees reeled and the hedges rose to the sky.

Dicey O'Donnell gave them a shout from the road on his way home from school. "Hi! Joe! Philly!"

They did not hear him. He waited until the tractor turned. "Hi! Hi! Philly! Philly! Joe!"

"Hello," Joe called back.

"Youse are for it the morrow. I'm telling youse. He knows where youse are. He says he's going to beat the scruff out of youse the morrow. Youse

You'll $ave and $ave
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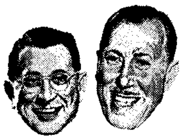

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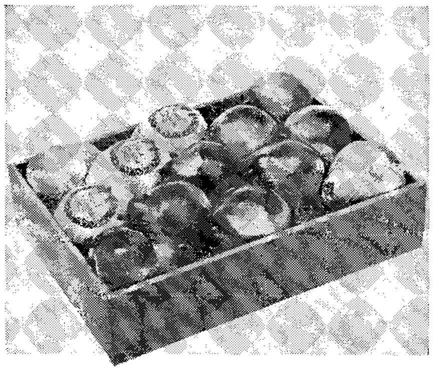

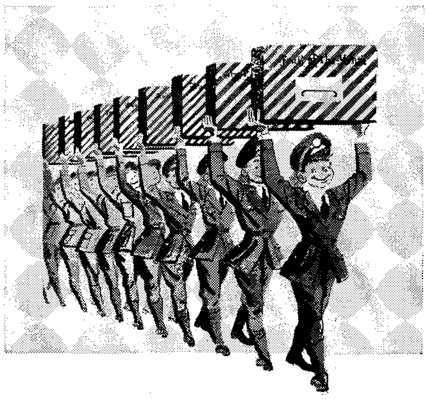

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12-BOX CLUB: Royal Riviera Pears at Christmas; Apples, Jan.; Grapefruit, Feb.; Fine Oranges, Mar.; Pineapple, April; Preserves, May; Canned Fruit, June; Nectarines, July; Summer Pears, Aug.; Peaches, Sept.; Grapes, Oct.; Spanish Melons, Nov. **Gift No. 20,** ppd. **$53.95**

8-BOX CLUB: Christmas, Jan., Feb., May, July, Sept., Oct., Nov. treats. **Gift No. 15,** ppd. **$34.95**

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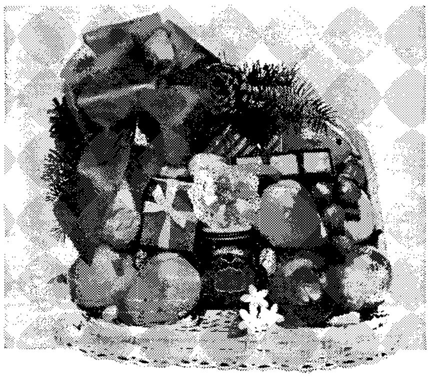

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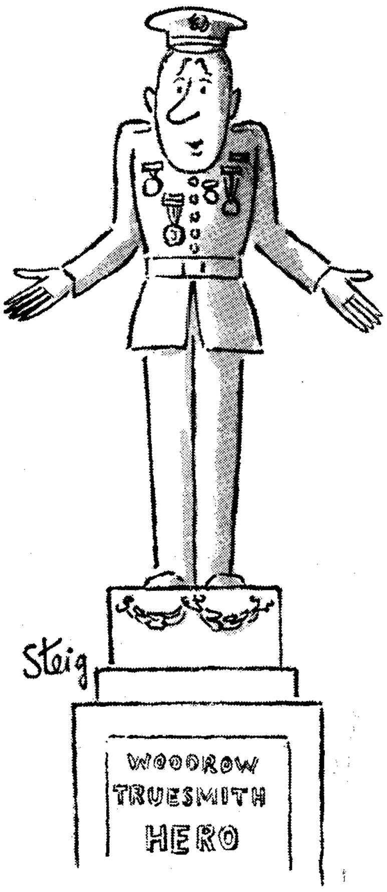

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are in for it, all right. Blue murder! Bloody hell! True as God!"

"Get lost!" Joe called back.

"Aye, and he's going to report youse to the attendance officer, and your old fella'll be fined. Youse are ruined! Destroyed! Blue murder!"

"Will I put a bullet in him, Mistah?" said Joe to Philly.

Philly did not answer. He thought he was going to fall, and his greatest fear was that he might fall in front of the tractor, because now the tractor's exhaust had only one sound, fixed forever in his head, and unless he saw the machine he could not tell whether it was near him or far away. The "rat-tat-tat" was a finger tapping in his head, drumming at the back of his eyes.

"Vamoose, O'Donnell!" called Joe. "You annoy us. Vamoose."

O'Donnell said something more about the reception they could expect the next day, but he got tired of calling to two stooped backs and he went off home.

The last pair of ridges was turned when the sky had veiled itself for dusk. The two brothers and the two laborers worked on until they met in the middle. Now the field was all brown, all flat, except for the filled sacks that patterned it. Kelly was satisfied; his lips formed an O and he blew through them as if he were trying to whistle. He detached the digger and hooked up the trailer. "All aboard!" he shouted, in an effort at levity.

ON the way home, the laborers seemed to be fully awake, for the first time since morning. They stood in the trailer where the boys had stood at dawn, behind Kelly's head and facing the road before them. They chatted and guffawed and made plans for a dance that night. When they met people they knew along the way, they saluted extravagantly. At the crossroads, they began to wrestle, and Kelly had to tell them to watch out or they would fall over the side. But he did not sound angry.

Joe sat on the floor, his legs straight out before him, his back resting against the side of the trailer. Philly lay flat out, his head cushioned on his brother's lap. Above him, the sky spread out, gray, motionless, enigmatic. The warmth from Joe's body made him drowsy. He wished the journey home to go on forever, the sound of the tractor engine to anesthetize his mind forever. He knew that if the movement and the sound were to cease, the pain of his body would be unbearable.

Toni Ungerer

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"We're nearly there," said Joe quietly. "Are you asleep?" Philly did not answer. "Mistah! Are you asleep, Mistah?"

"No."

Darkness came quickly, and when the last trace of light disappeared the countryside became taut with frost. The head lamps of the tractor glowed yellow in the cold air.

"Philly? Are you awake, Mistah?"

"What?"

"I've been thinking," said Joe slowly. "And do you know what I think? I think I've made up my mind now."

One of the laborers burst into song. "If I were a blackbird, I'd whistle and sing, and I'd follow the ship that my true love sails in." His mate joined him at the second line and their voices exploded in the stiff night.

"Do you know what I'm going to buy?" Joe said, speaking more loudly. "If she gives us something back, that is. Mistah! Mistah Philly! Are you listening? I'm going to buy a pair of red silk socks."

He waited for approval from Philly. When none came, he shook his brother's head. "Do you hear, Mistah? Red silk socks—the kind Jojo Teague wears. What about that, eh? What do you think?"

Philly stirred and half raised his head from his brother's lap. "I think you're daft," he said in an exhausted, sullen voice. "Ma won't give us back enough to buy anything much. No more than a shilling. You knew it all the time." He lay down again and in a moment he was fast asleep.

Joe held his brother's head against the motion of the trailer and repeated the words "red silk socks" to himself again and again, nodding each time at the wisdom of his decision.

—Brian Friel

•

Reached yesterday at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios in Beverly Hills, Calif., where he is directing William Faulkner's "Sanctuary," Mr. Richardson said:

" 'Luther' is the most imaginative piece of theatre I've read in years. Only one actress will appear in a cast of thirty."

—*The Times.*

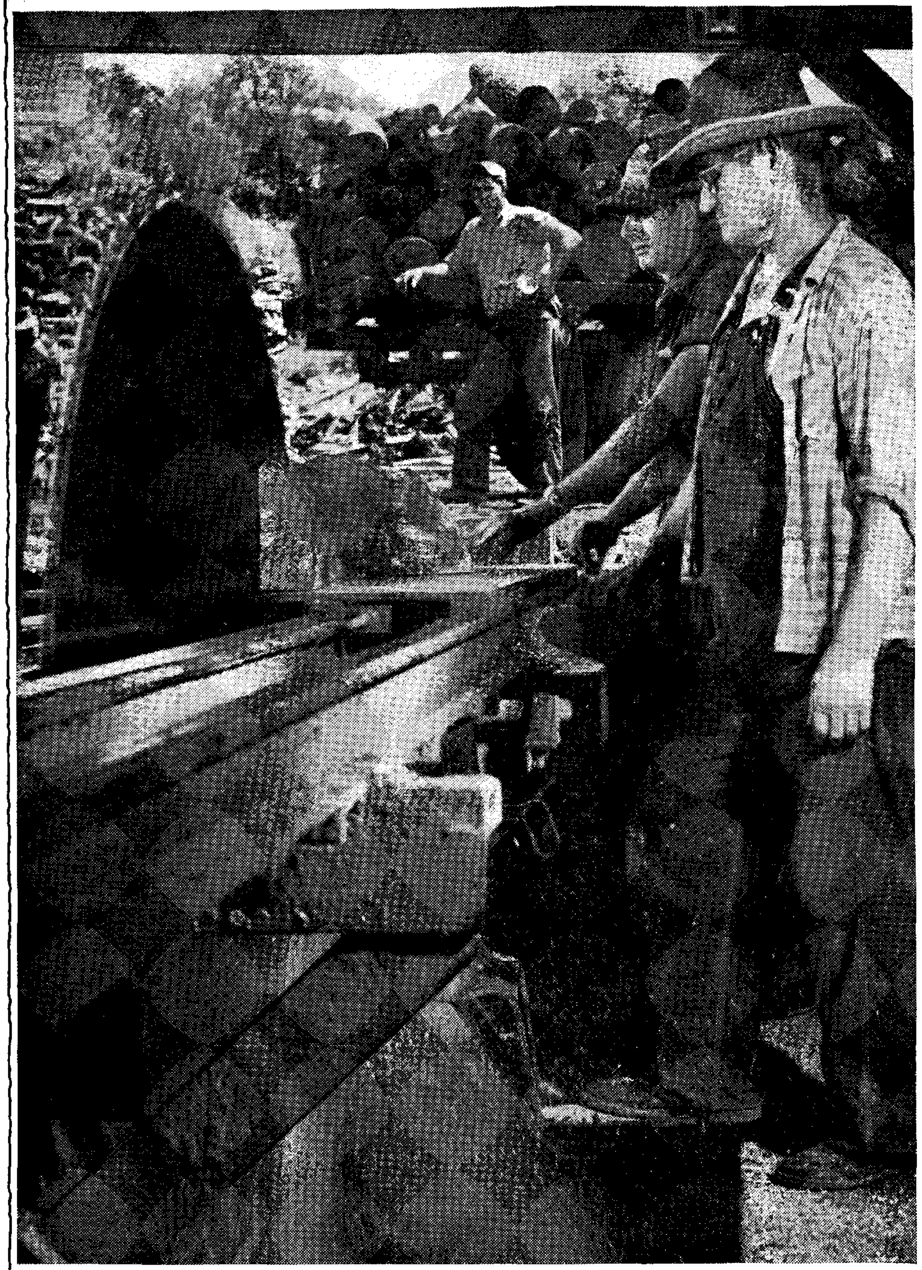
In his own way, Flo Ziegfeld was pretty imaginative, too.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Headline in the Phoenix* (*Ariz.*) *Gazette*]

FORMER COYOTE ATHLETES HEAP
PLATITUDES ON COACH ROBBIE



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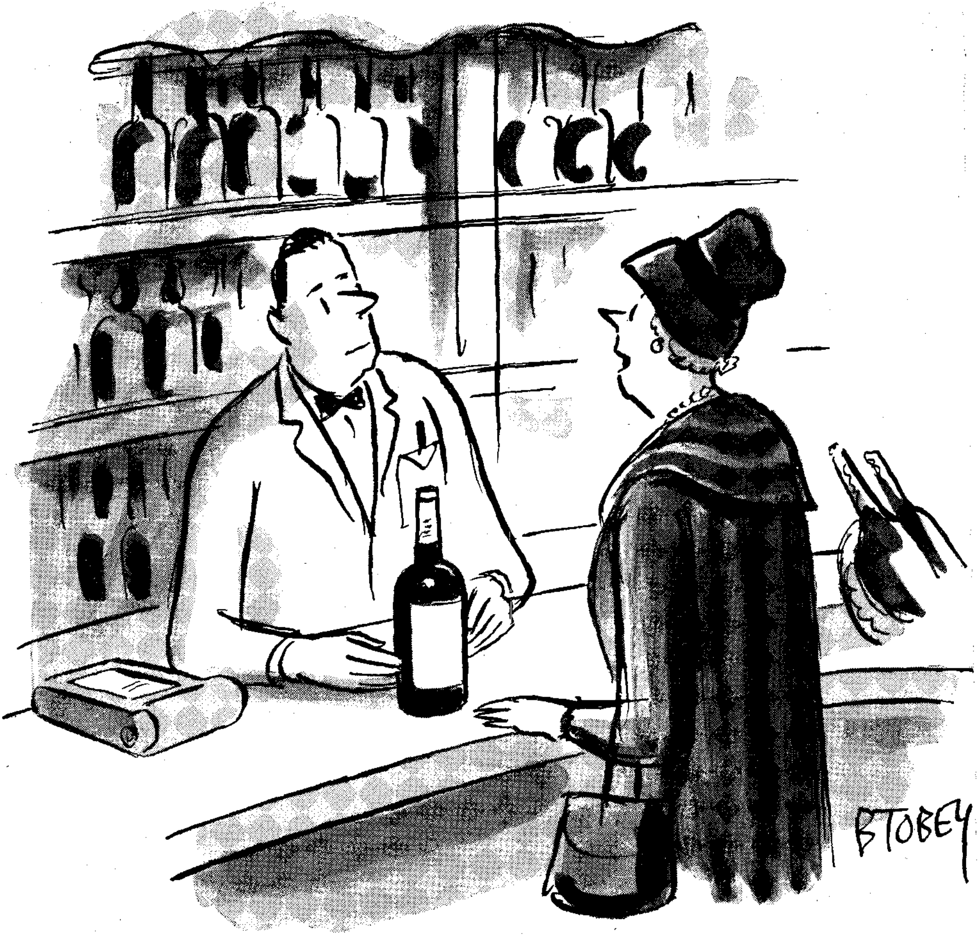
BEERSHEBA, EILAT, AND SODOM

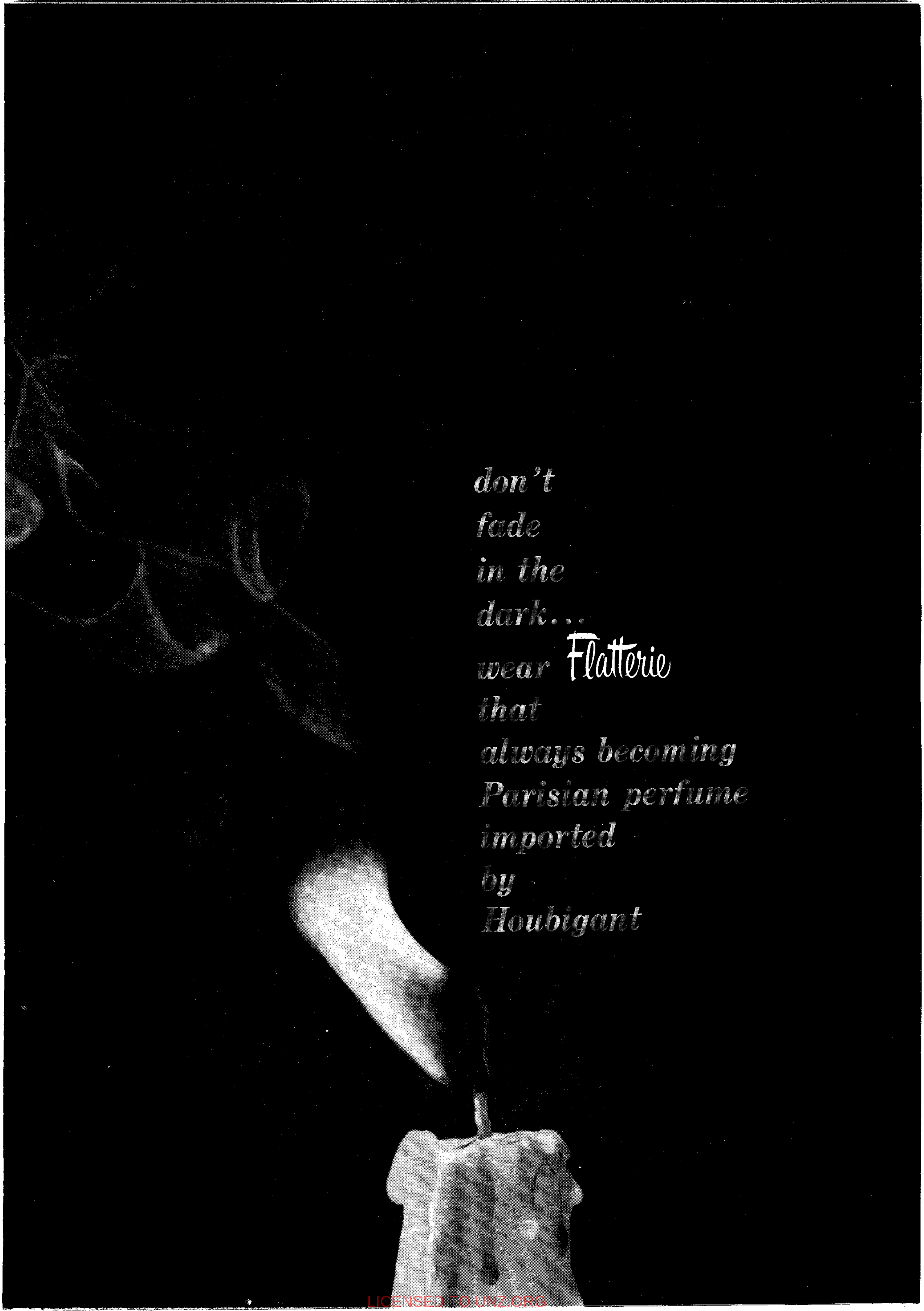
WHEN I registered at the Dan Hotel in Tel Aviv a few weeks ago, preparing to make some brief sorties into the more remote parts of Israel, the desk clerk apologized in advance for the gaunt and semi-finished state of my room, which, I discovered, lacked a number of amenities, among them carpets, curtains, and blinds. Presently these were installed, and I was told that the room was officially complete. It was part of a new wing of the hotel, and many of the adjacent accommodations, I discovered afterward, were being opened for occupancy in much more primitive condition; as soon as each reached the stage of providing somewhat better shelter than a park bench, it was made available, and at once was gratefully snapped up. The situation struck me as typical of the hard-driving pace that prevails in a large part of Israel today.

Hotel rooms are scarcer in the Tel Aviv of 1960 than they were in wartime London. Taxis, on the other hand, are quite readily available, but only because an occupied cab is permitted to stop and pick up another fare, provided he is going in the same direction. Many of the Tel Aviv taxis are machines that did their first two hundred thousand miles on the streets of New York, and they have obviously seen better days—as well as better tippers, since passengers in Tel Aviv don't tip at all. Even so, an industrious cabby is likely to make more than some of the country's highly placed government officials. Although one might suppose that the lack of tips would stifle the hackmen's initiative, most of them in fact devote much less time to philosophical disquisition than do their New York counterparts, and much more to helping out their passengers. One evening, as I was on my way to call on a Tel Aviv couple, I asked my driver to stop at a florist's, so that I could buy a nosegay for my hostess. He couldn't find a flower shop that was open, and I arrived at my destination empty-handed. Fifteen minutes later, the doorbell of my hosts' apartment rang and in the doorway stood my driver, carrying a bunch of gladioli. He had found an open flower shop a mile away, bought the flowers, and come all the way back, and then had had to ring half a dozen bells before he happened on the right apartment. He refused to let me pay for his time, or even for the gladioli, which he told me to regard as "a gift from Israel." My host and his wife explained that such occurrences had been increasingly frequent since the institution, three years ago, of a government program that encouraged Israelis to be more hospitable to visitors from abroad. My friends thought this program probably had much to do with the fact that last year ninety-two thousand tourists from Great Britain, France, and the United States, an estimated third of them non-Jews, included Israel in their itineraries, and spent over fifteen million dollars there. Another instance of the way Israelis are responding to the government's be-kind-to-tourists promptings occurred during the rush hour late one afternoon when I asked the driver of a crowded municipal bus in Tel Aviv to let me off at a certain street. He replied that his route did not run that way but he would make a detour to get me there, which he did, with no grumbling whatever from the other passengers.

In Israel, as in any other nation, the tempo of urban life varies from city to city, and, as in any other nation, the majority of the urban residents prefer the tempo of their own city to that of any other. There is already as much competition among Israeli cities as there is among the Swiss cantons, whose people have been sharpening their civic pride for more than six centuries. "The cities' rivalry is harmless, and probably even beneficial," an Israeli old-timer told me. "Naturally, each of us is proud of his own city or town or settlement. But we all love our country, and love goes deeper than pride." This is undoubtedly true, to judge by the relatively minor importance of the criteria by which the various communities stake their claims to preëminence. To the busy people of Tel Aviv—always on the run and much given to boasting of their "American tempo"—Jerusalem seems hopelessly quiet and old-fashioned. It is, however, precisely the timeless quiet that the citizens of Jerusalem, aware of its awesome role since the dawn of history, like about their city, and they look upon Tel Aviv, which not long ago celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, as a mannerless upstart. As for Haifa, a sort of Mediterranean San Francisco, its inhabitants are simply sorry for anyone who doesn't have the good fortune to live there. They are proud of their benign climate, their subway system (the only one in Israel), and their buses, which, unlike any of



"Would that be enough for six helpings?"


don't
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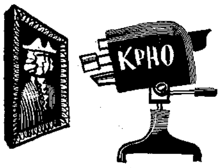
the other municipal buses in the country, run on the Sabbath. The Haifa subway is called the Carmelite, after nearby Mount Carmel, which was the home of the White Friars in the twelfth century and is now the site of a residential district often referred to as the Israeli Riviera.

IN Beersheba, the goal of my first trip into the hinterland, my host was somewhat contemptuous of Haifa's vaunted modernity. A Czechoslovakian by birth, whom I had known in Prague many years ago, he had more recently been a prosperous resident of Haifa, and his comment on the city was, "Up there, they talk about new things. Down here, we do them." Whether or not such a wholesale indictment is warranted, it was obvious to me from the moment I arrived in Beersheba that somebody there had been doing a great deal. The ancient town (where, according to the Old Testament, Abraham dug a well and planted a tamarisk tree more than four thousand years ago) was a battered Bedouin hamlet from which all the inhabitants had fled when, on the morning of October 21, 1948, during the War of Liberation, the Egyptian troops defending it surrendered to their Israeli besiegers. The Beersheba of today, lying in the geographic center of Israel, is the booming capital of the Negev (a name meaning both "southland" and "dry land"), the triangle of tortured desert wilderness that makes up the southern half of the nation, its tip reaching to the Gulf of 'Aqaba, on the Red Sea. "Israel's future lies in the Negev," Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion has said, and he has predicted that within a decade the region's present population of one hundred thousand will rise to two million. To anyone who has recently driven through the region, this is likely to seem a preposterously optimistic forecast, but so many improbable forecasts by Israel's latter-day prophet have been fulfilled that most Israelis expect Ben-Gurion will prove to be right once more.

Beersheba certainly suggests that he may. In the twelve years since the Israeli Army captured the town, its population has risen from fourteen hundred to a spectacular forty-five thousand. And not only have twentieth-century pioneers of Beersheba surrounded themselves with a cultural center, an archeological museum, three modern hotels, a score of new factories, a community grain elevator, and an existentialist night club called the Last Chance but, like their fellow-country-

ARIZONA 1ST.

Cultural frontier: The ancient Phoenicians, we are told, invented the alphabet. Modern Phoenicians, living in the fastest-growing city in the U.S., are racing ahead with their own arts and letters, including the Phoenix Art Museum, a lively Little Theatre, and even a popular local potion, the Margarita, compounded of lime and tequila, and served with a salted rim on the glass. Alphabetical preference in Phoenix and throughout Arizona: K-P-H-O—T-V, Channel 5.



No desert dust collects on intellects tuned to KPHO-TV. Example: KPHO does pick-ups from the Phoenix museum and theatre and provides a daily educational program for credit (this semester: American government; next, economics). Add a wide range of current affairs, good music, etc., and it's clear that in Arizona, TV is kind to the mind on

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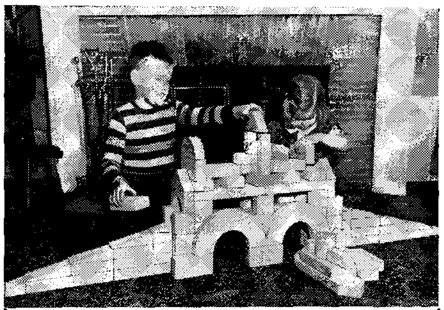

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Illustrated: Degas, a Trigère selection for Titus Blatter. PPG manufactures the yarn only, not the fabric. Photo: Jacques Simson/Pagano

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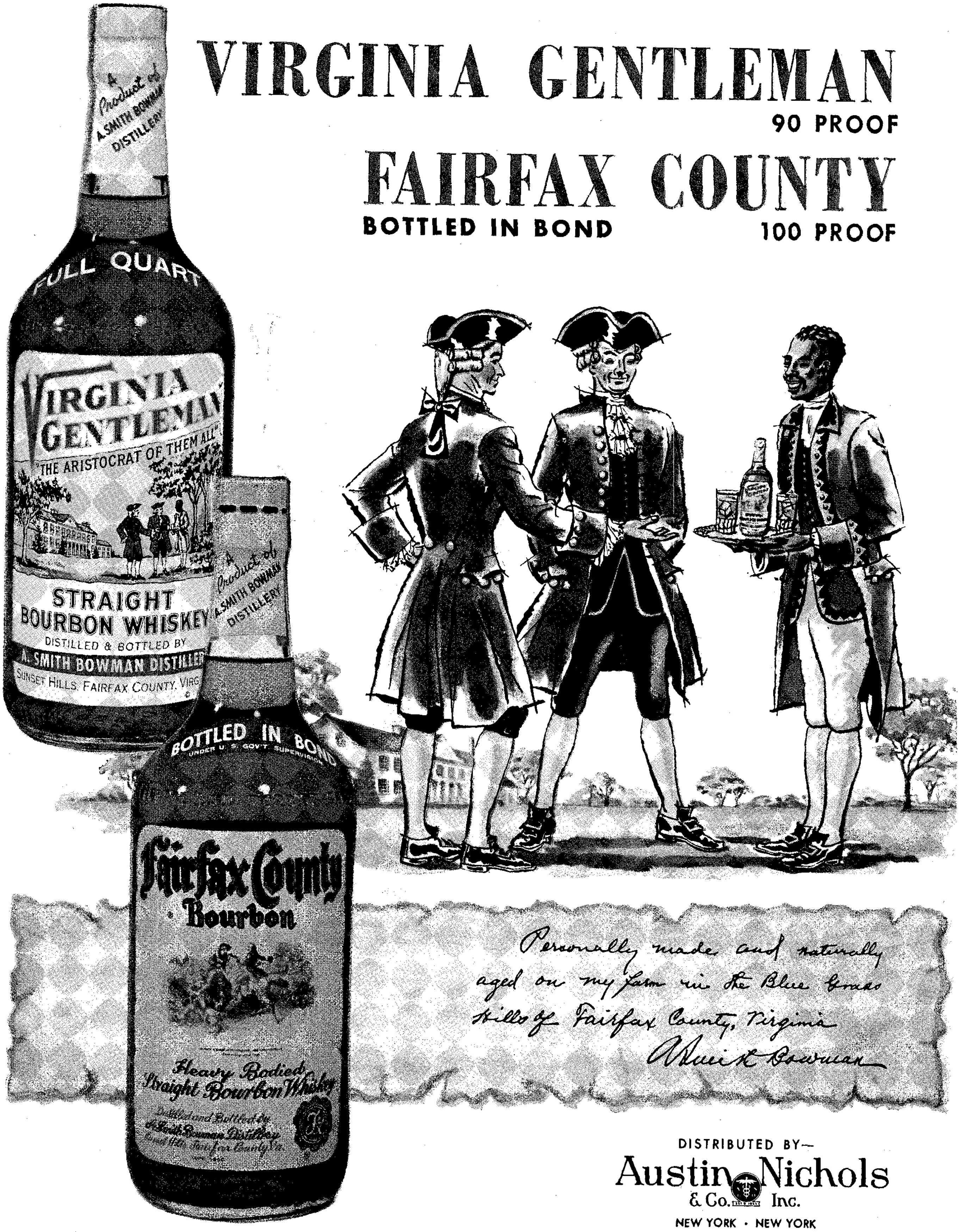
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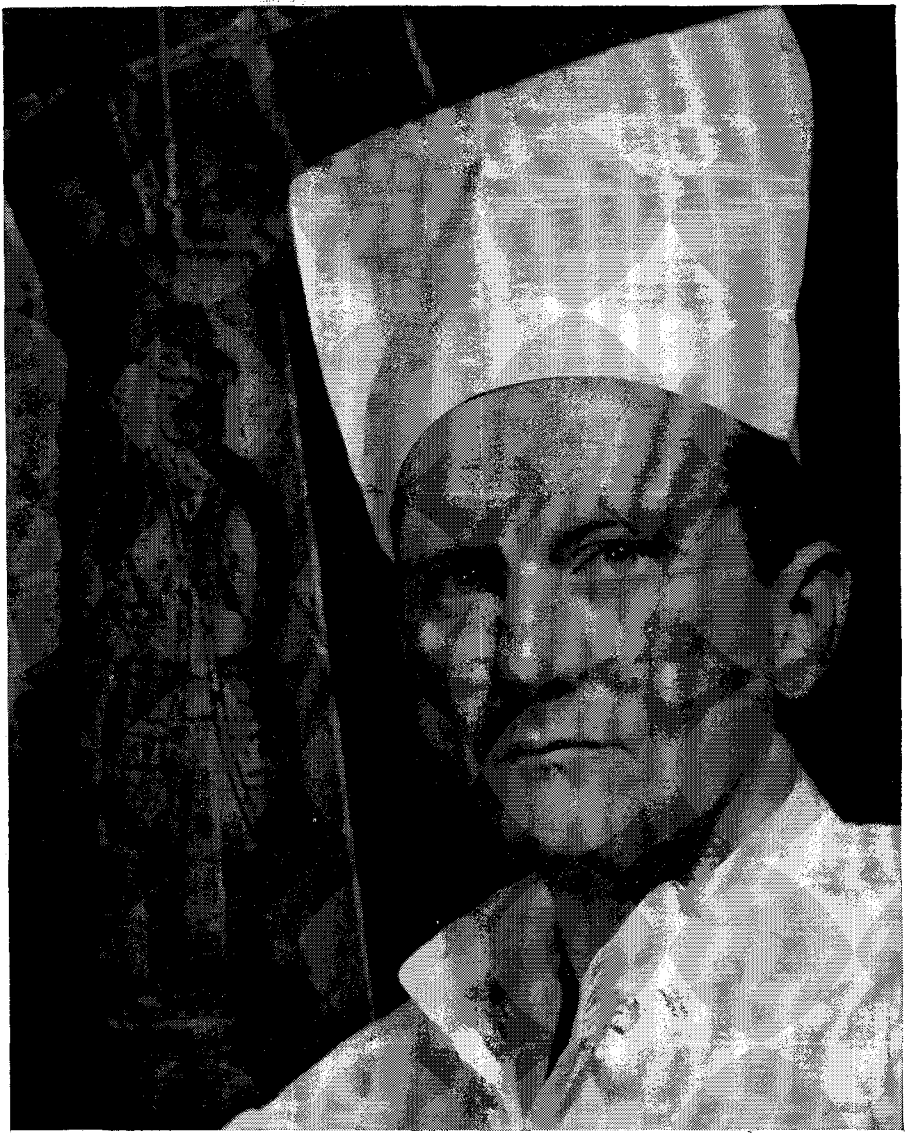
men in the cities to the north, they have acquired a vigorous local patriotism. "Israel starts south of Beersheba," one enthusiastic settler assured me. "Everything north of here is Palestine." In Beersheba, chatting with my host and his wife while their small son played nearby, I learned that his opinion of the relative virtues of life in Haifa and in Beersheba was based on extensive experience. Before moving to Beersheba, he had established and managed a successful glass factory in Haifa, and as a prosperous industrialist he had lived for several years in an apartment on Mount Carmel. I asked him why he had deliberately exchanged this pleasant life for the hardships and uncertainties of a primitive settlement in the middle of nowhere, and he replied, "I'm fond of adventure, and the Negev offers plenty of opportunities for that. I like to start something new, but then I get bored just sticking around to keep it going. Everything is on the move in the Negev. The oldest industry in Beersheba got started only six years ago, and now, as you can see, new factories are going up all over the place. The Bible calls the Negev 'a land whose stones are iron and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass,' but that's only part of the story. The proved mineral resources of the Negev also include manganese, glass clay and sand, chromium, phosphates, and half a dozen other things. There's also oil, and at present our fields are producing about fifteen per cent of the nation's needs. Unfortunately, we get no more than three inches of rainfall a year, but water is all we lack. Once we get it, we'll turn the desert into a Garden of Eden. We've finished one pipeline from the Tel Aviv area. We're about to finish another from there, and still another is being planned from the Jordan River."

My host and his family live in a tiny two-room California-style bungalow on a wide new street bisected by a central strip along which a sprinkler system, to be fed by the new pipelines, has been installed in anticipation of the day when he and his neighbors have nothing better to do than plant grass and flowers there. "You should have seen this town when we moved here," his wife told me. "The desert actually began in our back yard. When the dry, hot khamsin was blowing, our ears and eyes and noses would be full of fine sand from morning to night. Now, thank goodness, they're growing a green belt around the town to shield it from the worst effects of the sandstorms. There were no trees at all in those days, and



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we wondered whether there ever would be *any*. Well, *now* you can see some fine stands of eucalyptus. There was no electricity, either. To get the news, we'd have to connect the radio to the battery of our jeep and start the engine. After a year or so, there was electricity in the evenings, but only until eleven o'clock. When we had a party, we'd invite the man who had charge of the town's generator. He was a good egg, and, what with all the talking and drinking, he'd manage to forget to turn off the current. Then, when the party broke up, he'd wait half an hour before throwing the switch, so our guests would have time to get home."

Her husband did not seem to have been listening, and when he spoke again, it was evident that he had been thinking not of past parties but of future industrial projects. He had just finished setting up a ceramics factory in Beersheba, but I gathered that he was already finding the routine of managing it monotonous. He spoke wistfully about the possibility of setting up a plant for making mirrors, and another for making meerschaum pipes. He thought the pipes, especially, might appeal to tourists. Now all he had to do, he said, was cut through enough bureaucratic red tape to obtain government financing. "He gets these ideas from a book of a thousand recipes for making everything from parachutes to pickles," his wife said affectionately, and he smiled and said, "As a matter of fact, the satisfaction of converting ideas into profitable realities is about the only incentive a man has for working down here. All of us who came here at approximately the same time are now making approximately the same salary—five hundred pounds [about two hundred and fifty dollars] a month. No one here is rich, and no one is poor. We all have similar houses—most of them built by the government, some by the Israeli Labor Federation, and some by the Jewish Agency—and we all send our children to the same school. Most of us have refrigerators and washing machines, and none of us have anything that could be regarded as a status symbol. That may come later. And if it does, I'm going to pack up and move on farther south—maybe to Eilat. Now, *there's* a town with a future!"

MOST communities in the Negev have a legendary past as well as a seemingly limitless future, and Eilat is no exception. Its past goes back at least to the tenth century B.C., when, known as Eloth, it was a prosperous trading center in the dominion of King Solo-

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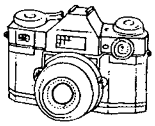

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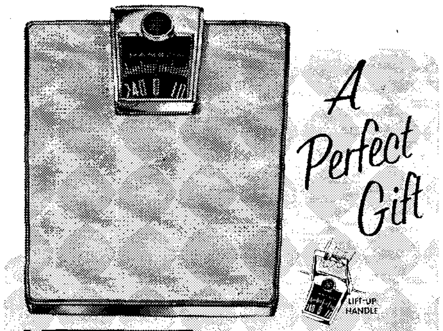

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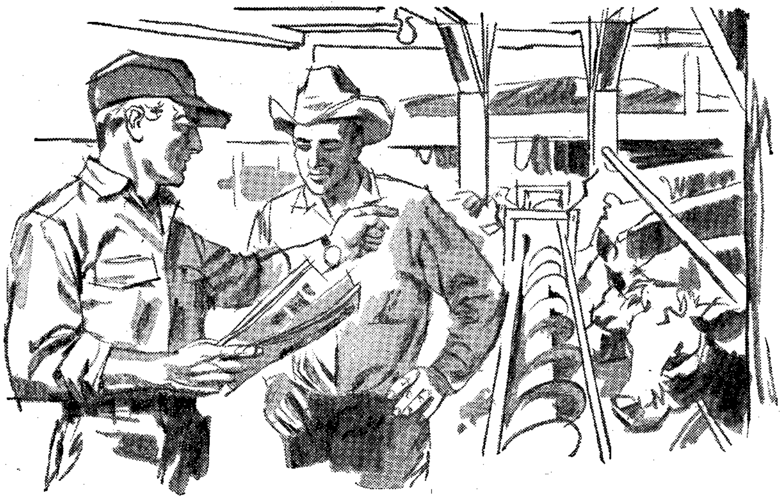

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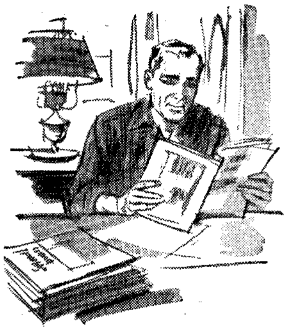

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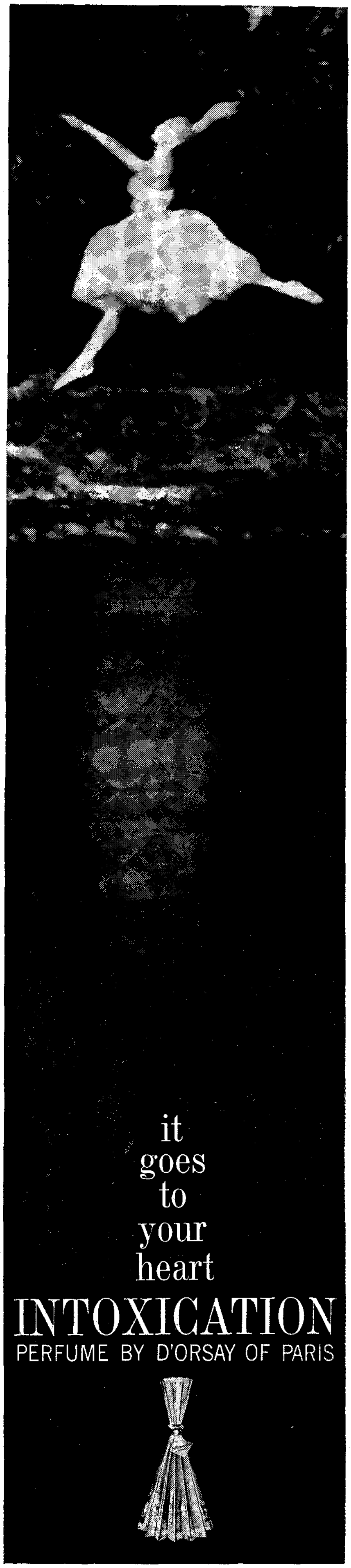
mon and rated a passing reference in I Kings 9:26: "And king Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom." From then on, under various names and rulers, Eilat went the way of many other cities of antiquity—repeated destruction by fire, repeated rebuilding on more or less the same site, and, in recent times, occupancy as a small military outpost—until March 10, 1949, when, despite formidable difficulties, the Israeli Army established a sizable permanent garrison there. Eleven years ago, Egypt unintentionally gave Eilat a mighty boost by closing the Suez Canal to Israeli shipping, thereby making the town the home port for the considerable segment of the Israeli merchant fleet—currently totalling five passenger vessels, thirty-five freighters, and five oil tankers—that had been accustomed to ply between the Orient and Israel. Moreover, a good many German, Japanese, Dutch, and Swedish vessels now put in at Eilat regularly, and the town's boosters say that even if Nasser lifted his Suez ban their shipping business would continue, because Eilat will soon have adequate, come-one-come-all harbor facilities, which will attract many skippers anxious to save paying Canal tolls. Eilat is still the back door to Israel, but its citizens are confident that it is well on its way to becoming the front door. It's just one more instance of the wisdom of Solomon, they say.

One morning, I took an early plane to Eilat from Tel Aviv, a trip lasting just an hour, via a smooth commuting service provided, with a minimum of fuss about weighing-in and revving-up, by reliable old DC-3s of the Arkia Airlines. My companions aloft were mostly young Israelis, who carried little luggage and were informally dressed—the men in slacks and open-neck shirts, the women in bright summer dresses. A one-way plane trip costs ten dollars, and those who find this too dear can make an eight-hour bus trip across the Negev at half the price. At the moment, plans are in the works to build a railway from Beersheba to Eilat.

Approaching Eilat from the air, for miles one looks down on an astonishingly desolate panorama of yellow sandstone cliffs, grayish granite mountains, and earth-brown loess hills, which give way at last to the startling beauty of the Gulf of 'Aqaba, with Eilat perched on its northern shore, on a nine-mile-wide appendage of land that marks the southernmost tip of Israel—squeezed in be-



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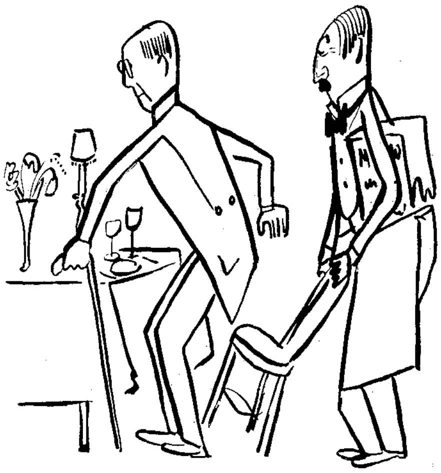
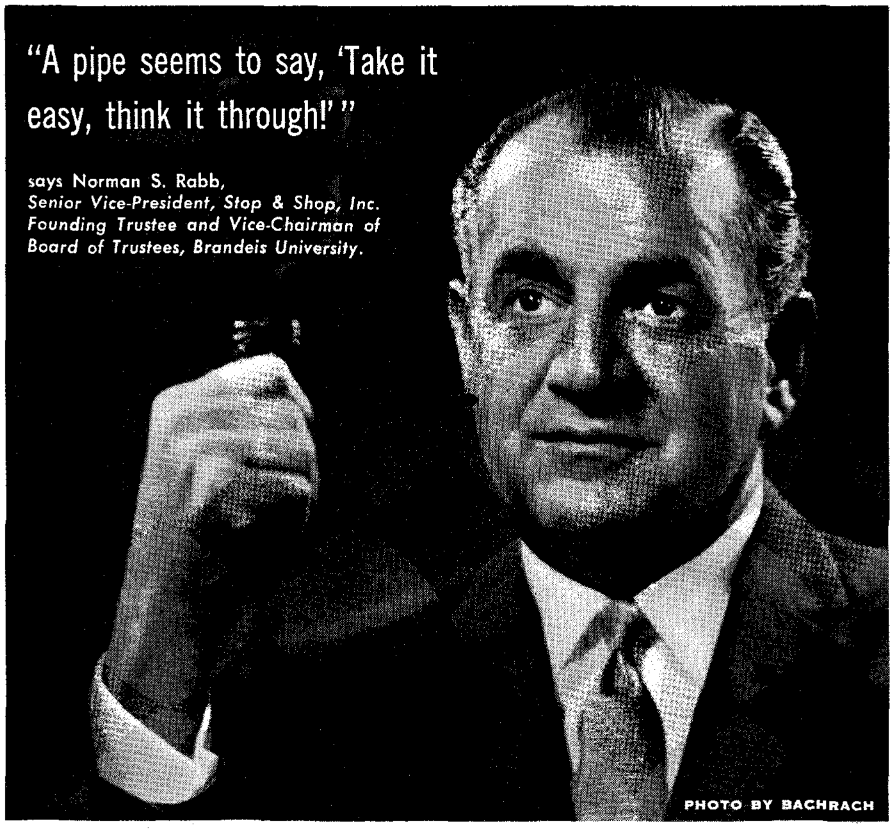
tween the Egyptian boundary, on the west; the Jordanian port of 'Aqaba, directly across the Gulf; and, on the southeast, a Saudi Arabian border post.

The Red Sea, of which the Gulf is an inlet, is really red off Eilat, for its bottom is lined with red stone visible through its crystal-clear water. The effect of the color is heightened by reflections of the dark-purple and ochre mountains that rise above the shore. Glass-bottomed boats take visitors out to peer down at yellow and electric-blue fish swarming around the red coral reefs in a sort of national marine park. Signs along the beach warn, "Do Not Remove the Coral," but a recently completed jetty capable of berthing two ten-thousand-ton ships testifies to the fact that some of the more hazardous coral *is* being removed, and reminds the visitor that a lot more will be soon, as work progresses on harbor installations destined to stretch for two miles along the shore. Along another strip of local beachfront, though, the natural beauty will presumably be preserved, if only for private enjoyment. Plans for putting up estates and luxury hotels on this once wild and worthless desert stretch are so well along that there is no more land for sale at any reasonable price.

Where a small garrison lived in isolation three years ago there are now six thousand people, and Eilat's loyal citizens are only too ready to describe their vision of its future—a population of twenty thousand by 1963 and a hundred thousand eventually. And again the Eilatis say that King Solomon pointed the way. He drew much of his wealth from his copper mines near the Wadi Timna, sixteen miles north of Eilat, whose ingots he traded, at the rate of three to one, for gold ingots from Ophir. Now, not far from the glassy black slag heaps left by Solomon's slaves after they smelted copper ore in primi-





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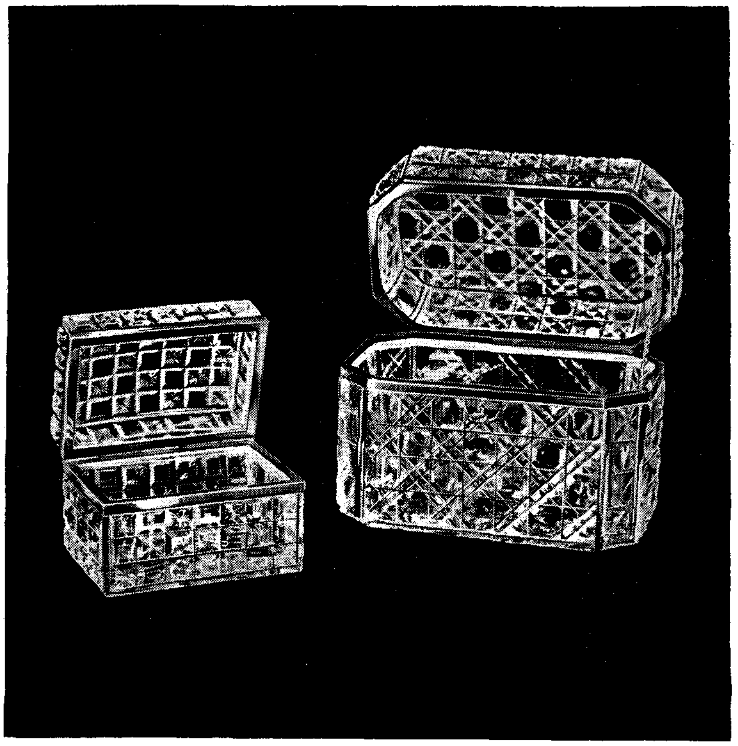

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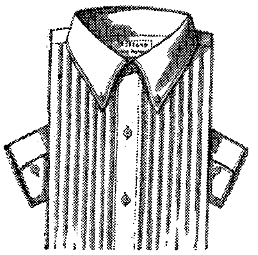

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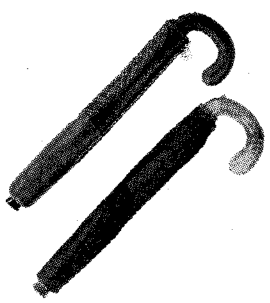
tive kilns, the roar of the rock-crushers of the Timna Copper Enterprise—a joint government and private concern that employs one out of every four adult male inhabitants of Eilat—shatters the deathly silence of the desert.

In one respect, the Eilatis believe that they will soon be one up on Solomon—as transshippers of Persian crude oil, through a pipeline now being laid across the Negev from the Gulf to the refineries in Haifa. In two respects, really. As far as I know, the Eilat of the past was never a seaside resort, but the new Eilat is fast becoming one for winter vacationists now, as evidenced by the ambitious schemes for putting up fancy waterfront hotels. Unlike Israel's Mediterranean beaches, which are a bit too chilly in the winter months, it offers excellent swimming all year round, although its summer climate, with the temperature frequently going above a hundred and twenty, scares the timid away, despite a low average humidity of twenty-seven per cent—a welcome change, some settlers think, from the moist heat of Tel Aviv. At night, whatever the season, a north wind cools the desert off, and in winter Eilatis sleep under blankets.

Down by the shore of the Gulf are twentieth-century Eilat's oldest buildings—three adobe structures that originally served as an Israeli police post and later as the headquarters of an unhappy, sweating United Nations observer team, at the time of the Suez crisis. One of the three is now used by local fishermen as a refrigerating plant, and the others are occupied by venders of souvenirs and soft drinks. Everything else in Eilat is less than five years old—its amphitheatre, its Philip Murray Cultural Center, its Trade Unions House, its Museum of Maritime Fauna and Flora, its seven-story shopping and business center, and all its residential buildings, from adobe huts to large blocks of modern apartments. As I had gathered from my fellow-passengers on the plane, Eilat is a young people's town; in fact, I was told that the average age of its inhabitants (children included) is somewhere in the twenties. The young men and women who have settled in Eilat gave up the comforts and relative security of routine jobs in the north because they see in Eilat an exciting challenge to their energy, wits, and courage. A lot of them are native Israelis—or, as they call themselves, *sabras*, the name of the fruit of the cactus, meaning, literally, "outside prickly, inside sweet." At night, the young people of Eilat look across the Gulf at the



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flickering lights of the port of 'Aqaba and reflect upon how dazzling the fluorescence of Eilat must seem to the Jordanians.

The completely air-conditioned Hotel Eilat, a big, friendly, comfortable place, stands on the shorefront near the old police post. After my plane landed, I stopped in there for a late breakfast and found the manager helping his staff serve the meal from plates and bowls of food set out on long tables—fish, fruit, applesauce, cheeses, olives, egg dishes, and salads, but no meat, for in Israel nowadays the law declares that either dairy products or meat can be served, never both. Later, at lunch in another Eilat restaurant, the proprietor regretfully refused to let me have sour cream to go with a dish of Hungarian goulash. Last year, he probably would have served the cream "apart"—on the next table, that is, where I could have reached over to help myself—but not any longer. There's too much danger of trouble with the police. While many members of the younger generation are irked by the increasingly strict enforcement of the rabbinical food laws, there seems to be no sign of a letup.

Behind the Eilat Hotel, a second large hotel is going up, and behind that, gently ascending toward the bare mountains, stretches the town itself. In Eilat, every road except the one leading north to Beersheba ends abruptly either at one of the borders or at the edge of the desert that presses in on the community. (Many of these roads, though they are not yet paved, are lined with fluorescent street lights.) Eilat's only source of fresh water is a pipeline running to a well in a *kibbutz* twenty-four miles away, and while the supply is ample for the moment, everyone knows that additional sources will have to be found for the future. The government in Tel Aviv has been studying the feasibility of converting sea water to fresh in a thermal-energy power plant, but such an installation would cost about nine million dollars and would raise the price of water to the consumer. Another method of desalination, a freezing process devised by an Israeli engineer named Alexander Zarchin, has been given a tryout in a nearby pilot plant, and now two much larger plants are to be constructed. But for the time being, while the scientists ponder and the budget-makers fret, small amounts of distilled and demineralized water are doled out free every afternoon to small children and pregnant women, because of the excessive mineral content of the pipeline

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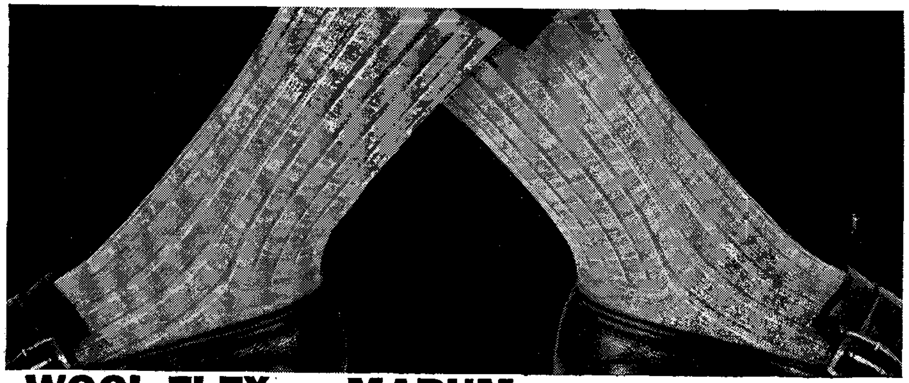

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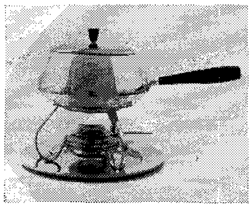

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supply, and many citizens gulp down soda water by the bottleful. Eilat's physicians advise a liquid intake of between two and four gallons a day.

Anybody venturing north from Eilat into the wilder parts of the Negev is advised by the authorities to go armed, as a precaution against Arab guerrillas, but in this frontier town there is no loose gunplay, no two-gun sheriff, no hard drinking. The local night club, which is called, promisingly, The End of the World (Sof Ha'olam), is operated in a haphazard fashion by a bearded veteran of the Sinai campaign, and its emblem is a shark, but the customers sit around drinking fruit juice and singing Hebrew folk songs. At another café, frequented mostly by immigrants from North Africa, I saw a gaunt, silent figure, clad in blue jeans and wearing a gun on his hip, stride in and, after grimly surveying the premises, take a seat at a table and order iced tea. At the next table were a couple of ebony-black Falasha Jews, from Ethiopia, and these, I knew, represented a far graver problem for the government than the possibility of frontier brawling, for the growing gap between Eastern and Western Jews is arousing great concern. Jews from Asian and African countries account for half of the nation's population, but they suffer from a strong feeling of inferiority. "In North Africa," an Eilat official told me, "there are social strata—the French on top, the Arabs at the bottom, and the Jews in between. North African Jews who come here hope to achieve the status of the French, so to speak. Instead, they find themselves in the class of the Arabs. They complain that they are being discriminated against. Of course, growing up in the streets of Casablanca hasn't given a new Israeli the advantages of an immigrant who went to the University of Vienna."

In Eilat, I ran across a cheerful, rotund veteran of the Israeli Army whom I had met on a previous visit to Tel Aviv. "Two years ago, I found I could get a job with the Timna Copper Enterprise, so I quit the one I had up north and came down here with my family," he told me. At the moment, he said, Timna was shipping copper through the port of Eilat to England, West Germany, Portugal, Japan, and Brazil at the rate of nine thousand tons a year, but—and even he smiled at the inevitable euphoric "but"—in time it was expected to ship twice as much. I asked him whether he had any regrets about moving to this odd fringe of civilization. "None at all," he said. "Take

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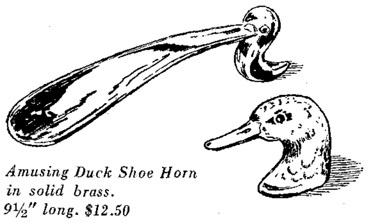

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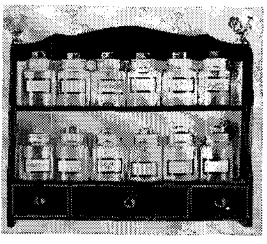

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the financial side, for instance. Salaries are higher here than in Tel Aviv, and apartments are cheaper. Admittedly, food costs more, and your water bill makes a big dent in your budget, but, on the other hand, we get some income-tax relief down here, and everybody can buy a refrigerator tax-free. Naturally, there are housekeeping problems. My wife spends an hour every morning going all over the place with a DDT gun. And she also has to do her own housework, because there's no chance of getting a servant; the Yemenite women who act as servants up north won't come down here. Then, too, except for parties we give each other, we're starved for decent entertainment, unless you count our tiny movie house, which could stand a lot more DDT than it gets. Needless to say, few of us can afford to fly to Tel Aviv and back just for an evening at the movies. What we need is a nice sidewalk coffeehouse, such as they have on Dizengoff Street up there. Still, I wouldn't go back there to live for anything." He went on to assure me that neither he nor his family minded the heat much, especially since the walls of their apartment building, like those of most of the other buildings in Eilat, are built of a porous substance through which water is circulated, and fans circulate the water-cooled air through the rooms.

WHAT Israel lacks in size it makes up in contrast. On my last afternoon in Eilat, I went to the beach and swam in the Red Sea until six, then caught the evening plane, and at eight I was sitting in the Fredric Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv, listening to a concert by the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. The Red Sea swim had been exhilarating, and so was a swim that I took next morning in the Mediterranean, but within a few hours I was on my way inland and to a swim of a very different sort.

My third—and, for the time being, final—venture into the Israeli countryside was a hundred-and-fifteen-mile drive to Sodom, at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, which I made in the helpful company of a tough former Israeli soldier, with gentle manners and a handsome R.A.F. mustache, whose name was Jacob Levy. As we headed out of Tel Aviv, he remarked that he was born in Jerusalem. "My father moved there from somewhere in Russia," he said. "I have no idea where, and as far as I'm concerned it doesn't matter." This, I had come to realize, was an attitude characteristic of *sabras*. Bus

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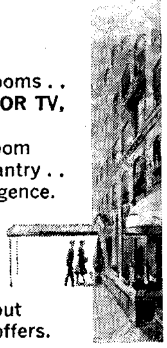

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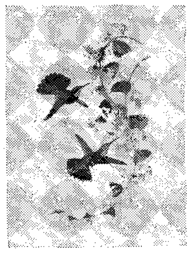

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service being anything but frequent in the desert country between Beersheba and Sodom, we encountered several hitchhikers, and Levy, following the accepted practice in that part of the world, unquestioningly stopped to give them a lift. Our first passenger was a pretty Irish-American girl named Maureen, who was using her vacation from her job in a New York City hospital to take her first trip abroad. Her parents had assumed she would "do" Paris, London, and Rome, and were quite put out when she wrote them that she had decided to spend her whole time and all her savings in Israel, which she was exploring with immense Irish enthusiasm. She seemed surprised when Levy asked her if she was having any dates with Israeli boys. "Sure I am," she said. And how did they pass the time? "We have soft drinks and dance," Maureen replied. "They're different from the boys back home. They're more serious about the important things, but also, in a way, more relaxed. They enjoy life."

We dropped Maureen off at a crossroads, and a few miles farther on we picked up a young couple returning home with a sick baby they had just taken to a clinic in Beersheba. They were Moroccan Jews who had spent the past three years in a small settlement, which they liked well enough, except that there was no local doctor to look after their infant. Soon we stopped again, and a Bedouin and his son squeezed in. Levy not only speaks Arabic fluently but once spent a couple of months in the desert as the guest of a Bedouin sheik, and consequently he had no trouble conversing with this pair. They had been to Beersheba with the object of visiting the camel market, not so much with the intention of acquiring a camel as of bringing themselves up to date on the latest gossip and buying some of the flower seeds that are considered a great delicacy in Bedouin cuisine. There are some fifteen thousand Bedouins in Israel, Levy told me, and most of them have consistently refused the free land, free houses, and steady jobs that the government has offered them in an effort to make them settle down to a productive way of life. They much prefer to adhere to the customs of their ancestors—pitching their black tents in dried-out wadies, where they sow enough winter grain and raise enough camels and sheep to remain self-sufficient. When the urge comes to move, they move, and the idea of steady work is shameful to them.

Besides the Bedouins, Levy went on,

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there are the Arabs who decided to stay on in Israel after the partition of Palestine. They are living regally compared to those who moved out and now have only U.N. refugee camps in Jordan or the Gaza Strip to call home. Israeli Arabs have the same political rights as Israeli Jews, and hold eight of the hundred and twenty seats in the nation's Parliament. In the villages, where electricity, running water, irrigation, free education, and free medical service are being made increasingly available, Israeli Arabs have access to them all on a share-and-share-alike basis. Polygamy is becoming less frequent among them, and the young women are rebelling against the Moslem custom of being sold to their bridegrooms; some girls have run away from home rather than submit to it. Others have insisted on marrying without the benefit of a dowry—a heretofore unheard-of practice in Arab society.

The Moroccan couple, who did not seem very happy about having the Bedouins as fellow-passengers, got off first, with their baby. Some time later, when we were deep in the wastes of an appalling stretch of desert, the Bedouins asked to be let out. They thanked us, touching their foreheads and chests, and wandered off into the wilderness between craggy mountains toward a cluster of black tents in the far distance. Our next companions were two Israeli Army soldiers—an aloof-seeming girl corporal and a Yemenite private with light-brown skin, black eyes, and teeth so white that Levy asked him what brand of toothpaste he used. The private said he'd never heard of toothpaste until 1950, when he and most of the Jews in Yemen were evacuated by air to Israel. Levy asked if he had been aboard the plane whose passengers lit a fire on the floor of the cabin to keep warm, and the soldier smiled feebly. It is one of the many jokes that Israelis tell, with

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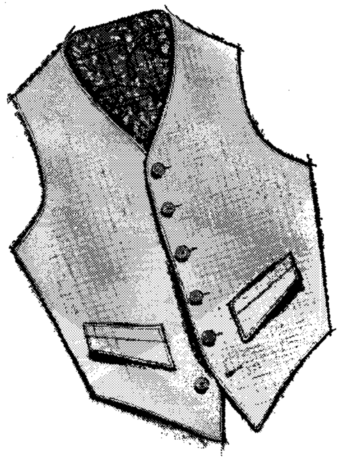

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a mixture of affection and impatience, about the Yemenites among them. These people, whose ancestors lived for more than two thousand years according to the ancient traditions of their race, are noted in Israel for their willingness to take any sort of job, and for the speed with which they have adapted themselves to the twentieth-century life of Israel. As evidence of the latter, the private said that he had an older brother and sister working in Beersheba—one as a welder in a factory, the other as an office secretary.

After half an hour or so, the private left us, and now the girl corporal, who had not said a word since she got in, assumed a still more aloof attitude as she stared out at the passing countryside. I asked her, in English, whether she spoke any language besides Hebrew, and she thereupon told Levy, in Hebrew, that she didn't like to talk to strangers. Levy laughed and said, "Name, rank, and serial number. Do we look like the enemy?" As he spoke, he smiled at her bewitchingly and gave his mustache a glorious twirl, and that did the trick. The girl laughed and said that she spoke Polish, French, and Spanish, and added that she came from Santiago de Chile, where her father, a refugee from Poland, and her mother, a Chilean, were still living. She and her brother had arrived in Israel two years earlier, she went on, "to see what the Promised Land was like," and had been so taken with the place that they had decided to stay. They were expecting their parents to join them shortly. She wasn't crazy about the Army, "but everybody has to go through it," she said, "and besides, it's a good place to make friends."

I asked, in French, what parts of the world most of her friends came from, and she looked puzzled. In only a few cases had she ever thought to inquire, she said, since she regarded them all as Israelis. But after some reflection she said, "*Voilà Claire, une amie. Elle vient de Roumanie—je crois.*"

"Typical," said Levy. "In my military outfit we had men from fifty-nine countries, capable of speaking thirty languages among them, but, of course, we all spoke Hebrew to each other. We have a saying that Israel isn't a melting pot, it's a pressure cooker."

The girl corporal asked to be dropped off at Dimona, a recently built town whose name has inspired a popular song praising a lass—"Simona from Dimona." As the girl was thanking him for the lift, Levy twirled his mustache again and asked whether her name

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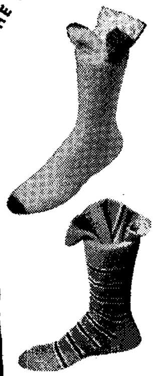

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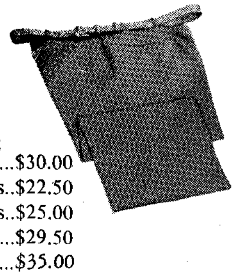

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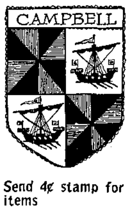

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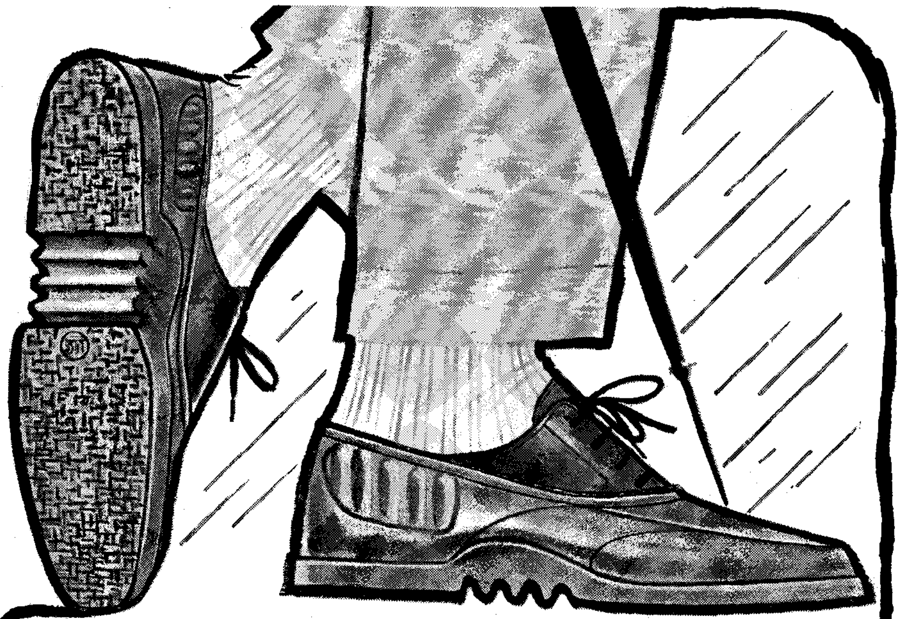
was Simona. "That's classified information," she said, and walked away, calling back over her shoulder, "*Shalom*" ("Peace"), the universal greeting and farewell in Israel.

About ten miles beyond Dimona, at an altitude of eighteen hundred feet, the road—a highway—began to descend a formidable cliff in a series of nine gentle curves. At the bottom was Sodom, which, at twelve hundred and ninety feet below sea level, is the lowest inhabited spot on earth. The weather had been pleasant, but now a warm wind blew up from the Dead Sea, and grew stronger and hotter until it seemed like a blast from an oven. On some of the crags, we passed guard posts where toll collectors once kept an eye out for salt caravans crawling up from the Dead Sea to the Mesopotamian town of Asa, where their cargoes contributed heavily to the early civilization of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley. The only commercial traffic we encountered on the road was trucks of the Dead Sea Works, Ltd., heavily loaded with bulk potash and bound for Haifa and Eilat, and the only other signs of life in the landscape were a few gnarled tamarisks and, occasionally, a raven circling high above us. Suddenly, at a turn in the road, Levy stopped the car. Below us, hemmed in by bleak mountain ranges, was the world's deepest rift—a ghostly labyrinth of eroded gorges and black craters, on whose far side a steep escarpment rose toward the distant wilderness of Judaea. Levy pointed out Mount Nebo, from whose summit, the Bible relates, Moses had his first glimpse of the Promised Land. It struck me that Moses must have suffered a slight sinking feeling.

We drove on down, toward a bluish expanse with a yellow haze hovering over it—the Dead Sea. The final lap of the trip lay across an arid valley, and eventually we drew up beside the impressive array of chimneys, pumps, towers, and conveyor belts used by the Dead Sea Works in the extraction of potash from the waters at its doorstep.

The dry heat, the searing wind, the racket of the machines, and the white powdered potash that blew about and settled on everything—man and machine alike—made the scene one worthy of Hieronymus Bosch. But the men toiling through this nightmare seemed content. We talked with an engineer who was a native of Czechoslovakia and had a concentration-camp number tattooed on his wrist. He had been working in the potash plant for five years, and liked it. "After some of the places I've been in,



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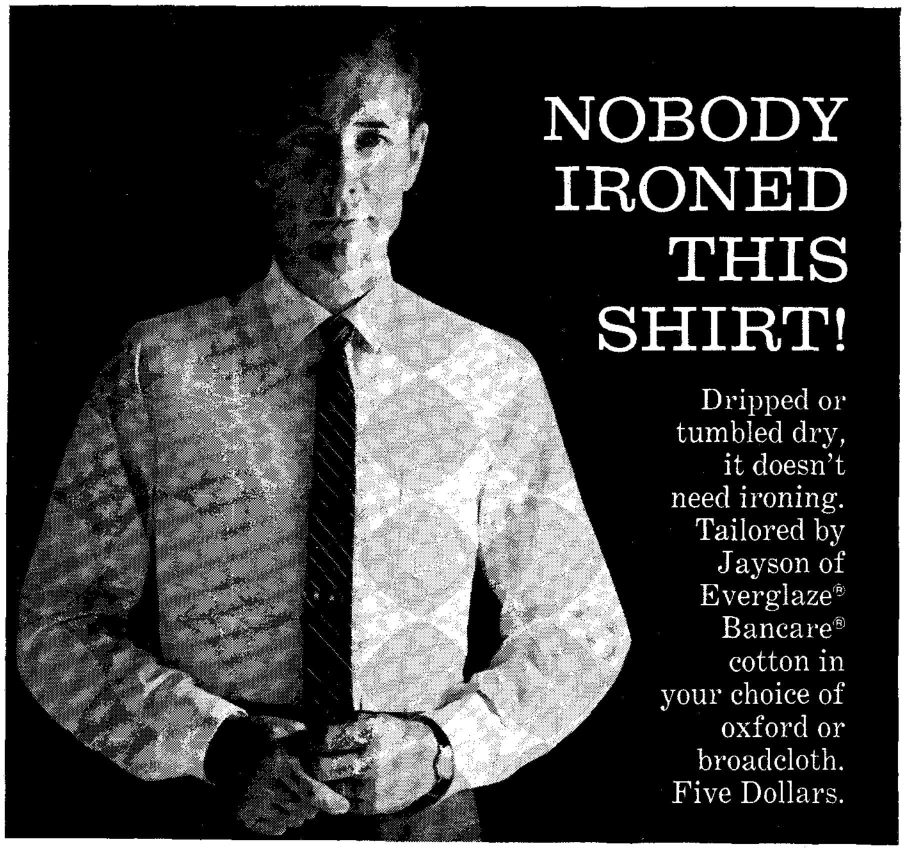

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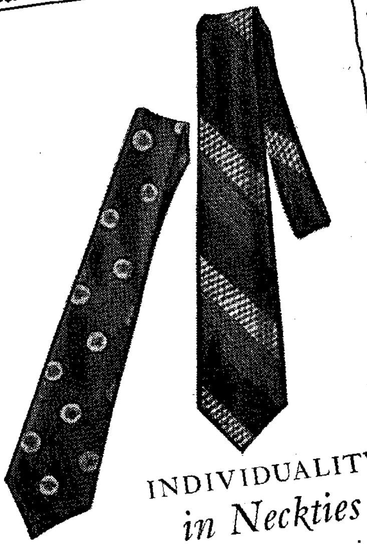

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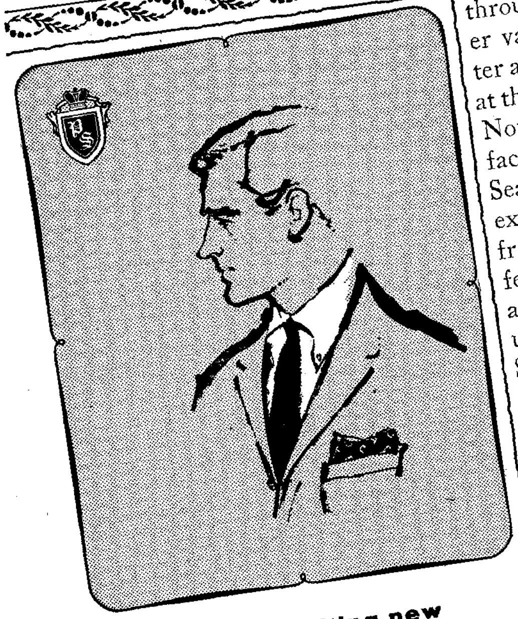

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"Sodom isn't so bad," he said. "For the first three years, it *was* pretty grim, because we all had to live in barracks right here on the site. None of us—not even our Moroccans, Tunisians, and Yemenites, who are accustomed to hot weather—could take it for more than ten or twelve days at a time, and then they'd have to ship us up to a higher altitude for a spell. Now things are different. The company has built houses in Dimona for all the employees—there are five hundred of us, and our families amount to another five hundred—and buses take us back and forth. The plant operates around the clock, in three shifts. The 7 A.M. to 3 P.M. shift is the killer. People tell us it must be wonderful to commute through such beautiful scenery, but as far as the day shift is concerned the only beautiful scenery is the sight of Dimona after eight hours down here."

The engineer gave me a résumé of the plant's history. Owing to the high rate of evaporation induced by the heat, he said, the mineral content of the Dead Sea is the highest of any body of water on earth—twenty-five per cent, compared to four to six per cent for the Atlantic Ocean. The Dead Sea is fed by the waters of the Jordan and four small saline streams, all of which flow through exceptionally nitrous soil. Other valuable chemicals found in the water are believed to come from hot springs at the bottom of the sea. In 1910, Moshe Novemissky, a mining engineer, built a factory at the northern end of the Dead Sea and demonstrated that potash, an excellent fertilizer, could be extracted from its waters. In 1948, the factory fell to the Arabs, who, presumably unaware of the potential value of its product, destroyed it. At the end of the war, Sodom, at the opposite extremity of the Dead Sea, became a part of Israel, but for five years the problems arising from geography and boundaries effectively cut it off from the rest of the country. Then the highway from Beersheba was put through. The Dead Sea Works, a partly government-owned company, built its plant soon afterward, and by last year it was producing potash at the annual rate of a hundred and twenty thousand tons—one per cent of the world's total output. I was not surprised to hear the engineer say that it hopes to double that amount in the next two years. Potash is second only to citrus fruit among Israel's export commodities. "We pump the sea water into large pans, where it evaporates in the sun, leaving a white deposit called carnallite," the engineer said, and he went on

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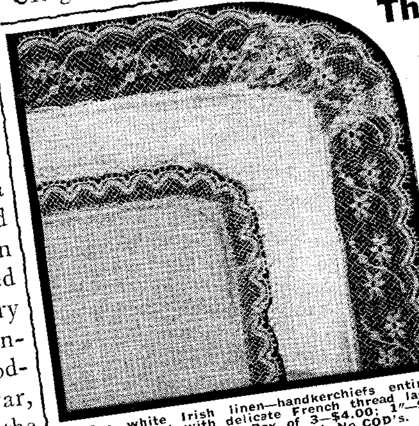

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in this vein for some time, but I confess that by then, being blinded and choked by the dust and dizzy from the heat, I did little more than note down a few disjointed words and phrases: "Carnallite . . . suction pumps . . . classifiers . . . sylvinite . . . flotation process . . . bulk store."

The engineer added (and this I heard perfectly, since the temperature then stood at around a hundred and twenty-five) that one part of the plant—the laboratory—was air-conditioned. I was all for spending an instructive hour there, but Levy said a swim in the Dead Sea would be better for us, so we drove on a couple of miles, to what was once thought to be the remains of the Sodom that, according to Genesis, the Lord destroyed with fire and brimstone; now some eminent archeologists believe that the city was near the other end of the Dead Sea. However that may be, Levy pointed out a rock bearing a vague resemblance to a woman's figure, supposedly that of Lot's wife transformed into a pillar of salt, and told me it was Sodom's major sightseeing attraction. I could easily believe him, for, aside from some meagre tourist accommodations, the only other thing there was a melancholy seascape of sluggish water flanked by bare mountains and made all the gloomier by the hulks of a few abandoned scows along the shore. Casually, Levy produced a jackknife and chipped off a small piece of the unfortunate lady's torso. Sure enough, it was rock salt.

Near the beach stood a small roadside café, the Lot's Wife Inn, which sold postcards, souvenirs, soft and hard drinks, and hot and cold food, and behind this were a youth hostel and rows of rustic wooden barracks. These, I learned, are rented to sufferers from rheumatic and skin diseases whose doctors have faith in the curative power of baths in the Dead Sea at Sodom.

After a welcome pause for coffee in the locally famous Sodom cave (fifteen degrees cooler inside), we got back in the car and drove along the beach until we came to Levy's favorite bathing spot. Here the facilities consisted of a bathhouse, a basin of evil-smelling sulphuric water, and a fresh-water shower fed from a tower overhead. The shower was what appealed to Levy; after a dip in the Dead Sea, he said, it was absolutely essential. He changed to his trunks and went to try out the shower, just to be on the safe side. It worked fine.

As we walked down toward the sea, Levy warned me not to swallow any of

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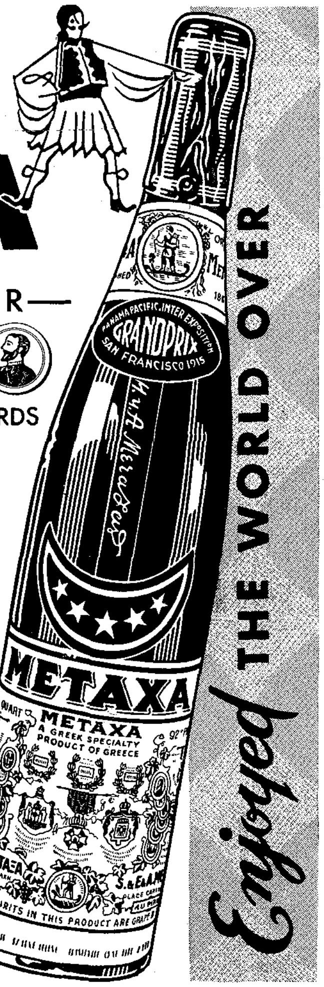
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the water and not to let any of it get in my eyes. Some people, he said, believe that a glassful of water from the Dead Sea contains enough poison to kill a man. Certainly no one would care to drink that much of it, even if it proved to be a Fountain of Youth instead. Not only is it fearfully salty but it has a most unpleasant smell. Still, it was cool, and at first I found it most refreshing, but soon my skin began to grow red and I had the sensation of being burned alive. I told Levy I thought I was done for, but he laughed and said, "Don't worry—it's just the salt. You'll feel all right in a minute." In a minute, I did. Levy, for his part, was lying on his back, practically on top of the water, as if on an air mattress; his legs were crossed, and he was rather ostentatiously reading a newspaper he had brought along. I tried to swim, but my legs rose to the surface, forcing my face into the water, so I, too, turned over on my back and just lay there, watching the colors on the mountains, which changed from ochre to orange to dark red to violet to deep blue.

Emerging from the brine, we made for the shower, and found, to our dismay, that the water tower was empty. We had to content ourselves with a rinse in the sulphuric water. Foul though its odor was, Levy said it was better to take this sort of bath than to drive all the way back to Beersheba with dried salt clogging the pores of our skin.

By the time we got under way, night was coming on. Passing the wooden barracks behind the Lot's Wife Inn, we heard a Beethoven symphony coming over a radio; near the youth hostel some boys were playing one last game of soccer. It was dinnertime, and business at the inn seemed to be good. In the deepening twilight, as we hurried along, I failed to catch a parting glimpse of the pillar of salt. I didn't look back.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

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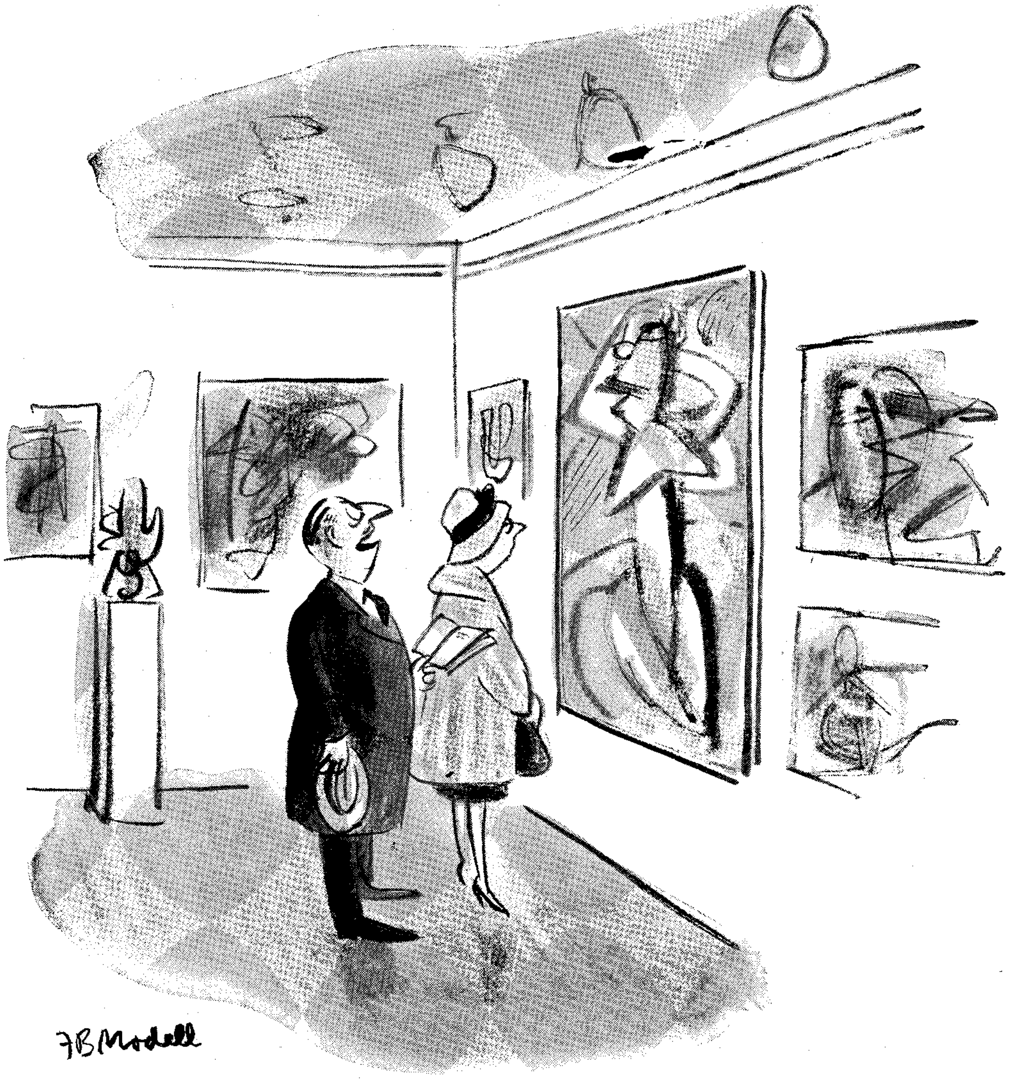
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 11

THE sovereign people, the *Evening Star* said on Wednesday, have given Senator Kennedy "a victory without a verdict and a majority without a mandate." They may not even have given him a majority. In some states, absentee ballots are yet to be counted, and in others there is talk of recanvassing. In California, which Mr. Nixon seems to have lost by about thirty-seven thousand votes, there are said to be about two hundred and thirty thousand absentee ballots to be opened next Monday. The possibility that the election could be thrown into the House of Representatives a couple of weeks from now is not altogether to be discounted—though it appears slimmer this afternoon than it did this morning. In any case, Senator Kennedy has not had the clear and reassuring call he must have hoped for, and neither he nor anyone else can say that the electorate made its wishes known on any of the matters that only a few days ago were hotly in dispute between him and the Vice-President. A strong President can, of course, proceed on the assumption that he has a mandate even when the assumption is demonstrably unsound. The fact that the country does not seem to have implored its President-elect to fight for a medical-care-for-the-aged program under Social Security need not deter him from doing all that he can to advance this project. Strong Presidents often seek and often get retroactive mandates; indeed, the habit of seeking them is about the only distinguishing mark of strength in the Presidency. But Senator Kennedy's thin edge in the popular vote (which could still turn into a thin edge for the Vice-President) will tend to make it more difficult for him to assert and exercise his strength. For one thing, it increases the number of political debts he will be asked to pay off when he takes office. Just about every group that supported him will be able to remind him that without its help he would have suffered defeat. There are very few special interests in this country that cannot lay a fair claim to half a million votes or so, and there are more than a few individual politicians whose support is probably worth that, or more. It is a commonplace now to say that Senator Kennedy could not have won without having Lyndon Johnson on the ticket; if he had had a decent popular majority, it might have been possible to say that Senator Johnson was the only man whose help was of any consequence. As matters stand, though, it is possible to compile a large list of persons whose support was essential for victory or whose hostility might have assured defeat—Martin Luther King, Orval Faubus, Adam Clayton Powell, Herman Talmadge, Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman, Walter Reuther, Carmine De Sapio, and so forth. The fact that Senator Kennedy ran behind the Democratic ticket in more places than he ran ahead of it, and the fact that in some states he is being held personally responsible for Democratic defeats, will make it hard for him either to command loyalty or to demand discipline within his own party.

There is acute appreciation here of these problems, and considerable regret—even among those who always found it possible to contain their enthusiasm for the Senator's candidacy—that so many meanings can be read into his victory. At the same time, there is almost universal agreement that the situation would be vastly more distressing if it were Mr. Nixon who had made it by a cat's whisker. For there was never any real hope that the Republicans could take Congress, or even its lower house, and the common opinion here was that if the ills of divided government were plain to be seen under Mr. Eisenhower, they would be positively glaring under Mr. Nixon. Moreover, had Senator Kennedy been defeated, Senator Johnson would once again have been assailed by dreams of the Presidency, and the next four years might have turned into a duel between the Republican President and the Senate Majority Leader. Senator Kennedy at least represents and leads a party that has a mandate of sorts, and he has no rivals within it whose power comes even close to that of, say, Governor Rockefeller in the Republican Party. (By his harvesting of votes in the South, Senator Johnson has put the President-elect greatly in his debt, but the President-elect, by elevating him to the Vice-Presidency, has greatly reduced the scope of Senator Johnson's power.) Senator Kennedy's lack of a personal mandate will make it more difficult for him to strike out for the new frontiers he has pledged himself to reach, but his



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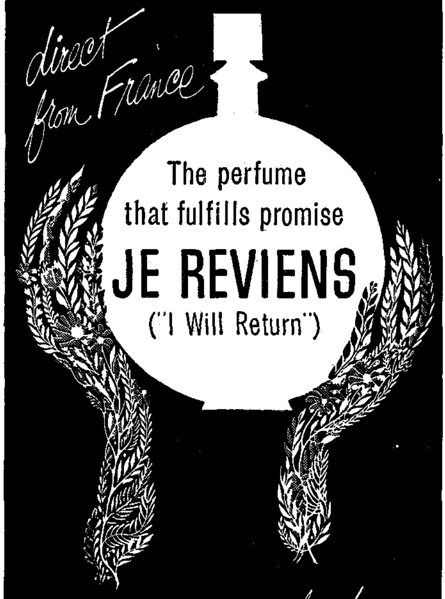

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gifts as an organizer are enormous, and one is hard put to it to think of a man in public life today who is better equipped by temperament and intellect to make the most of the little the country has given him. He is quick to grasp political realities and quick to seize political opportunities. He has been advising people for months now that he was fully aware of the tendency of Presidential power to diminish with the passage of time, and that he would, if elected, draw heavily on whatever credit he had in the very first days of his administration. No President in recent times—perhaps no President in history—has taken office with so little credit, and there is much doubt here at the moment about whether Congress, in which bipartisan conservatism has been strengthened, rather than weakened, in this most peculiar of elections, will undertake the bold and costly enterprises he will call for in both domestic and foreign affairs. But he will make his supreme try this winter, and Washington is looking forward to quite a show.

Senator Kennedy may have won just about the most ambiguous victory in the history of the Presidency, but there is a sense in which his victory appears, in retrospect, to be a feat of extraordinary magnitude. He took arms against an administration that had presided over eight years of immense prosperity and of peace. The economy may have faltered a bit toward the end, and the peace may have been sustained by an unsound diplomacy; nevertheless, the country was well fed and busy, and the peace was about as secure as peace—which has never in history been anything more than the absence of war—ever is. The past offered no examples of an administration's being retired or of party loyalties' being switched at a time like this. From a historical point of view, the odds against a victory of any sort for any Democratic candidate were staggering, and they could have been multiplied by two or three in the case of a candidate who questioned not only the extent of the prosperity but the desirability of much of it and who attacked the diplomacy that, in the public mind, was responsible for the peace. It may be a fact that Senator Kennedy had no choice but to run as a stern critic of the Eisenhower administration, and it is certainly a fact that his prophecies of disaster were accompanied by promises of material benefits that, if they were realized, would put him in a position to go to the people on another occasion with a reminder that they had never had it so good. Still and all, he did undertake a massive assault on the state of mind of

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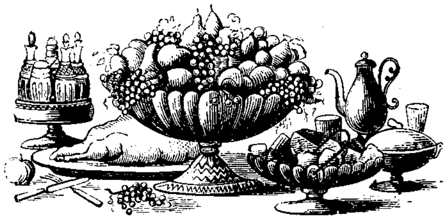

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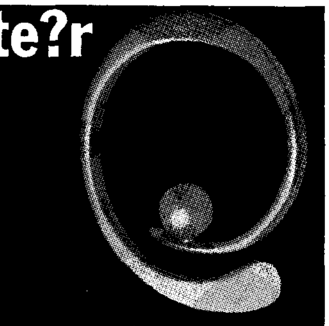

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the American people and on what he regarded as the shallow doctrines that have served as the basis for American complacency over the past several years. As a historian of the period when Winston Churchill was trying to tell the British that they were sleeping, he should have reasoned that he would be rewarded for his pains only when disaster was an accomplished fact. England in the thirties could hardly have been described as wallowing in prosperity, and Winston Churchill a quarter of a century ago was a larger figure among his people, and a far more eloquent one, than John F. Kennedy in 1960. Yet Kennedy went ahead and succeeded as Churchill never did. He succeeded, that is, in achieving power even while he was sounding the alarm. There is reason to believe that his election is less a product of his attacks on the administration than of a host of other factors, but he is the man who achieved the power, and if he did it in spite of, rather than because of, the things he was saying, he was at any rate not rejected for his attempt to stir discomfort in a comfortable society. This seems to most people here quite as remarkable and dramatic as the great triumphs of Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower in times of depression and war and profound national unease.

During the campaign, it seemed to most observers that Senator Kennedy's audiences were unmoved when he told them that American prestige had declined and that American power was waning. They cheered when he said that he wanted the United States to be first in everything and first all the time, with no ifs or buts or maybes. But the latter lines were of the variety known in politics and in the related field of advertising as "grabbers," and the crowd's response to them contrasted powerfully with its response to his insistence that we were not No. 1 at the moment. The reaction of a crowd, though, is not terribly important, and it may be that despite appearances to the contrary, Senator Kennedy scored heavily with public opinion by what his rival called his "downgrading of America." It may even be that things have changed so greatly in recent years that the people relish nothing so much as a jolly assault on their complacency. This development would be no stranger than several others revealed by the election, in which any number of the myths of this myth-ridden community have been destroyed, and from which, in all probability, shiny new myths will emerge. There is, for instance, the myth of political "uniformity"—an outgrowth of the doctrine of

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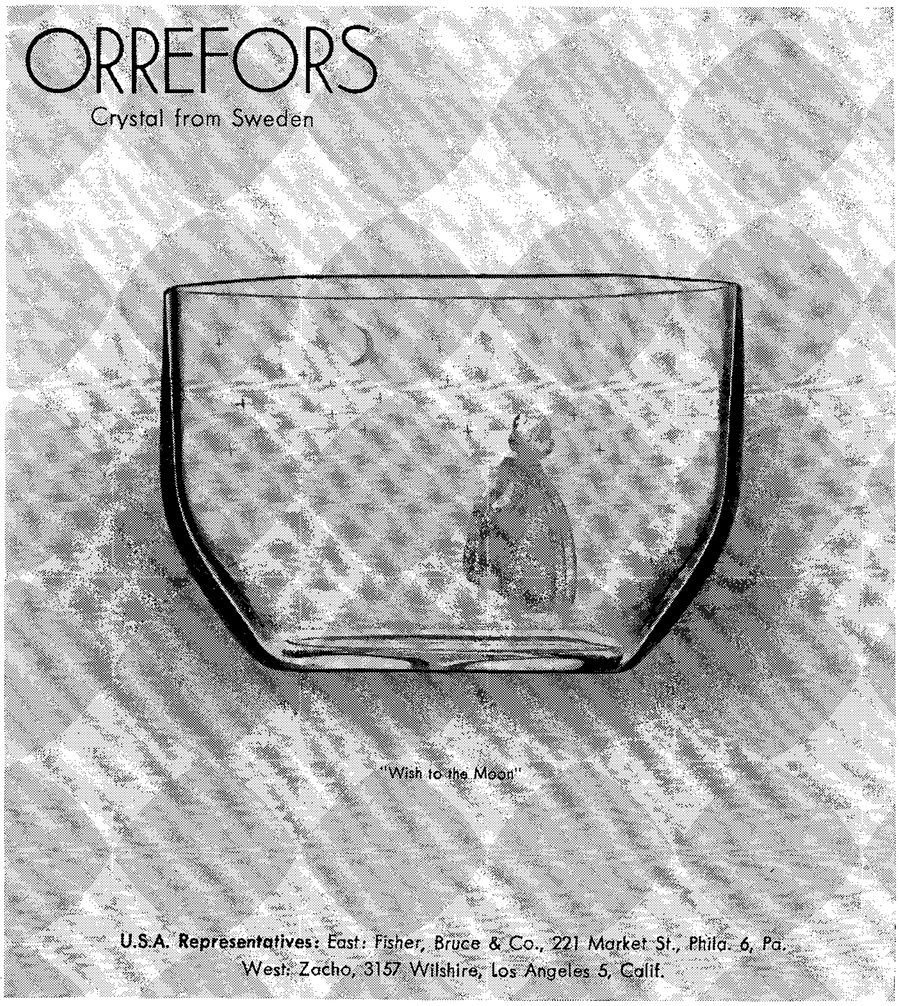
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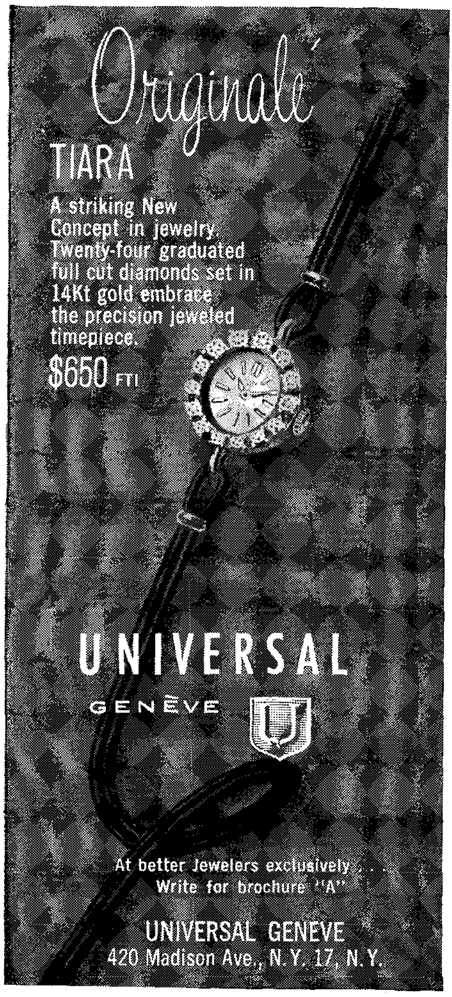

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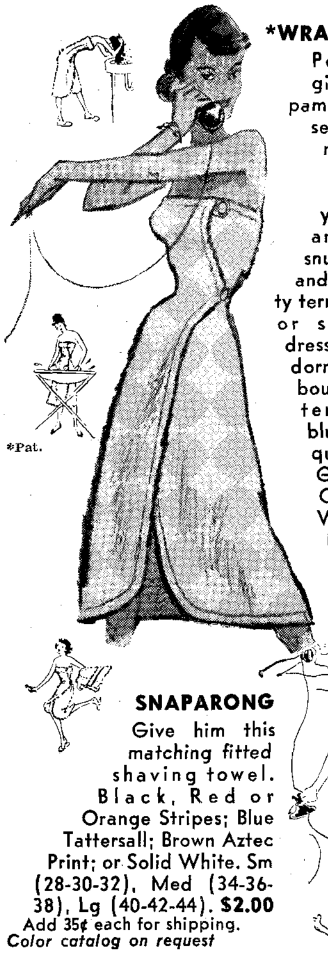

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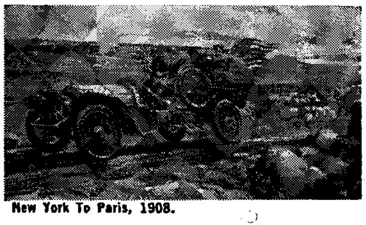

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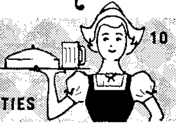

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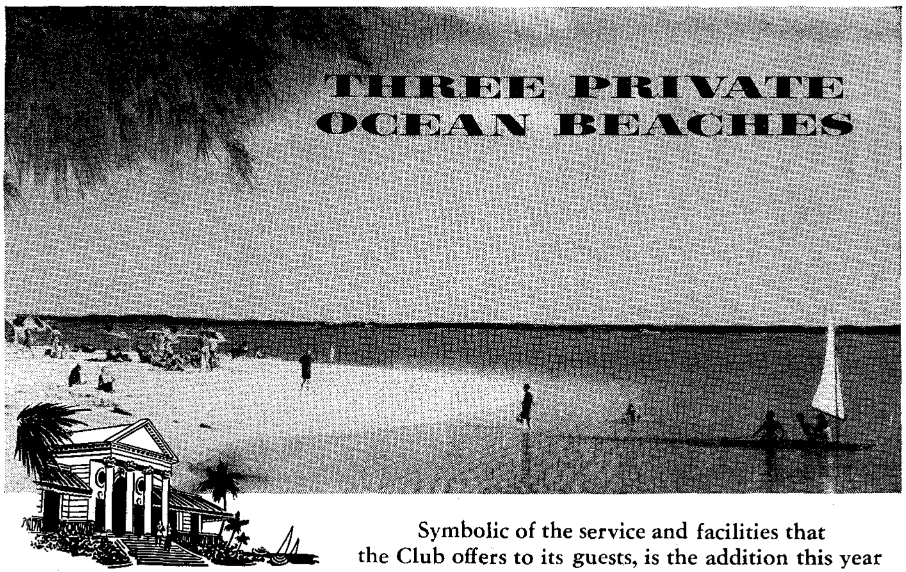
And the variations were not merely regional. The individual voter seemed as torn as the country itself. Over the years, ticket-splitting has become so prevalent as to cast considerable doubt on whether the noble word "loyalty" should be used at all in describing the relationship of a voter to the party of which he is a registered member. Voting a split ticket seems to have become a proof of civic virtue. The voters of Massachusetts gave the President-elect a half-million majority, reëlected a Republican Senator, Leverett Saltonstall, and threw the Democrats out of the State House. Kentucky endorsed Mr. Nixon and a Republican Senator, John Sherman Cooper, and filled six of its eight seats in the House of Representatives with Democrats. It is plain that in a Presidential election the party label has become almost meaningless and the idea of measuring party strength by party "membership" almost ludicrous.

NOT since Herbert Hoover has there been a President whose entire political career was spent in Washington, and there has probably never been in the White House a man as intimately known to residents of this community as Senator Kennedy. He has been an interesting and striking figure here since his election to the Eightieth Congress in 1946. Early in his career, particularly in the period following his election to the Senate in 1952, the number of his detractors probably equalled—and perhaps even surpassed—that of his admirers. His ambition was thought to be untempered by humor or charity, and a good many people considered his lack of political valor to be as conspicuous as the military valor he had shown during the war. For some time after the publication of his "Profiles in Courage," it was commonly said that its author never displayed the courage he celebrated in the book, though he displayed his profile frequently. It would be an exaggeration to maintain that he no longer has detractors here or that one no longer hears any of the old misgivings expressed. But well before his nomination his admirers became a clear majority, and the majority kept growing as the campaign went on. Some of the most severe and dispassionate judges of political morality here felt that his campaign this year was an uncommonly dignified and responsible one. It was marred once or twice, as the Vice-President's was, by rashness, but it was never marred by vulgarity or silliness. It is believed that he will begin his term with few assets greater than the respect he has won from people here who are custom-



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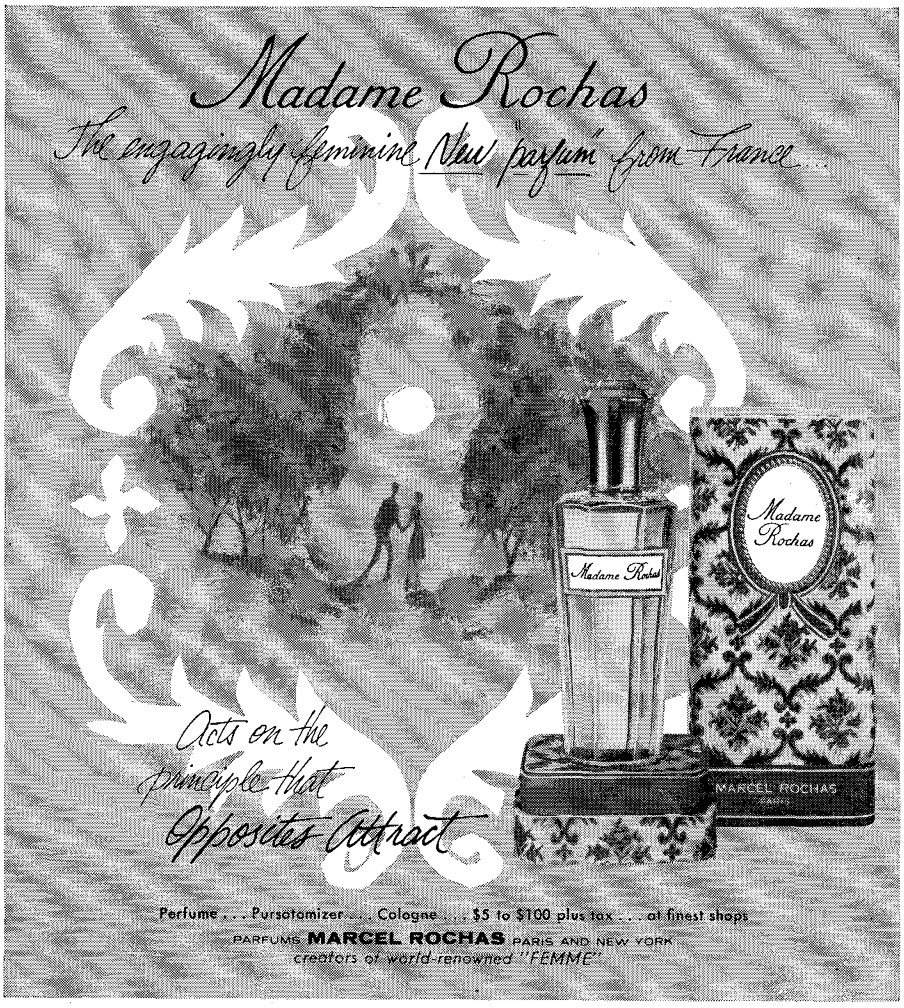
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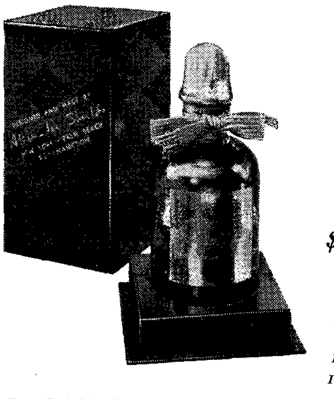

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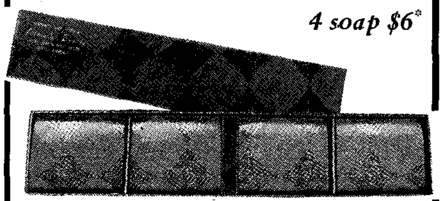

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arily cautious and grudging in the respect they show politicians.

In character and in political style, there are many things about Senator Kennedy that are reminiscent of the late Senator Robert A. Taft, one of the statesmen for whom the President-elect expressed his admiration in "Profiles in Courage." In his public appearances, and often on the Senate floor, Taft's bearing was stiff and his mode of discourse dry, mechanical, and, on occasion, downright boring. His language seemed to lack grace, rhythm, and feeling. It was difficult for those who knew him well to convince those who did not that he was a very different man away from the crowds and the battlegrounds—relaxed, amusing, amused, sometimes witty, and far from doctrinaire. He enjoyed hearing his own views criticized unsparingly, and he enjoyed defending them. He had more intellectual curiosity and more intellectual passion than any other leading politician of his time. Senator Kennedy produces infinitely more warmth in crowds than Senator Taft ever did, but their response appears to be stimulated by his buoyancy and bearing and good looks, rather than by what he says, or even how he says it. His language is as starchy as Senator Taft's, his rhythm and his ear for speech are little short of atrocious, and his humor is invariably pedantic. He gives the impression of being a man who, while speaking lines he has committed to memory and making gestures that are nothing more than reflexes he has painfully conditioned himself to, is privately absorbed in wonder at why he is doing what he is doing and why so many people are watching him do it. (At one point during an evening motorcade trip late in the campaign, he expressed exactly this wonder to a travelling companion, saying that he would never understand why adult citizens would abandon the pleasures of the fireside to get a fleeting look at a politician.) And, like Senator Taft, Senator Kennedy, once out of the public eye, loses all the awkwardness and all the harshness of manner that seem to characterize him when he is doing business with the people. His speech immediately becomes colloquial, and ready for a genuine and easygoing exchange of ideas, wisecracks, and private reactions. He is equipped for this sort of thing by a mind as well stocked and well organized as that of any President since Woodrow Wilson—and by a mind far more flexible than Wilson's.

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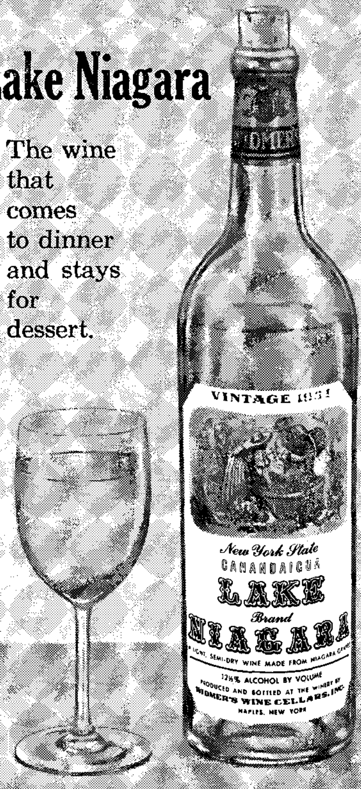

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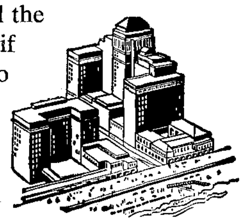

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one. The word "ruthless" is often heard, and it at least suggests an important truth about him. There is a story about his arrangements with Lyndon Johnson at the Los Angeles convention that is pretty much in character even if—as may well be the case—it is apocryphal. Politicians who profess to know the truth say that when Senator Kennedy made up his mind about the Vice-Presidency and announced his decision to Senator Johnson, the Majority Leader replied that while he was honored by the proposal, he was convinced that he could be a greater force for good in the office he then held. "I understand that perfectly well," Senator Kennedy is said to have replied, "but what makes you so certain that you would be Majority Leader if I am President?" On the other hand, there are many who believe that it took no arm-twisting at all to get Senator Johnson on the ticket—that, in fact, he became a candidate for second place the moment he was defeated for first place. Still, no one supposes that Senator Kennedy is above arm-twisting of this sort, and no one supposes that he reached his present eminence without indulging in a good bit of it. The fact that politics is never anything but a rough game may provide a better argument for condemning politics than for condoning roughness, but the common belief here is that the cement of a society such as ours requires some distasteful ingredients, and that roughness is to be condemned only when it becomes brutal and sadistic, or when it is practiced by men who consider themselves Messiahs. There is not the slightest trace of the Messiah complex in the President-elect.

BEFORE Election Day, it was generally assumed that if the Vice-President met with defeat, the Republican Party would be a very sick organization and Mr. Nixon's career in public service would be just about at an end. It was felt that Mr. Nixon's failure would demonstrate that the Party could not hope to carry the country without a personage such as Mr. Eisenhower, and that since figures of his sort are in very short supply, it would hardly matter whether the remains went to Senator Goldwater or to Governor Rockefeller. Mr. Nixon, it was felt, might be able to demand and get the 1964 nomination, but it seemed doubtful whether a man as astute as he is would consider it a prize worth seeking. No one at this moment believes either that the Party is dead or that Mr. Nixon's career is at an end. The only preëlection hunch that has proved sound

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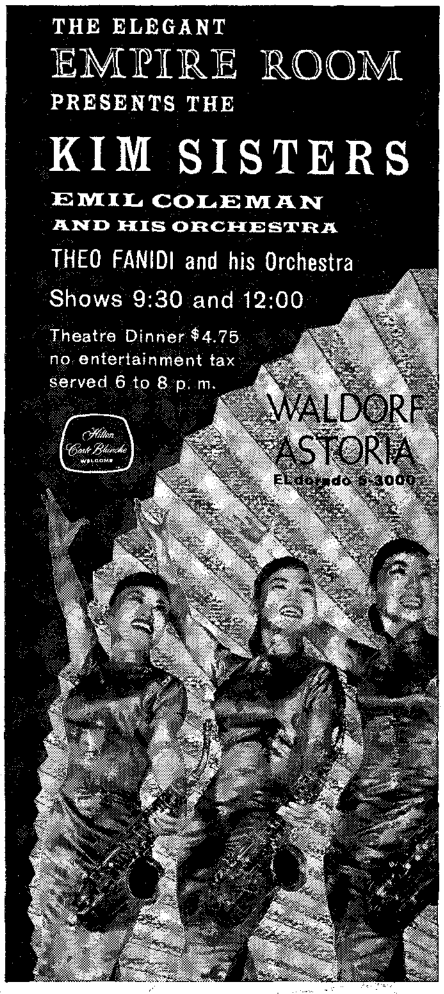
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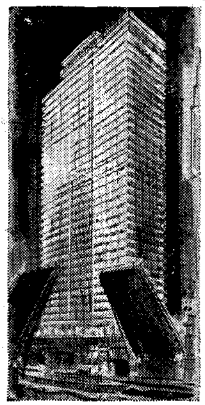
is that there would be a contest between the Goldwater and Rockefeller Republicans. This has taken no time whatever to materialize. Senator Goldwater is venting his bitterness toward the Vice-President and Ambassador Lodge—particularly toward the latter, whose Harlem offer of a Cabinet post to a Negro is thought by the Senator to have cost Mr. Nixon electoral votes all the way from South Carolina to Texas. Governor Rockefeller's dash down a fire escape in the Roosevelt Hotel in order to avoid ambush by reporters eager to question him about the loss of New York has been described in the Washington *Daily News* as being perhaps a "running start toward the 1964 Republican Presidential nomination." But the Republican gains in Congress and Mr. Nixon's huge popular vote have put an end to talk about the collapse of Republicanism and of the Vice-President's career. The Republicans have apparently picked up twenty seats in the House and two in the Senate in a year when—given a Democratic Presidential victory—they should have suffered a loss in Congress, and the Vice-President has managed to poll the full strength of his party plus a considerable number of independents. (Though statistics in this field are unreliable and sometimes even unobtainable, it is being said here that there is not one state in which Senator Kennedy appears to have won the support of all registered Democrats; if this is so, the converse is that the Vice-President did better in every state than he had any right to do on the basis of registration. With the decline of party loyalties, all this may be nearly meaningless, but it will not be meaningless to politicians, who cling steadfastly to what others may regard as merely an enduring myth.) At any rate, Mr. Nixon, as one of the narrowest losers of all time, could become the most formidable of "titular" party leaders, and if, as seems almost inevitable, the extreme Right and Left positions are represented by Senator Goldwater and Governor Rockefeller, he could serve as an almost indispensable ideological broker. This is a role he is accustomed to and one in which, as a man pretty much innocent of ideology, he functions superbly. It seems improbable that the Presidency will be within his grasp in 1964, but the improbable is no longer quite so improbable as it used to be. In any case, the active leadership of the Republican Party is a post of importance and power, and it seems to be his if he wants it. The betting at the moment is that he will want it.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE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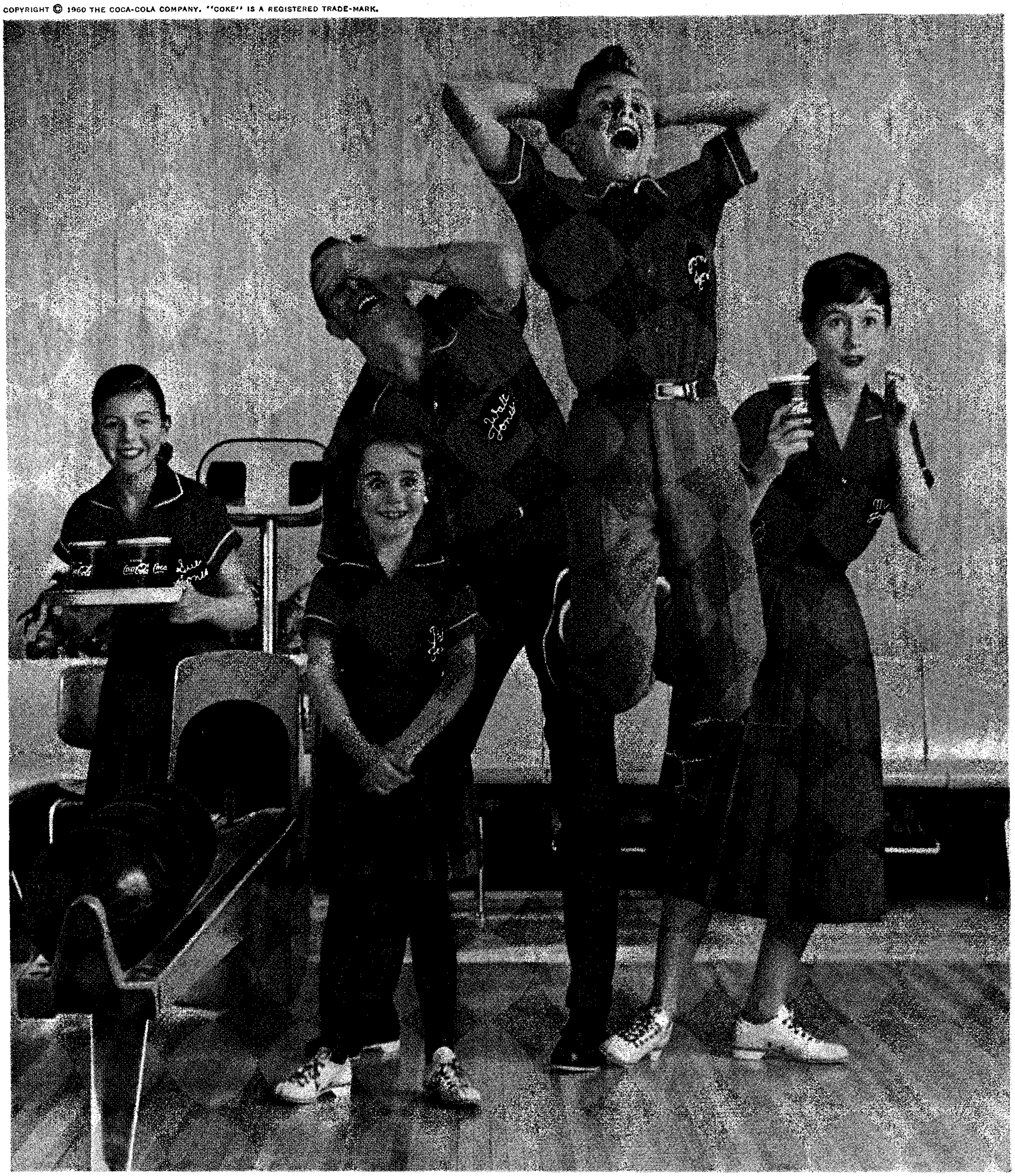

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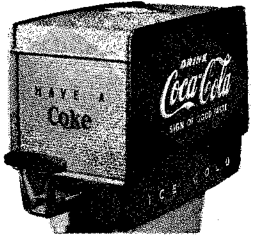
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II—The Hidden Treasure

THE Secretariat, the main building of Unesco House (the Paris headquarters of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization), which faces the Place de Fontenoy, does not, alas, rank high as either an aesthetic or a practical achievement. But, quite apart from its other shortcomings, it performs the absurd office of concealing the Conference Building, the one structure of architectural merit in the group of three, which has been strangely stuck away in a far corner of the site. The two main buildings are as unrelated in conception and design as they are in placement. The Conference Building is as finely molded as a scallop shell; the Secretariat is a building almost as anomalous and transparent as a jellyfish. The Conference Building, properly conceived and placed, might have been the core of a great design, but the architects have made it a mere appendage of the Secretariat. By tying these two buildings together with a low, broad, nondescript passage, they have deprived the more interesting one of the only thing that would have enhanced its distinction—an adequate approach. Flanking this umbilical corridor is a so-called plaza—an open space that accounts for one-third of the seven and a half acres in the site. Despite a couple of unrelated freestanding walls, which conceal nothing and reveal little (except some colored tile abstractions, a Wall of the Moon and a Wall of the Sun, by Miró), a large recumbent female by Henry Moore, and a rounded carpet of grass, surrounded by sand, the "plaza" is an aesthetic void. The Moore sculpture is effectively cancelled out by an all too vigorous piece of abstract "sculpture" designated as an entrance canopy, though the real entrances to the buildings are in other places and the canopy has no reason for existence. No one would ever visit this area except in a guided group on an educational tour, since if he were found there alone, without credentials, he would be as open to police suspicion as a pedestrian in Los Angeles. Even better works of art than those on display could not register here. The chief positive feature of this open area is the long, oblong car park that adjoins one façade of the Secretariat, for its walls and hedge and double rank of mustard-colored flagpoles mute the usually dreary effect of massed cars. The ultimate fate of this open area is easy to foresee. In a few years, the whole thing will become a car park. Unlike the Place Vendôme, now inundated and effaced by the automobile, it hardly deserves a better fate.

Happily, in the Conference Building itself the architects of the UNESCO project have something fresh to say, and they say it boldly and on the whole successfully, if the building is considered as an independent, unrelated object. This favorable judgment, I hasten to add, does not apply to the huge Picasso mural in the main concourse, for that has the effect of an exhumed corpse, not even fit for medical dissection. This painting marks the spiritual destitution of an artist whose extraordinary gifts as a draftsman might have put him safely, after his "Guernica," among the great ones had he not continued to cultivate a modish outer emptiness that matched the inner emptiness of his war-shattered and nihilistic generation. This mural gives me the impression of a sniggering adolescent scrawl on an inviting wall, though a critic writing a long encomium in *Civiltà delle Macchine* has reverently interpreted it as UNESCO's modern version of the Sistine Chapel. But the Conference Building is nevertheless strong enough to at least counteract a spiritually mildewed Picasso, even if it cannot, by its own achievement, overcome the defects of organization and design in the whole Paris UNESCO complex of buildings.

I HAVE no information as to how the work was apportioned between the three master architects—Marcel Breuer, Bernard Zehrfuss, and Pier Luigi Nervi—but the Conference Building bears the unmistakable imprint of Nervi, for he has been a most imaginative and daring exploiter of the new methods of thin concrete-shell construction, which have been applied to it. In form the building is so different from traditional compositions that no architectural vocabulary exists to describe

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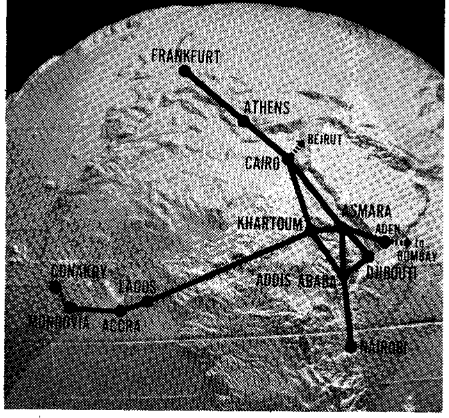

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it. In plan, it is rather like a keystone, with parallel ends unequal in length and two splaying sides. There is a street entrance at one side and, at the other, the wide corridor that links it to the Secretariat. The two ends of the building are the highest points, for the top dips toward the middle of the structure to form what is technically known as a butterfly roof—an old favorite of Breuer's, once used on an exhibition cottage for the Museum of Modern Art. The end walls are vertically fluted, or perhaps "accordion-pleated" would give a closer image. The fluting forms a series of narrow triangles—one sitting on its base, the next one sitting on its apex, and so on. The deep bays that are created by this device afford marked contrasts of light and shadow. In these fluted walls there are no windows to diminish the sculptural quality of this concrete shell; what is more, the pattern of fluting carries through not merely from the walls to the roof, which is sheathed in bronze, but from the outside to the interior. In short, the building is all of a piece. Here is the precise opposite of the transparent glass surfaces of the Secretariat. This molded mass brings back the play of light and dark that has almost been lost to modern architecture through its preoccupation with slick, unbroken surfaces and curtain walls. In no imitative way, this shell suggests the lid of a stone Egyptian sarcophagus, the same within and without, monolithic without looking ponderous or oppressive. No small part of the success of this design results from the flawless handling of the concrete, which harmonizes, in both color and texture, with the travertine stone that forms the walls on the long sides, in which there are window openings. The incised horizontal lines that run across the concrete walls suggest stone without imitating it, and this final refinement reminds the observer how good concrete can be in the hands of a master builder commanding master workers.

A weak point in the shell is the street face of the building, and the weakness derives partly from the butterfly roof, which sags with a kind of inverted emphasis precisely where the entrance from the street should suggest the opposite movement of elevation. The axis of the main corridor, which is in a sense a continuation of the corridor leading from the Secretariat, lies just a little to one side of the dip in the roof, and this one-sidedness is further emphasized by the fact that all the openings are at one side, while the other side is a solid wall of travertine. A single row of mas-

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sive *pilotis*, like the ones upon which the Secretariat rests, runs along this axis. The angle created by the roof increased the architects' difficulty in finding a congruent shape for the windows, and they did not succeed; the windows are set in heavy, clumsy ribs, which create arbitrary rectangles of unequal size that have no relation to the interior needs or to the odd shape of the walls. These windows are a continuation of the glass panel above the entrance—a panel that reaches the ceiling and thus discloses to the visitor on the outside the great axial corridor. Unfortunately, this fine effect has been aesthetically diminished by a picayune black boxlike entrance that protrudes from the façade. This gives the building the air of an establishment dedicated to *pompes funèbres*. The architects have turned this lapse of taste into a grim practical joke by placing a huge black Alexander Calder mobile in the open space a bit to the left of the doorway, where it dominates the approach like a sentinel crane, whose wings add a final touch of the undertaker's parlor to the coffin-like entrance. Surely it is a sign of academic pomposity to take the work of such an artist, charming because of its childlike pleasure in waving arms and moving shadows, and endow it with a serious function. A Calder mobile, as a lady I admire has observed, would be the best of companions if one were in a hospital bed, too weak to read, too sensitive to listen to the radio; a complex mobile, hanging from the ceiling and casting endless shadows on the walls, would be as beguiling as a kaleidoscope. But in its present setting, this bit of solemn frivolity—or frivolous solemnity—reflects upon the intelligence and aesthetic discretion of those who commissioned it. Empty of content, unrelated to either the structure or the purpose of the building, this mobile is another dusty period piece (circa 1935). In their choice of non-related objects of modern art, the designers have equalled the non-relatedness of their buildings, and have insured the eminence of Unesco House as a Museum of Antiquated Modernities.

The Conference Building is, in essentials, a work of organic architecture, and it therefore does not require extra effort by the interior decorator, the muralist, or the sculptor to transform it into a work of art. If it were not for the overbearing effect of the V-shaped *pilotis* along the axis, this monumental shell might have been enriched by a single piece of sculpture. Such a construction might have provided an aesthetic

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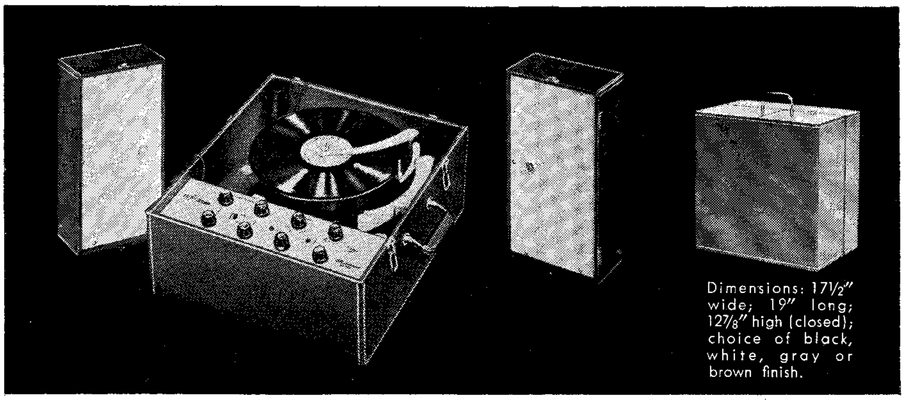

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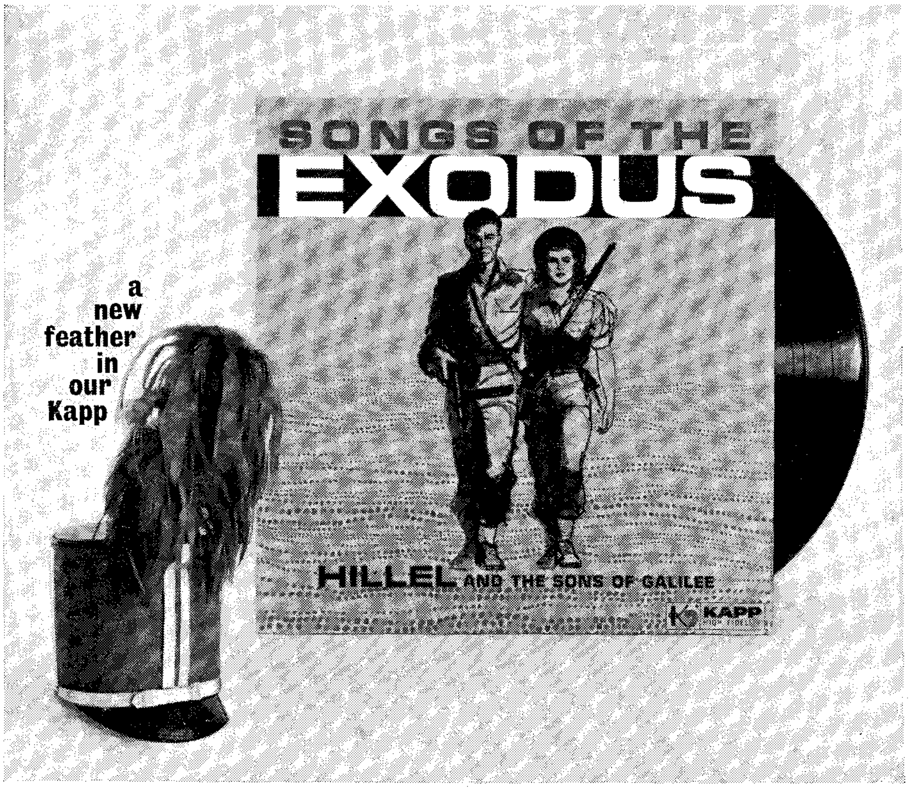
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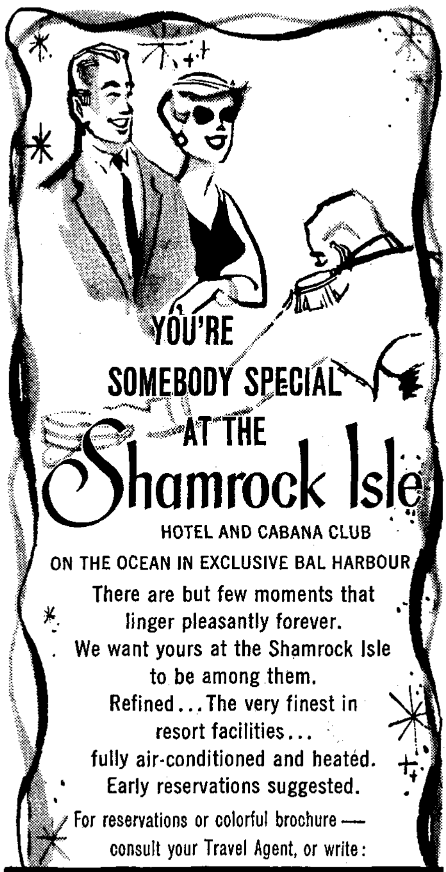

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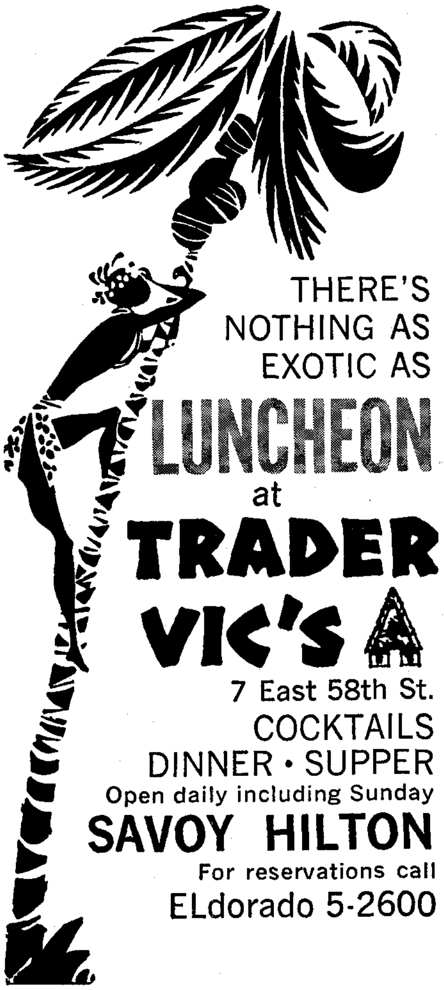

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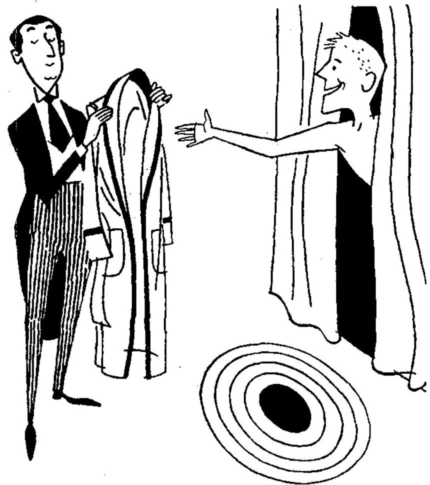
focus for the concourse, and might even have served as a useful point of orientation for meeting, like the information booth in Grand Central. But architecture as positive as this is weakened or actually defeated by minor works of art, as the interior of the Conference Building is weakened by Picasso's infantile mural. Happily, the external form of this building is justified by the sober splendor of the two main conference halls, at the sides of the high and spacious axial concourse. The smaller hall, with windows on one side and a light-toned wooden panel of translators' booths on the other, is the more genial, but the big hall, which is on a windowless side of the building—it has a spectators' balcony in the rear as well as the usual desks for participators in the conference—produces, through the play of lights on the wall behind the rostrum and on the ceiling, an even more striking effect. In both rooms, the noble proportions and the severe but complex geometry of the fluted shell—there are no obstructive columns in the auditoriums—create an interior of great dignity. There are six other conference halls, of various sizes and shapes, including a circular one in the mezzanine and three in the basement, and this assortment of sizes gives a needed flexibility of accommodation for large and small groups, freed from the necessity of apparatus for simultaneous translation used in the big halls.

As for the concourse, its monumental dimensions are well justified by the need for visual change and relaxation after participation in a conference. Its very amplitude lends itself to striking architectural features, such as the overdramatized stairs that lead to a mezzanine of limited area. What is lacking in the public space—apart from one recess in the connecting corridor leading to the Secretariat—is little nooks and recesses for conversation in small groups or for private reflection. This might easily have been handled by screens and similar mobile barriers—an omission that is all the odder because the architects have thoughtfully provided the space with sundry well-shaped wicker chairs, which, incidentally, are superior on every account to most more studiously "modern" designs in steel and aluminum. Then, too, let me commend the bold, clear labelling of the rooms and offices, the convenient disposition of the cloakrooms and other services—in fine, a sense of clarity and order that carries through the whole structure, right down to the basement floor, which is on the level of a sunken garden outside and



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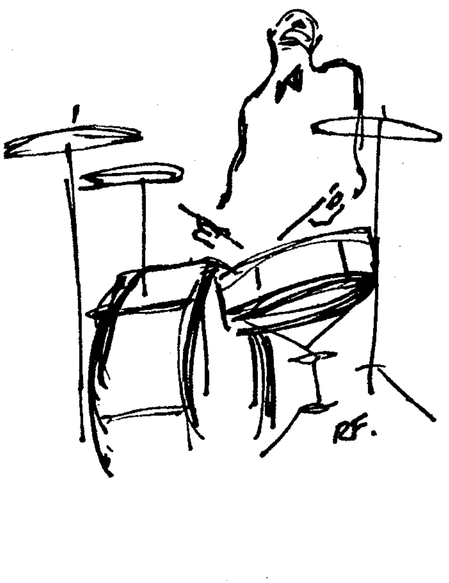
which is connected to a series of lower-level rooms in the Secretariat.

One more feature remains to be described, if not accounted for—the Japanese garden, designed by Isamu Noguchi. This is placed in a bit of left-over space between the Secretariat and the small Delegates Building, which is in one corner of the UNESCO site, but it is cut off by the Secretariat from a small though useful sun terrace, where the staff gather for midday relaxation. Here is a variation of the traditional Japanese garden, with all the usual features—odd stones, running water, stunted trees and stunted mountains—transposed into bolder modern forms, and using strong contrasting colors. These colors and the over-all pattern register best not from the ground but from the windows above, where they look like a colorful collage in relief. To a Western eye, insensitive (without instruction) to Japanese symbolism, the flock of weathered stones produces the effect of an abandoned ancient cemetery, a Stonehenge in miniature. But for all its romantic ingenuity, there is no getting away from the looming glass façade of the Secretariat, so the garden seems like a curio snatched by a tourist on his travels, not an integral part of this complex of UNESCO buildings. In short, it is a mere showpiece, or, even worse, a conversation piece—not a place to be used by either the public or the members of the Secretariat. Plainly, this was not the sort of task in which Noguchi's high talents as an artist could show themselves at their best. Even if this garden were not too heavily charged with old national idiosyncrasies to represent an emerging new universal order in both art and life, it would have been nullified by its hostile surroundings. On the whole, I prefer the sunken greensward with white stepping stones that serves as a rug beside the Conference Hall; it has a purity that says peace more clearly than the sym-



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bolic headstone from which the water flows in Noguchi's garden.

I HAVE said enough about the Conference Building to indicate my belief in its architectural importance. But I do not know why the architects—or was it, more likely, their clients?—had so little appreciation of its social functions, its public interests, or its aesthetic potentialities. Only by forgetting all these aspects, especially the last, could they have decided to shove it into a far corner of the UNESCO site. From both an architectural and a human standpoint, the Conference Building should have been given centrality, or at least dominance. Despite municipal regulations, which require any building that faces the Place de Fontenoy to follow the arc of the Place and to approximate the height of the neighboring structures, the architects of the UNESCO buildings, who put the Secretariat on that part of the site, might have found a way to focus attention on their one positive structure. To achieve this, they might have been forced to pierce the street front on the Place de Fontenoy, in order to open up an adequate approach to the more public parts of Unesco House, and they surely would have had to change the whole spatial composition of the Secretariat, making it modest and reticent, like a garden wall, rather than emphatic and ostentatiously vitreous. The reward would have been a unified and coherent combination of buildings, trees, grass, gardens, one form playing into another, that could lay some claim to be a work of organic architecture and that would serve as more than a showpiece. But since the architects made the Secretariat dominant, the very shape and sweep of that building have destroyed the coherence of the site. The result is three completely unrelated structures, surrounded by parking lots and unusable—and equally unrelated—open spaces.

In judging a work of architecture, one must necessarily pass criticism on the architects, but it is hardly fair to end there. In this case, in which the major errors of the United Nations buildings in New York were committed for a second time by the same agency, one must also criticize, and perhaps even more severely, the clients—the officials who wrote the program for these buildings. Did they learn nothing from the errors in the design of the New York headquarters? Have they learned nothing in the past fifteen years about the profound appeal that this great organization makes to a multitude of people in every

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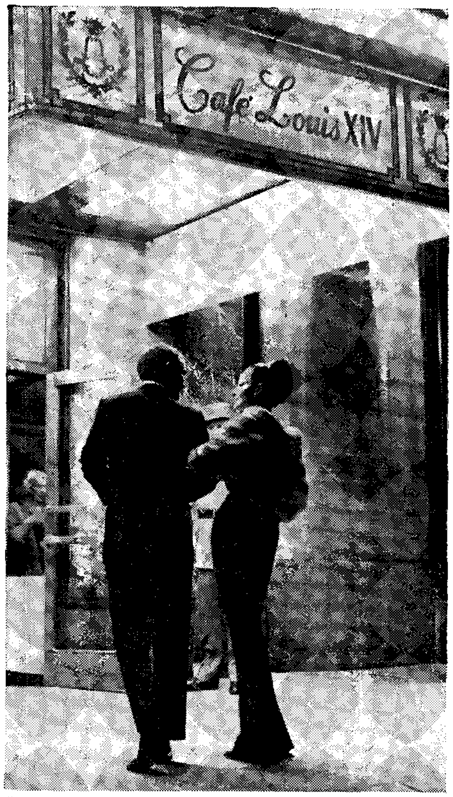

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part of the world, and how necessary it is to carry their own educational function further, if they are to accomplish in the end all that the United Nations must do to promote a new self-respect among the constituent nations and cultures? This appeal is not to be satisfied through organizing guided tours of earnest sightseers through its barren halls, punctuated by explanatory lectures on its far from intelligible works of art. If the guiding spirits of UNESCO had conceived Unesco House as a public meeting place for the cultures of the world, they would not have permitted the Secretariat and its dusty plaza to be the main goal of the many visitors who converge on these buildings, hoping for visible manifestation of the spirit that is needed to bring harmonious order to a divided and troubled world. Even granted the limited funds at their disposal, those guiding spirits might at least have insisted upon an Exhibition Hall of the cultures of the world, East and West, primitive and "civilized," as a necessary public feature of the whole enterprise. In such a hall United Nations activities could be on view from week to week and month to month, translated into graphic and pictorial form, and the member nations, down to the humblest and obscurest tribe, could be invited to show to the rest of mankind their past cultural achievements and to project their present goals. Even the active officers of the Secretariat need to be visually reminded of one another's work and of the common sphere in which they operate.

There was a suggestive sample of such a show in the Conference Building when I visited it—some splendid photomurals showing the great Egyptian monuments that UNESCO has been trying to salvage before the dammed waters of the Nile cover them over. A continuous procession of such exhibits, with photographs, posters, models, exemplary works of art, would do far more to promote cultural understanding than the perfunctory, if not sublimely meaningless, murals and sculptures that are permanently on display. But the Conference Building is closed to visitors when it is in session, and no outsider is allowed anywhere without a permit unless he is on a guided tour, so even the small exhibition space that is available has no relation to public interests. If the Conference Building had been conceived as the public focus of all the UNESCO's great enterprises, it would not have been diminished by the looming walls of the Secretariat and relegated to the rear of the site. The archi-

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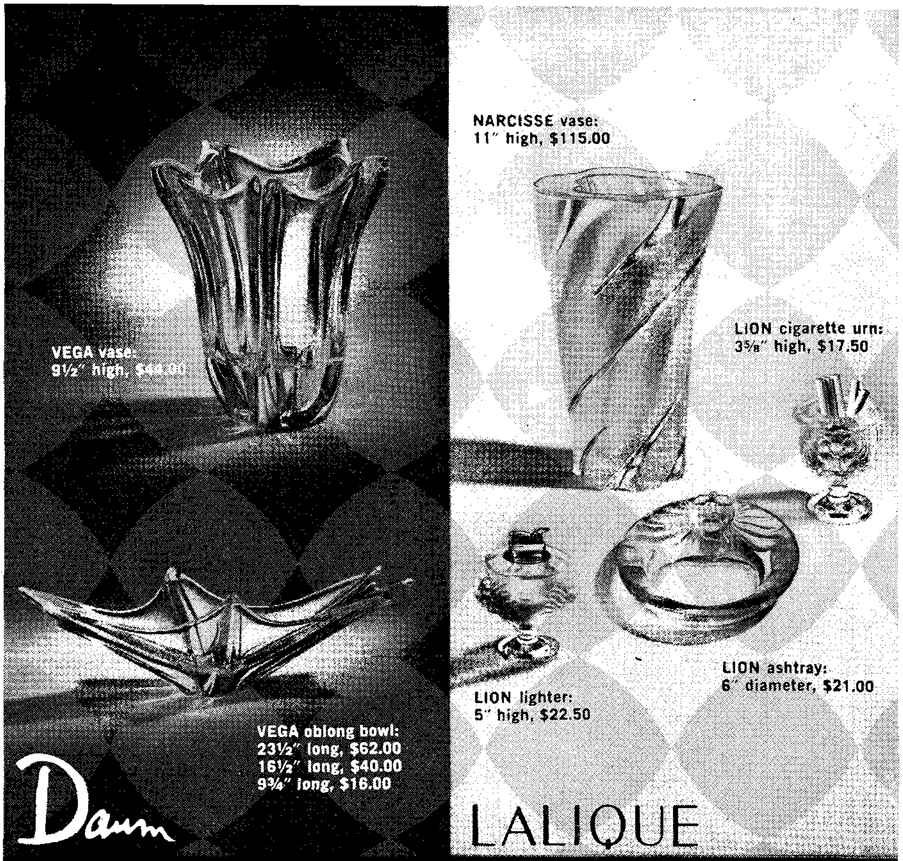

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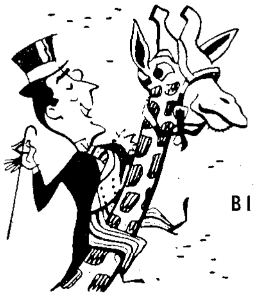

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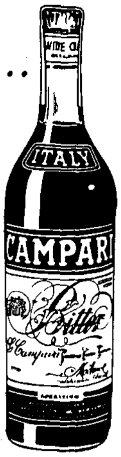

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tectural failure of these buildings, then, reflects an even greater failure of imagination on the part of those who commissioned them and who allowed their funds to be spent lavishly on technological exhibitionism rather than cultural and educational needs. If UNESCO is to serve mankind well, what it needs is not guided tours of the less functional part of its bureaucratic structure but guided tours of the cultures of the world, dramatizing all those historical movements and technological achievements and ideal pursuits that are leading to what one anthropologist, the late Father Teilhard de Chardin, called the "planetization of man." It is this, and not the bureaucratic idea, that needed glorification, or, rather, honest emphasis without glorification, in Unesco House. Matthew Nowicki once said, "To have great architecture one must have a great client." Here *was* a great client, yet in the basic concept of these buildings I see no evidence of that greatness, but only a busy superficiality and a trite modishness that hardly do justice to the mission of the United Nations, to the many able and dedicated spirits that work within this organization, or to the cultural needs of our threatened planet, seething with catastrophic hatreds and facing hateful catastrophes.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

(This is the second of two articles on the new UNESCO buildings in Paris.)

•

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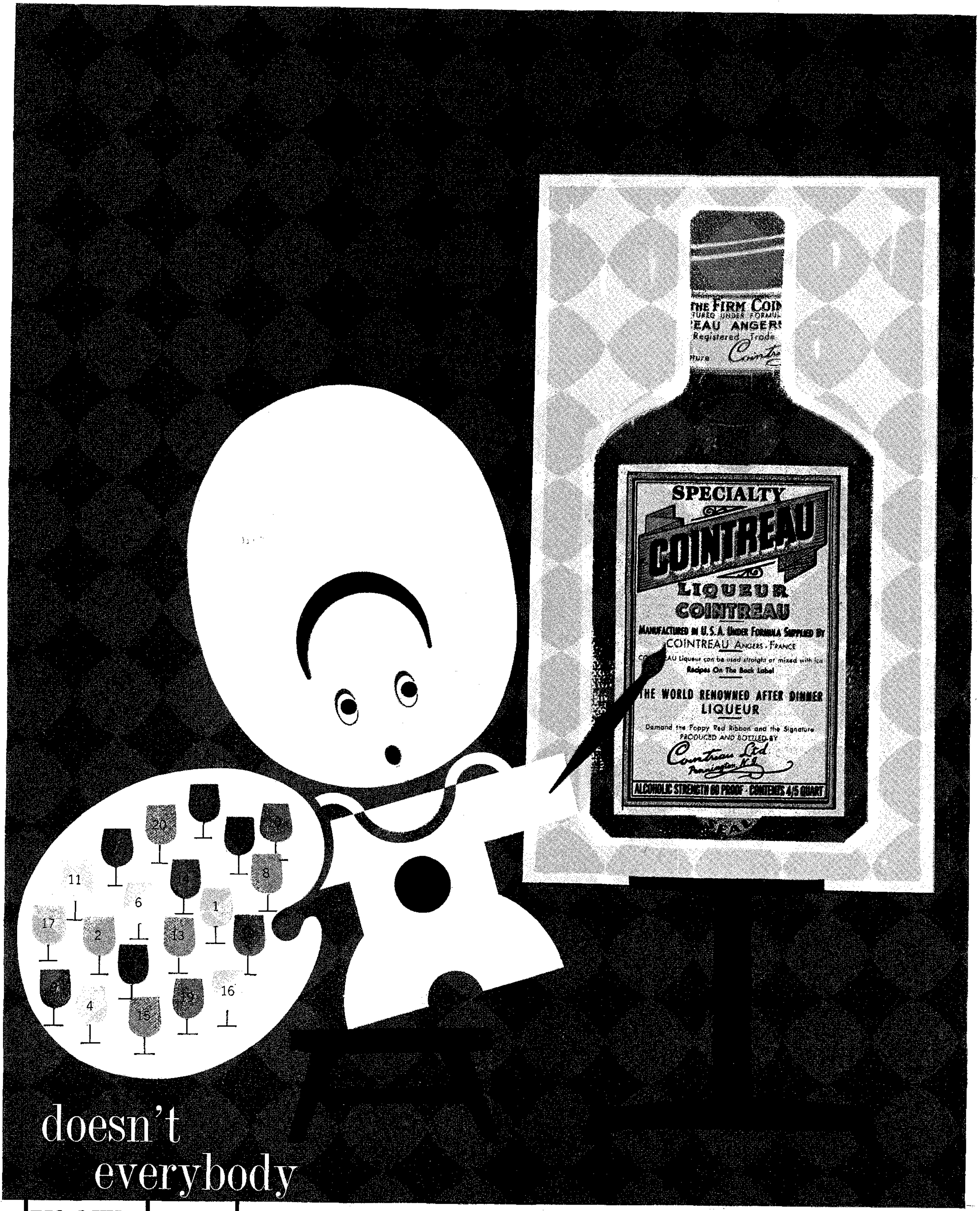
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BOOKS

Scottish Fairies, the Chair Wind, and How to Talk to a Firefly

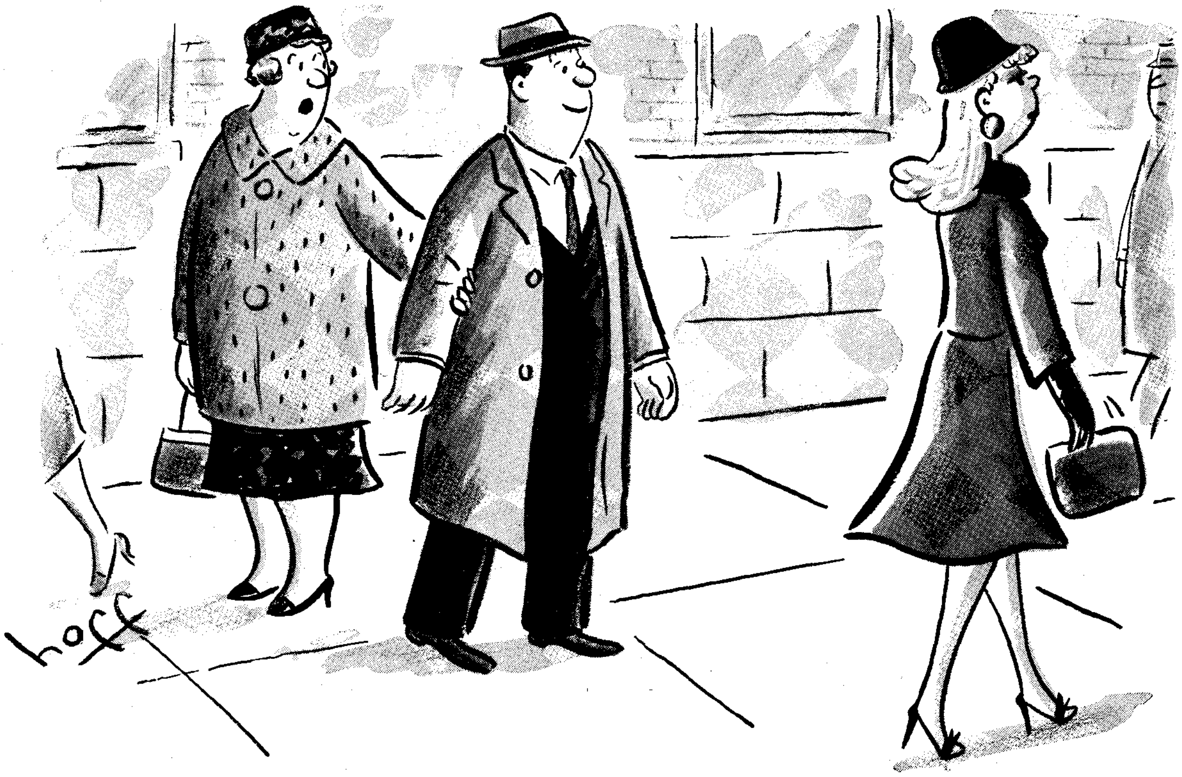
I MIGHT as well admit that I disagree with the Child Study Association and other official selectors of reading for young children. Their selections may exactly hit the mark as far as children's needs are concerned, but they so mercilessly neglect to study the needs of the adult, who must, after all, read all the books over and over, and, although probably in no danger of being *formed* by them, runs other risks, such as losing his mind. Also, however suited to the child a book is, it is no pleasure to give a Christmas present one doesn't like oneself.

"The Thinking Book" (ages two to five), by Sandol Stoddard Warburg, designed and illustrated by Ivan Chermayeff (Atlantic-Little, Brown), is as beautiful to look at as any children's book this year. It is in the form of a dialogue between a mother and her little boy, the child's part unspoken. The mother is doing her best to turn the little boy into a useful citizen, to persuade him to get up and wash and dress himself, but he is slow as a pudding to bake, as a turtle half awake, as a peach in the sun, as a snail going to run, as a handful of honey, as jokes that aren't funny, as nothing to play and nothing to say on a rainy day—because he is *thinking*. When his mother asks him to "put on that shirt, the yellow one," he is thinking—thinking of all the pieces of dust that float and shine in the sunshine, and he is thinking of lemons and limes and oranges and yellows; when she reminds him to wash both hands and wash them clean, he is thinking of washing clean, of water in pails, in pools, in streams, and cool things like smooth pebbles and all the shells and the bells and the wells. . . . "That's why I couldn't put my socks on. That's why I couldn't put my shoes on. That's why I couldn't lace them up." Ivan Chermayeff's pictures are done with large brush strokes in bold designs and brilliant colors—blue, black, lemon yellow, and red. There is a question in my mind whether children in general will get as much delight out of the text of this book—which is marvellous—as their parents will, but they can always look at the pictures, listen to the nice sounds, and *think*.

Christmas stockings should have, poking out through the top, a doll, a drum, a candy cane, and one corner of a storybook. "Big Brother" (ages two to five), by Charlotte Zolotow, with pictures by Mary Chalmers (Harper), is just the right size. "Once there was a little sister," it begins, "and a big brother who teased her." He tells her he put tacks in her bed (he didn't, really) and she cries. He pretends to eat her candy and she cries. He pretends that he thinks she has three eyes, that he is going to break an egg in her hair, and so on, and each time she cries, until one day he pretends to lock her in her room and she looks up from her crayoning and sees that he hasn't locked her in at all, so she doesn't cry, and that's the end of the teasing and the beginning of a new era, as he sits down on the floor beside her and they color together until suppertime. These scenes of malice and dismay take place in a characteristically Mary Chalmers world, where the hens are companionable and inquiring, the cat puts its head in the lap of an old-fashioned doll, and there is a flower-edged brook for cooling the ankles.

"Bruno Munari's ABC" (ages two to five; World) is a lighthearted alphabet book, full of the surrealistic surprises that one has come to associate with this Italian artist. Each double-page spread is an experiment in balancing colors, textures, and space. It is as if every letter had produced its own mood and color. S is a Sack of Stars and Snow for Santa Claus, all kinds of Shells, and a Sign (Stop); for V there is a fly (who has flown over from F) on a Voyage, and also a Vertical Violet Violin; W is a Watermelon on a Wagon with a Wooden Wheel, and Z is that same insistent fly going Zzzzz.

An alphabet book of a very different and more advanced kind, for children who are actually learning to read, is "The American Speller," by Barbara Cooney, who also did the illustrations for it (Crowell). This is an adaptation of Noah Webster's "Blue-Backed Speller," which was published a hundred and seventy-five years ago and was the initial part of an ambitious plan to



"Sam, what's happened to us?"

introduce light and order into American education. Before this speller went out of usage, a hundred million copies, at fourteen cents apiece, had found their way into American homes. In Webster's illustrative sentences you get a rich assortment of information, natural history, aphorisms, moral advice ("soft Cc—Never go into a barn or stable with a lighted *c*igar in your mouth; and it will be better still if you never have a *c*igar in your mouth at all"), and hints on etiquette ("st—Never hold anybody by the button or hand in order to be heard through your *st*ory"). Miss Cooney's pictures are charming, and full of appreciation for the *Poor Richard's Almanack* outlook of the text.

Very young children are great moralists in their own right, and it is undoubtedly they who got it written into the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" that the giant had killed Jack's father and taken his castle and treasures. Their moralizing is usually from a safe distance. "Bedtime for Frances" (three to six), by Russell Hoban, illustrated by Garth Williams (Harper), offers a case in point. It is the immoral—that is to say, the naughty go unpunished—story of a young female badger who, instead of dropping right off to sleep at bedtime and letting her parents enjoy their cake and television, tries their patience by a variety of transparent delaying tactics. First she sees a tiger in her room. When her father convinces her that it is in fact a *friendly* tiger, she goes back to bed and sees a giant. After a consolatory piece of cake in the living room, she bravely goes back to her room and asks the giant what he wants. He turns out to be her bathrobe thrown over the back of the chair. Then she notices a crack in the ceiling that something bad might come out of; then the sight of her father brushing his teeth reminds her that she forgot to brush *hers*. And so on. Garth Williams' pictures, done in charcoal pencil and pale-green and lavender wash, are funny, gentle, and tender, and his heroine is so appealing that perhaps he must take the greater part of the responsibility for the fact that children who have heard the book before going off to bed tend to ask if there's any cake, to complain about wild animals prowling around their rooms, to see tiny cracks in their walls that previously went unnoticed. Then, when remonstrated with, they ask, "But why did Frances call *her* Mommy, then?"

To pursue the question of morality a little further, that stock question of boarding-school administrators, "What if everybody did that?," has always

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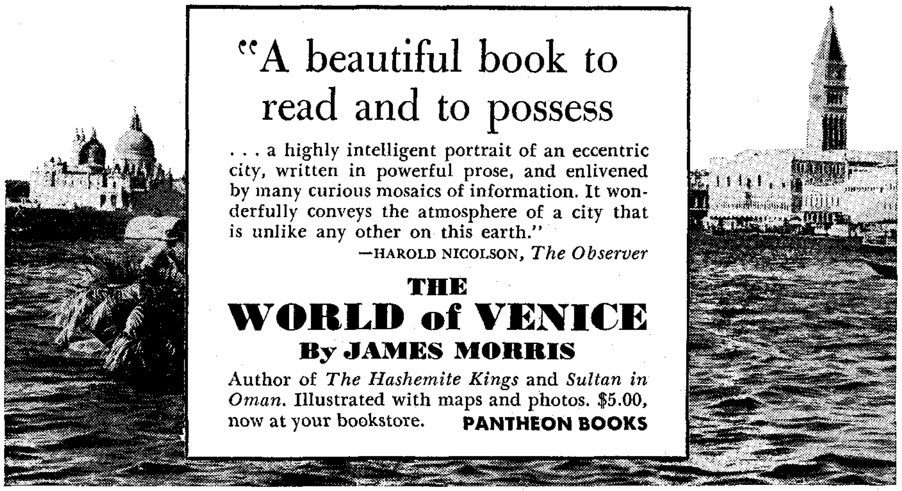

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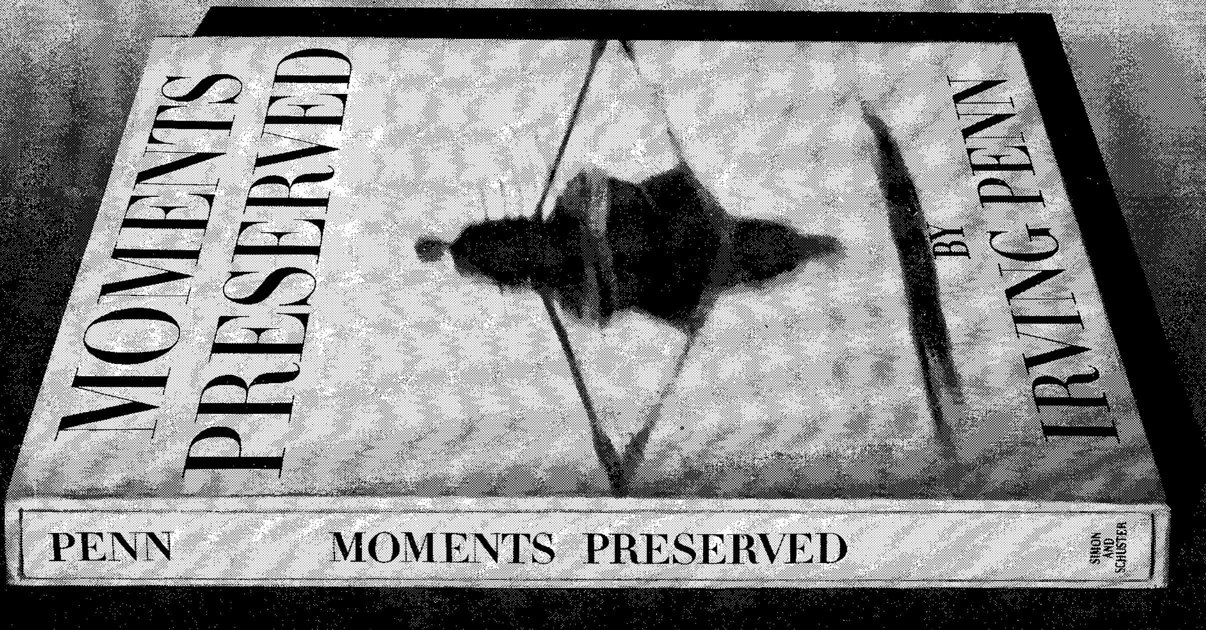
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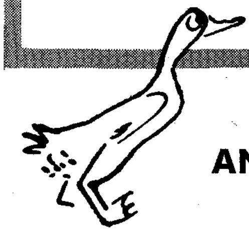

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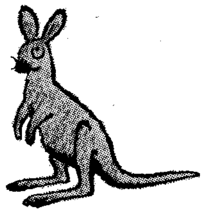

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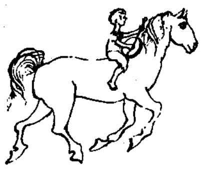

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seemed to me to be based on the false and shamelessly dishonest premise that everybody wants to, whereas the truth is that very few are willing to, for example, sit amongst the shoes on the floor of their closet, where it is dark and the air is bad, when they might be out in the sunshine playing hockey, and almost nobody wants to ally herself with real criminals by crouching in the back seat of a strange automobile, smoking a cigarette stolen from the glove compartment, when she might be listening to a concert in a nice warm auditorium. But there cannot be any doubt that everybody between three and six *does* want to make tracks, spill tacks, pull off a bud, jump in the mud, slam the door, stomp and roar, squeeze the cat, forget his hat, climb too high, always cry, drop his cup, and stay up. The extreme consequences of this abandoned behavior are considered in "If Everybody Did," by Jo Ann Stover, with genuinely funny illustrations by the author (David McKay).

ONE cannot help object, I think, to the streams and streams of "easy-to-read" books, which took over as suddenly and completely as singing commercials and are often as over-ingratiating. (The publishers hold the limited number of words out like bait—only fifty words! only a hundred and fifty words!) There are two conspicuous exceptions this year. The first is "Green Eggs and Ham" (ages four to six), by Dr. Seuss, who was, I guess, the originator of the genre, and who has been able from the beginning to work a limited vocabulary into narrative poems of astounding virtuosity. In this new book, the very persistent Sam-I-Am, who doesn't know the meaning of "No," keeps offering a big, shaggy character in a ruined top hat some poached eggs and a ham butt, both arsenic green. Dr. S. can play so many tunes on his simplified keyboard that, reading him, one is hardly aware that there *are* more than fifty words. The big character gets crosser and crosser, but Sam-I-Am, never more than momentarily dismayed, bounces back with "Would you like them/in a house?/Would you like them/with a mouse? . . . Would you? Could you?/In a car?/Eat them! Eat them!/ Here they are. . . . You may like them./You will see./You may like them/in a tree!" This is the best thing on being forced to eat since "What is the matter with Mary Jane?"

The other successful book for beginning readers is "Little Bear's Friend" (ages four to seven), by Else Holme-

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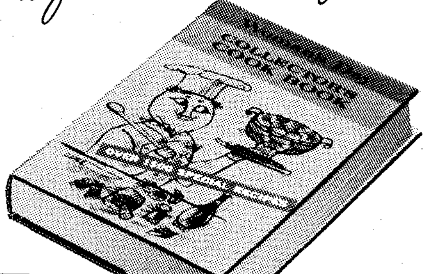

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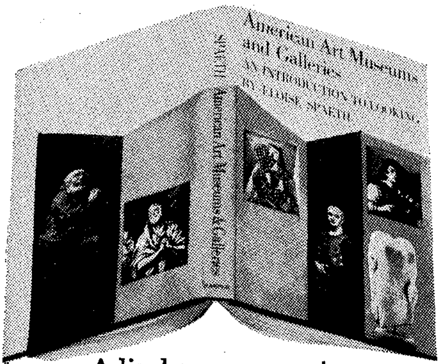

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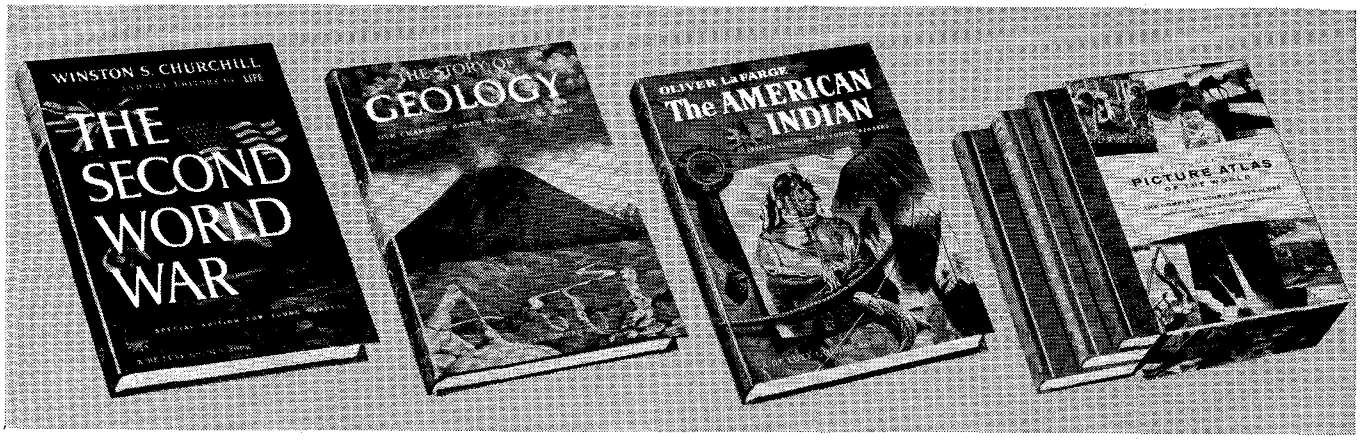

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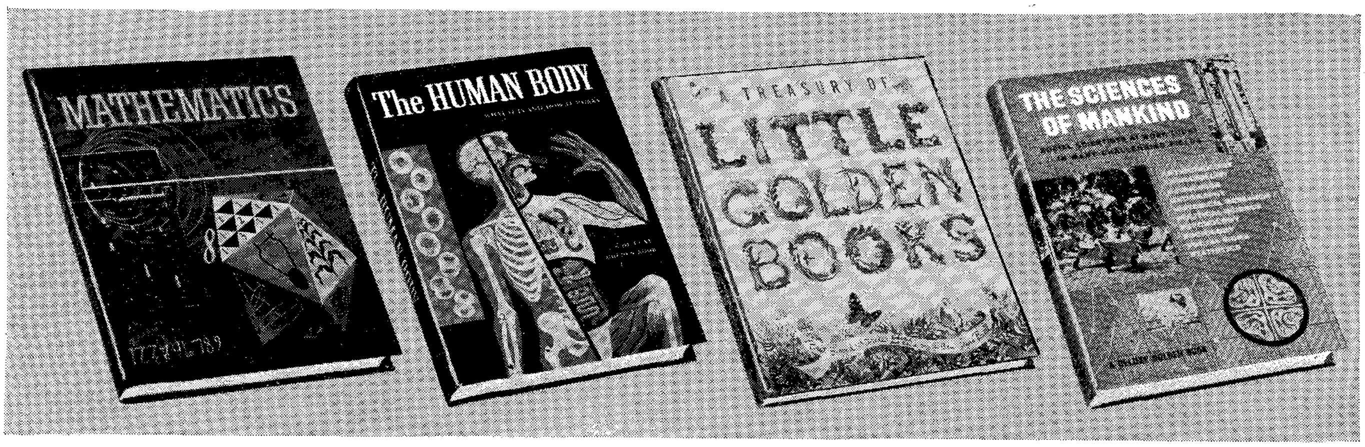

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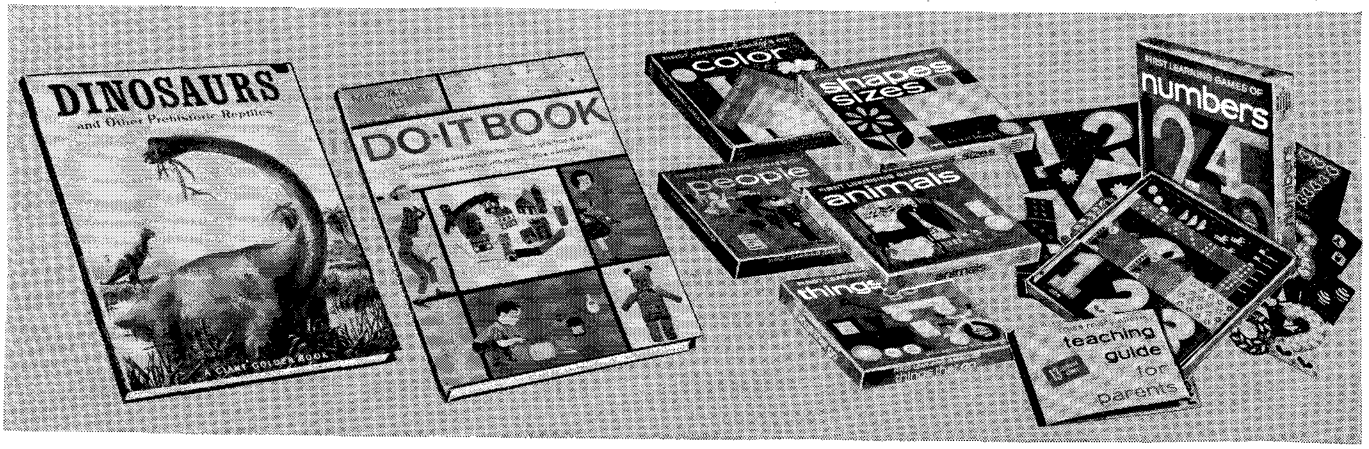

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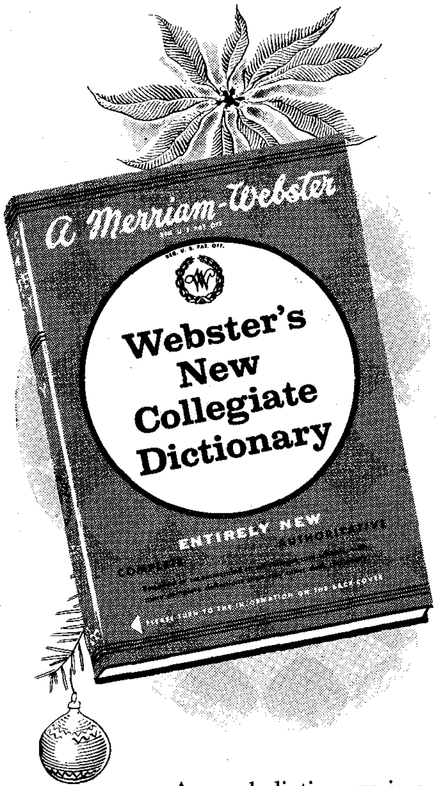

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lund Minarik, with pictures by Maurice Sendak (Harper). A little girl named Emily is lost, and Little Bear helps her find her way back to her parents' camp. They become friends, playing together with that special ardor of summer friendships. The author makes use of the restricted vocabulary to create an agreeable effect of exactness and decorum. The illustrations have an elaborate humor. Little Bear's mother is an ample Victorian with a brooch under her chin. Father Bear, genial though he is, certainly has it in him to be the heavy father. Emily carries a parasol, holds a sunbonneted wooden doll, and wears a pinafore, but in spite of the nostalgia that hangs about her person she is a very lifelike small girl. The real creation, however, is Little Bear, and what makes him so appealing in this book, as in the two other books that have preceded it, is that he lives in, and is continually giving off, an atmosphere of love.

In "The Shadow Book" (ages three to six), by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers, with photographs by Isabel Gordon (Harcourt, Brace), there is just a line or two of text on a page, accompanying the photographic illustrations. A boy wakes up on a sunny morning and sees his shadow waiting for him behind the iron bedstead. While he has his breakfast, his shadow has shadow orange juice and a shadow egg. Then there is a little girl's shadow, lying across the flagstone path to the front door. The little girl is waiting for him to come outside. All day, whatever the children do their copycat shadows try to do too. More shadows: tree shadows on the grass, grass shadows on the trees, the long shadows of evening, and last of all the mother's and father's shadows on the wall behind the boy's bed when they come to say good night.

"Welcome Home!" (ages five and upward), by Ludwig Bemelmans (Harper), is a mock-heroic hunting ballad, illustrated in a wonderful, hasty, sloppy, brilliant Bemelmans way, with full-color drawings that seem too big for the pages. In one picture a perfectly flat fox zooms through the pinkish-brown underbrush of a forest, his head on backward, pheasants who can't fly suspended above him, a melancholy black bird suspended above *them*, and every manner of insect, bug, and beetle of the forest floor cheering him on his way. Before the hunt begins, the hunters "catch the fox/And powder his toes/(To tell the hounds/Which way he goes)/With aniseed/And peppermint/And maybe/Other kinds of scent." But this fox is

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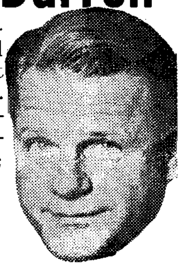

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very sly, and besides he loves his children and his wife, so he washes every little bit of scent off his feet. The poor dogs haven't a clue, and go off in all directions, fooling with porcupines, poking their noses into hollow trees where bees live, raising snakes and herons, climbing trees after squirrels, and return home at sundown, chastened, their tongues hanging out with thirst. But the fox, *he* goes home to a cozy and fairly pure example of Early American homestead, and climbs into bed with "A Sporting Journal," and his wife brings him his supper on a tray—coffee in one of those oversized cups from Plummer's, with beagles chasing a fox around the saucer, and a toasted tomato sandwich on a bed of watercress, anchored with a toothpick bearing a red cellophane pompon and speared through a green olive.

Too often, children's books about foreign lands serve as an information desk where you can find out, if you can keep your mind on it long enough, how much hay is baled in a week and other enlightenment of that nature, whereas what children are really mad about knowing is what kind of beds other children sleep in, what they wear on their heads and on their feet, what animals or birds you may encounter in their streets, how they work and play—in short, what they are doing *right now*. "My Village in Greece" (ages nine to twelve), by Sonia and Tim Gidal (Pantheon), is the best book of this sort of information I've ever seen. For two days, the reader shares the life of a boy called Yannis, who lives on the Greek island of Mykonos, in the Aegean Sea. There are three hundred and fifty families in the village, each with its own house, chapel, and dove castle. The houses are built right against or on top of one another for protection from the wind, and the islanders' lives are lived in something like the same closeness, their generosity and helpfulness toward one another sheltering them from poverty and want. Water is carried from the Three Wells, and there are no trees on the island, and so no firewood; almost everyone cooks over petroleum stoves. The women send their cookies and fish pies and stuffed vegetables to the bakers, who use thistle bushes from the mountain slopes to heat their ovens. This fuel, too, is scarce. Everything in the village is painted white—even the windmills and the borders of the flagstones, which get a fresh coat of whitewash every Saturday. The wind, essential to the millers but enemy of the fishermen, is the central fact of exist-

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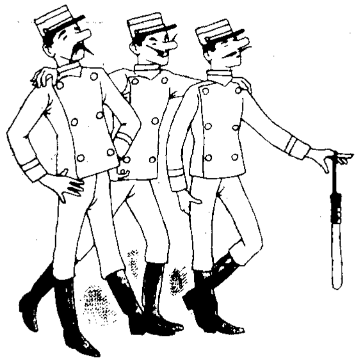

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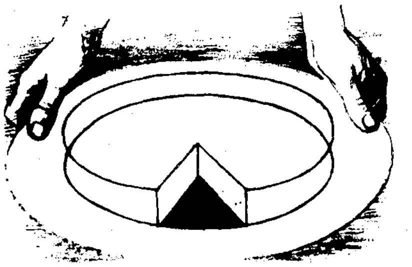

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ence. There is the "chair wind," when the chairs at the outdoor coffeehouses are blown over; the "table wind," when the tables begin to slide over the flagstones and the fishermen are glad to have made the harbor; and the "bell wind," when the bell in the tower of All Saints' Chapel begins to sound and even the millers are alarmed and roll up the sails on their windmills. The book is full of superb black-and-white photographs. There is no story in the ordinary sense, and most of the action is supplied by the continuous stream of errands Yannis is sent on by his family, and by his casual encounters along the way. Yannis's mother wants octopuses for dinner. Yannis catches one and is given a second by a fisherman in return for beating his catch of six octopuses (an octopus must be slapped a hundred times against a stone before it is soft enough to cook). Yannis's sister-in-law needs white sheep's wool for weaving from Grandmother Kaliso. He goes up to the cliffs where the men are drying and mending the nets, to tell his father that the octopus stew is ready; he goes to the pigeon castle to collect dung for the farmer, to an abandoned orchard, where he picks figs, to the baker's to get bread. The reader closes the book with a sense of real deprivation at not having lived out his life on an island in Greece.

"The Happy Days" (ages ten and upward), by Kim Yong Ik, illustrated by Artur Marokvia (Little, Brown), is the story of a Korean boy who, with his mother, fled to an island off the coast of Korea to escape the war. Sang Chun's mother earned a bare living by gathering seaweed and edible grasses, and one day, climbing over the wet rocks, she slipped and fell, injured herself, and died. At the beginning of the book, the "sea women," who make their living by diving for shellfish, find a boatman who is willing to take the orphaned Sang Chun to his grandparents' home, on the mainland. "When the happy days come" is what his mother said when she used to think ahead to the days when he could go to school, but there is no school in his grandparents' tiny farming village, at the foot of a mountain. The barber teaches the children in his shop at night. His ambition, shared by the children, is to build a real school in the village, and in time, mostly through their own efforts, they do pull off this monumental achievement. The author, a young Korean who spent nine years studying in the United States and is now teaching at the University of Korea, describes the moment-by-moment life of the children, and by his quiet under-

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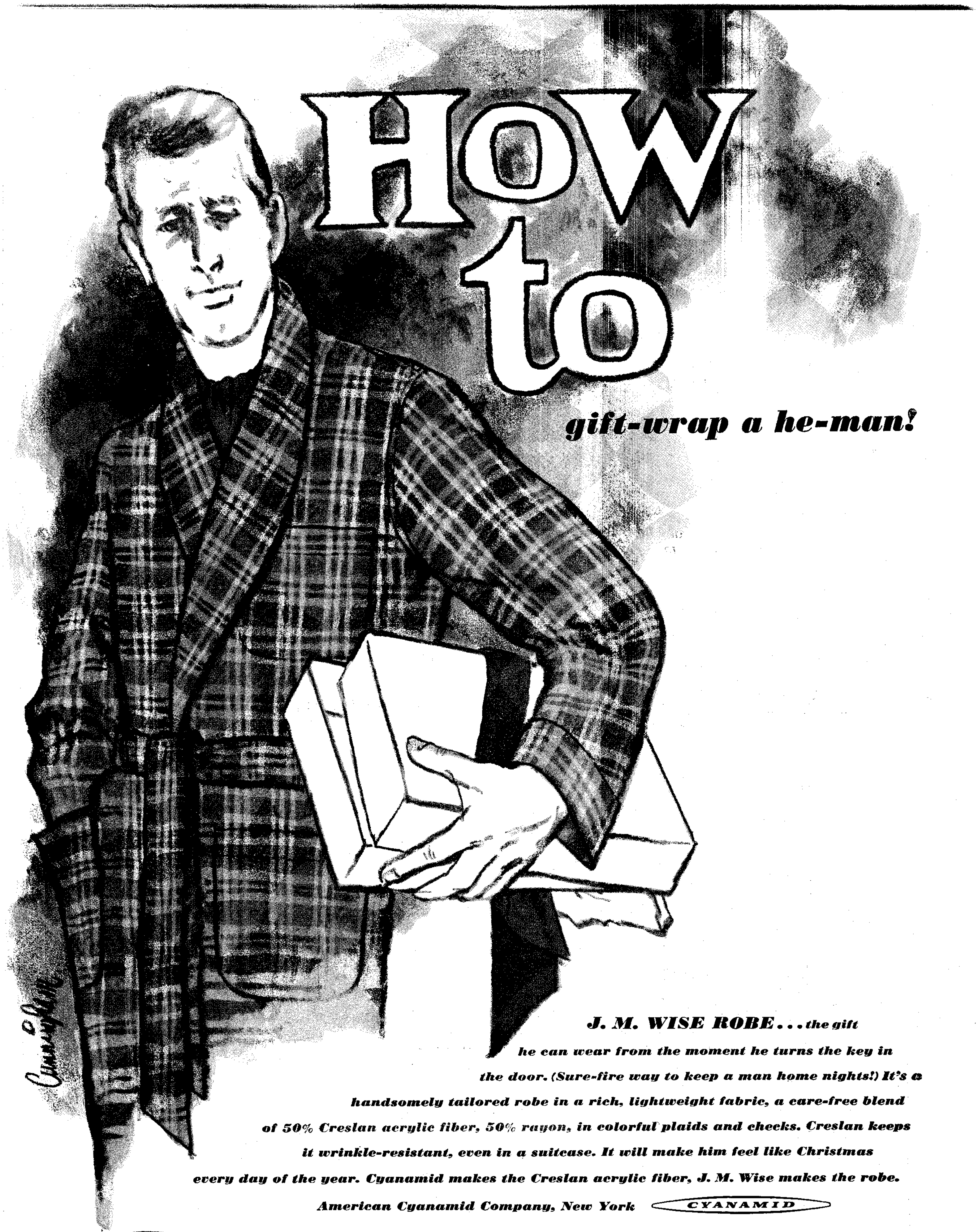

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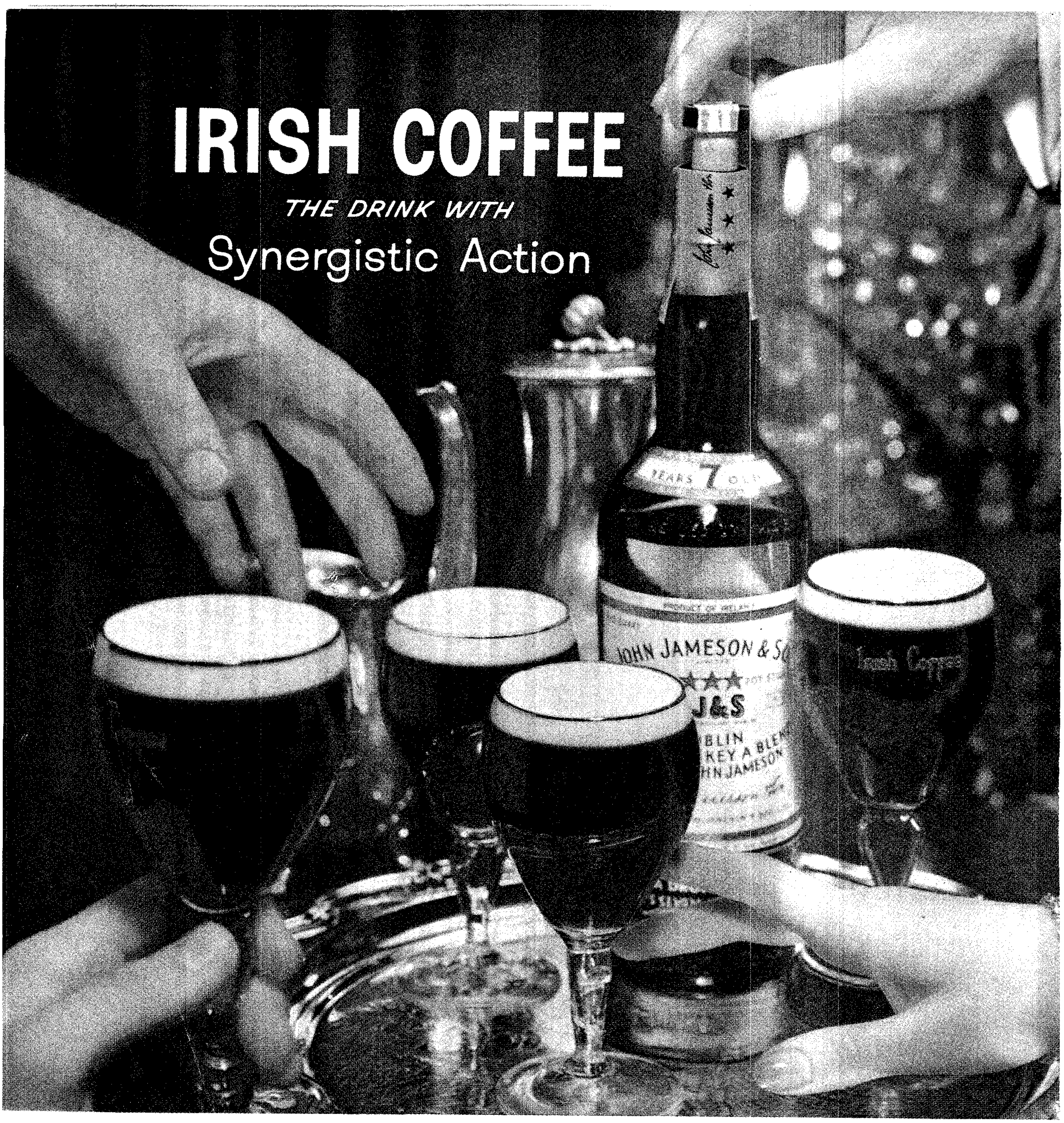
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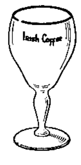
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Every year, the United States Committee for UNICEF puts out a paperback for children about countries receiving help from the United Nations Children's Fund. This year's book (eight to twelve)—the third in the Hi Neighbor series—is about Nigeria, Ethiopia, Greece, Chile, and Thailand, and in addition to some photographs of and facts about each country, it includes some well-chosen stories, and some games, songs, recipes, and directions for making things the children in each country traditionally make. The book, though uneven in interest, is better than, at a glance, its rather slick format makes it appear, and it is important to get the record that goes with it—a ten-inch L.P., with folk songs, authentically sung, of the five countries on one side, and dance tunes (with full instructions) on the other.

"Heather and Broom" (nine to twelve), by Sorche Nic Leodhas, illustrated by Consuelo Joerns (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is a collection of "seanachie" stories from the Scottish Highlands. The seanachies—wandering Gaelic storytellers who exchanged their tales for a meal or a night's lodging—suited their narratives to the people to whom they were told, so these are cottage or household stories for the most part and generally have in them some sort of fairy person, the nicest sort of fairy persons you'd ever want to meet. Unlike the Lowlanders, who, Miss Nic Leodhas says, have a superstitious dread of fairy folk, Highlanders live with them in an intimate relationship of forbearance, amusement, and affection. In one of my favorite stories, "The Lairdie with the Heart of Gold," the hero, plodding along at dusk, with his head down against the snow and wind, saw "what he took to be a heap of bairn's toys by the roadside, with a lot of poppets beside them. He couldn't see so well with the dark closing in, but when he got up to them he gave them another look. Then he saw the pile wasn't toys at all! Nor were the other things poppets, for they were all as alive and breathing as he was himself! It was a whole lot of brownies, and the heap of things were their wee sticks of furniture." The good-natured young man, finding that the brownies have been dispossessed, invites them to his

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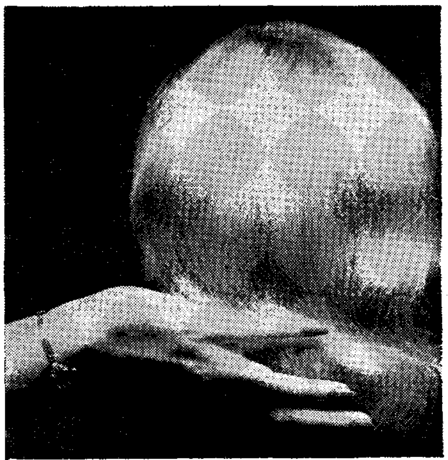
castle, where they couldn't have had a warmer welcome. "The cat and dogs made no trouble at all. Indeed the cat seemed to think that the brownie weans were kittens of a sort, for she cuddled them and washed their faces and hands and purred them to sleep before the fire. As for the laird's dogs, they acted as if their lives had ne'er been complete till the brownies came. The servants liked the brownies' cheerful chatter and their pleasant faces, and on the whole it was agreed that the castle was a better place since the brownies came. The candles burned brighter, the fires blazed higher and took less fuel to do it. The hens laid more eggs, the meal sacks seemed to grow heavier instead of lighter each day, and there was more cream to the milk the cows gave." In another wonderful story, "The Bogles from the Howff," a young doctor of learning inherits a dreary old house in a dreary old part of Dundee, and the house turns out to be haunted. Not believing in ghosts himself, he is at a loss how to deal with the situation, for the servants give notice, word of the "bogles" is spread around, and there isn't a servant girl in Dundee who will set foot across his threshold. But on a ferryboat he meets a red-haired lass who is the sort of lass you look twice at, and he asks her, "Do you believe in bogles?" "Och do I not!" she cries. "My old grannie at Blairgowrie that I'm going to stay with had a rare pair of them a year or so back, till she rid them out." Unlike the others, the red-haired lass is perfectly willing to come and work for him. "This is a proper dark old place," she says, taking a look around. "No wonder you have bogles." She opens the windows wide, letting in the sea air and the sunlight, and goes off to clean the scullery. That night the bogles come in a crowd and gather around the doctor's bed. "Who is the red-haired lass in the house?" they ask. "She's my new housekeeper," the doctor tells them, and drops right off to sleep, as anybody would who has just solved the servant problem. The bogles do their best; they even bring a lot more bogles from the Howff to help them, but it's no use. The red-haired lass spends her days polishing and sweeping and dusting and scrubbing with a cheerful heart, airing things out and letting the sun in everywhere, and at night, after her supper, she is too sleepy to hear the bogles, with all their tricks. And the doctor, full of the good supper the lassie has cooked for him, can't be bothered with them either, though they sweep through the house "banging



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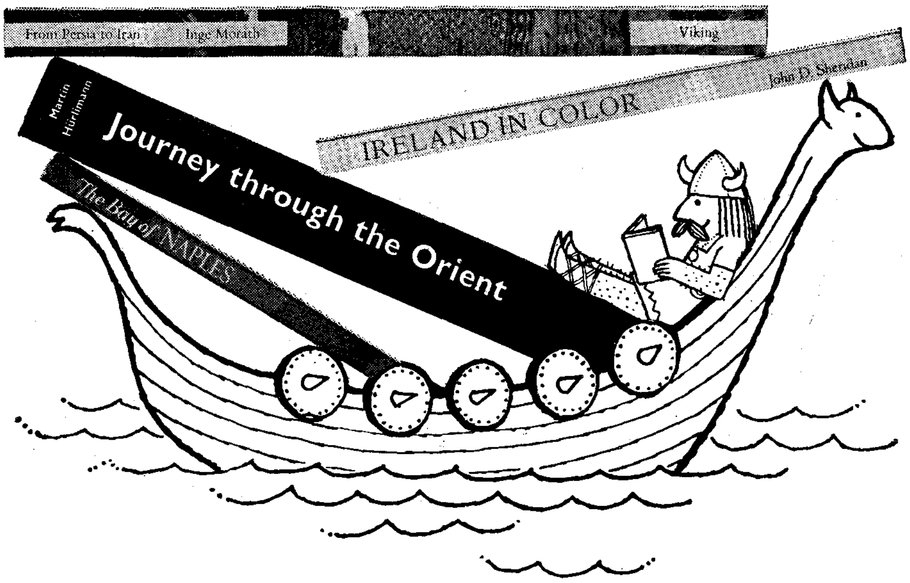
doors open and shut, wailing and gibbering, moaning and mowing, clanking chains and rattling bones, and the like." So the bogles all go away, and the red-haired lass marries the master, and fills the house with bairns, which are much better than bogles. Though retold in English, the stories seem to have retained the May-morning freshness and spoken cadence of the originals.

As usual, a few well-known fairy tales have been published separately, with emphasis on the illustrations. Of these the most remarkable is Felix Hoffmann's "The Sleeping Beauty" (Harcourt, Brace). The pictures were drawn on stone by the artist, and the book was printed in Switzerland. On the opening page, the Queen sits in a marble bath under some stately trees alongside a château. Her neck is long and her back is straight, and she has a towel wrapped around her head. A frog is addressing her from the rim of the bath. The reader is in another world, a world of soft chalky colors—sky and gray blues, moss greens, and brick red. Mr. Hoffmann's style is economical and strong, and so totally different from what one, saturated by variations on Walt Disney, has come to expect that it is like seeing "Hamlet" in French. For somewhat younger children, there is Grimm's "The Shoemaker and the Elves," translated by Wayne Andrews and illustrated in glowing colors by Adrienne Adams (Scribner).

The text of "Dwarf Long-Nose," by Wilhelm Hauff, translated by Doris Orgel (seven to twelve; Random House), gives me the shivers. It is not a folk tale but the work of an author who wrote with what seems to me, in places, a cruel relish of ugliness and physical infirmity. It is a pity that Andrew Lang's somewhat gentler version wasn't used instead, for the story is one that children love. Maurice Sendak's drawings, though they follow the text explicitly, do not have any cruelty but are full of sym-



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EVERY year, the Looking Glass Library performs the considerable service of bringing back in inexpensive editions children's classics of the past. The list now includes twenty-three titles, uniformly excellent, and the best thing that could have happened to children who love to read. Of the new ones, I particularly like these four:

"Countess Kate" (nine to twelve), by Charlotte M. Yonge, is a Victorian novel of character. Kate, an orphan and a high-spirited little girl, becomes a countess through the death of her cousin, and is wrenched out of affectionate circumstances and put through the ordeal of being prepared for her new station in life by a cold and rigid great-aunt, to whose house in London she is transferred. Kate's bright, tempestuous nature is felt by her aunt to be only a challenge to her absolute authority. Though the writer does make clear from time to time that one's duty in life is to bring one's feelings under one's own control, she does this so gently that it is like ringing a little bell in church for the collection.

"Tarka the Otter" (fourteen and upward), by Henry Williamson, bears the subtitle "His Joyful Water-Life and Death in the Country of the Two Rivers," meaning Devonshire. It will be meat and drink to those who were Born Too Late and spend all their time either tramping alone about the wilder areas of Central Park or, in the company of middle-aged ladies and gentlemen, looking through binoculars at birds. A book cannot make up for a lost heritage of accessible wild country to tramp through, but this book comes as close as any could to doing just that.

Any isolated sentence of "Otto of the Silver Hand" (ages nine to twelve) is likely to sound so stilted and overwritten, the predicate so tiresomely preceding the subject, as to suggest that the book must be almost unreadable, but it isn't at all. It is a very exciting book, full of robber barons, visionary monks, kidnappings, and thrilling acts of heroism, and it is as much by his odd, wild prose as by his wonderful drawings that Howard Pyle is able to pull the reader back into the thick of the Middle Ages.

"The Looking Glass Book of Stories" (fourteen and upward), edited by Hart Day Leavitt, contains thirty-three classic stories, intended, the editor says, to give pleasure to young readers who have hitherto been encouraged to read fiction that is too simple-minded,

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moralistic, or conventional. It includes Chekhov's "The Bet" and Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Footfalls," Conrad Aiken's "Silent Snow, Secret Snow," Fitz-James O'Brien's hair-raising "What Was It?," and Frank O'Connor's "First Confession," which makes you weak with laughing. It is a very good introduction to what is authentic and permanently valuable in short fiction.

FROM the middle of the last century, "The Complete Peterkin Papers" (eight and upward), by Lucretia P. Hale (Houghton Mifflin), has the original illustrations and a charming introduction by Nancy Hale. This hardy perennial will appeal to children who have been accustomed to hearing read aloud or reading Victorian literature, so that the allusions to nineteenth-century life are reasonably familiar.

Another interesting reprint is "The Log of the Ark" (nine to twelve), by Kenneth Walker and Geoffrey Boumphrey (Pantheon). First published in London in 1923, it fills in the details of the Flood that the King James Bible, in its grand way, doesn't bother with. As everybody will remember, Noah was six hundred years, two months, and seventeen days old when the windows of heaven were opened and it began to pour, and he was six hundred and one years, two months, and twenty-seven days when the earth dried out again. A year and ten days—a staggering length of time for all those animals to be cooped up together. This account tells how Noah and his wife and sons kept the animals reasonably well fed (on oatmeal and treacle) and happily occupied during that long boat ride, and how seasickness, slippery decks, lack of faith, the long confinement, and the deteriorating influence of the loathsome scub (since become extinct) resulted in a subtle change in the animals, so that when they disembarked it was to begin a new kind of life, in which they preyed on one another. This is a very English kind of book, with a recognizably English humor. The authors' inspiration comes and goes, but the book is, at its best, original and engaging.

WHEN I was a little girl, castle towers were something that princesses pined away in, and I had no understanding whatever of either the genesis of castles or the essential purposes that their various parts served. I can still remember my disappointment when, after tacking on turrets and placing windows at random, I realized I hadn't

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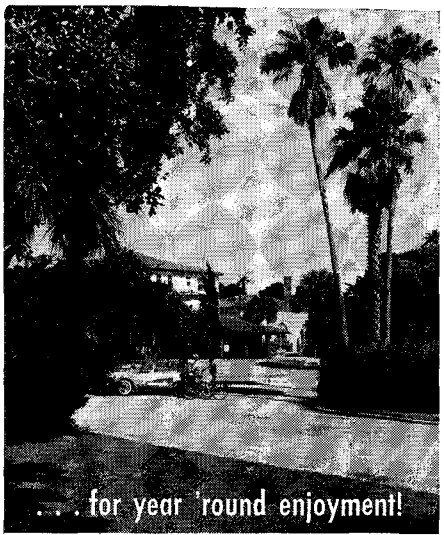

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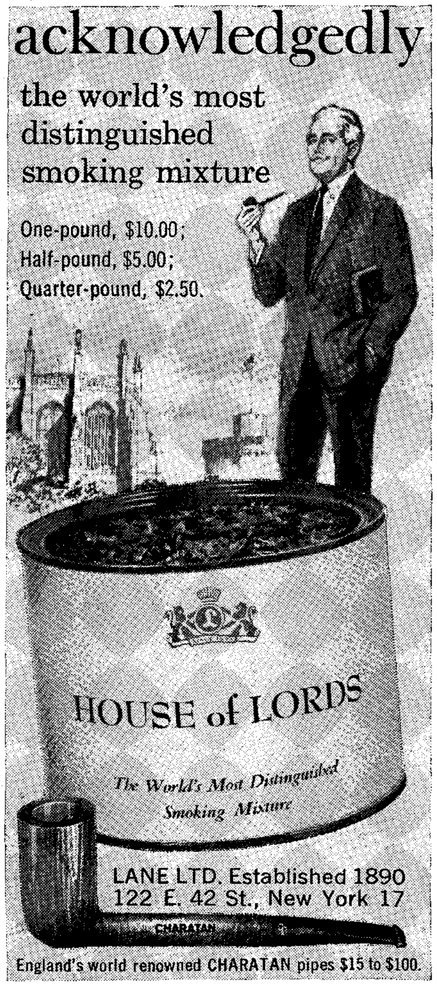
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drawn a castle at all. "Castles" (eight and upward), by Leonora Fry (published in London by the Educational Supply Association and distributed in this country by Taplinger), makes one understand castles from the inside out. It also offers a good early history of Britain, approached by way of its architecture, beginning with the prehistoric earthworks and going on through Roman marching camps, the earliest types of motte-and-bailey castles, Norman shell keeps, and so on, with explicit explanations of lighting, defense, sanitation, architectural advances, family life, etc., up to the point when castles stopped being military structures and began to look like houses. There are excellent photographs, illustrative drawings, and diagrams.

"From Stones to Skyscrapers" (ages ten to fourteen), written and illustrated by Thea and Richard Bergere (Dodd, Mead), is a good general introduction to architecture, and also to the world's most beautiful and most famous monuments, temples, churches, and tombs. The fact that it is entirely illustrated by drawings gives it the immediacy and charm of an artist's sketchbook, which in part it is.

AMONG the great number of books devoted to American history, the American Heritage Junior Library (Golden Press), stands out for, along with other qualities, the number and interest of the full-color illustrations. The series (ages ten to fourteen) includes "The Story of Yankee Whaling," "Indians of the Plains," "Discoverers of the New World," "Thomas Jefferson and His World," and "Railroads in the Days of Steam." The list of people involved in putting these books together reads like the screen credits for a Hollywood movie. They are "by the editors of American Heritage, the Magazine of History;" "narrative" by So-and-So; in consultation with So-and-So, curator of such-and-such a museum. Presumably the "narrative" is simply the text, and "by" means "edited by"—not its usual meaning in book publishing. The books are entirely factual, and well written and well researched, but it is the illustrations that carry them. My favorite of the series is the whaling book, which is by Irwin Shapiro. It is a pleasure to read, and it is illustrated by old drawings, prints of the period, diagrams, whalemen's sketches, maps, and photographs. There is a facsimile of a letter written by an eight-year-old girl on a whaling vessel in the South Seas to her "granma" in Edgartown. There are

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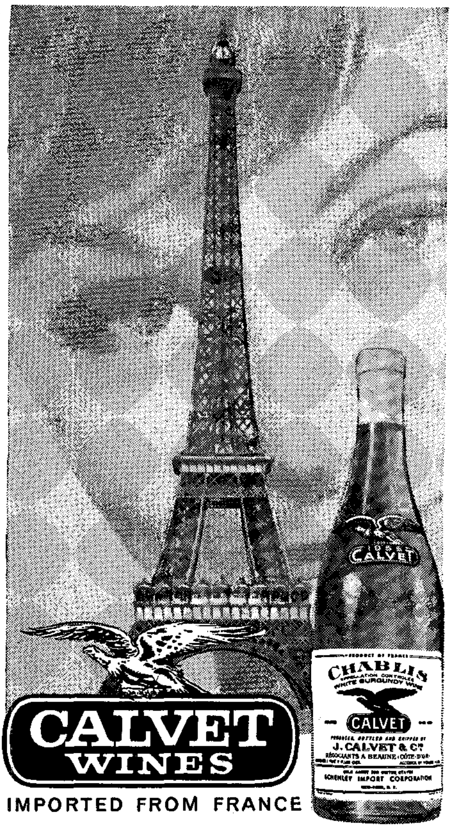

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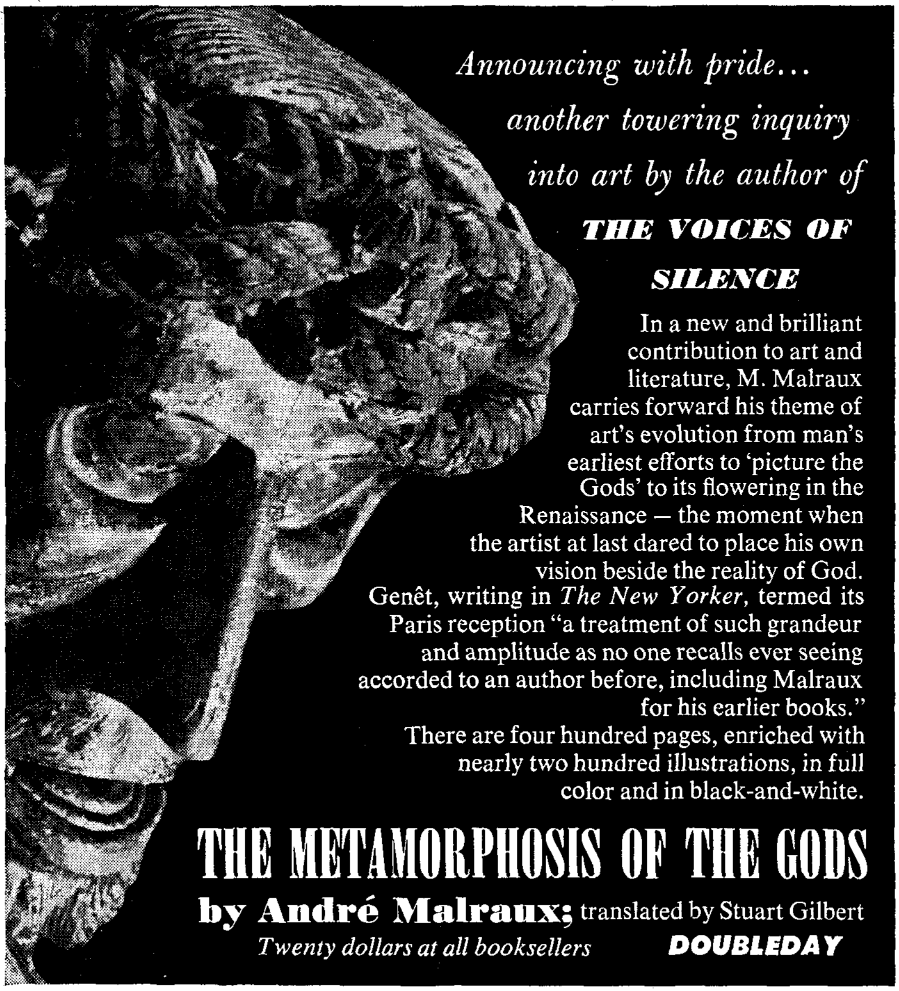
many scenes in color taken from Benjamin Russell's six-hundred-foot painting entitled "The Panorama of a Whaling Voyage Around the World." There is a picture of a pie crimper, delicately carved from a whale's jawbone, and two pages from the log of a whaler, with the whales that got away represented by a drawing of a half-whale or of a whale with its head down, and the captured ones by the entire whale.

"Indians of the Plains," by Eugene Rachlis, combines a history of the Plains Indians and their relations with the white man and a detailed account of their traditional customs and beliefs. Though the author does present the Indians as defenders of their homeland and not as willful savages, the section dealing with Indian warfare is illustrated by such a generous supply of scalpings, hangings, massacres, and so on that it argues against the book's being a suitable gift for a child under ten, no matter how much he likes Indians. The book ends on a note of hot air: "Greater freedom exists on the reservations where Indians dress and live much as do the whites living on nearby farms or ranches. Even so, many of the younger Indians have left the reservations, and moved to the city. . . . As more and more Indians make a place for themselves in the modern world—most of today's Indians speak English; many are high-school and college graduates—they will realize how much their ancestors have given America."

A book that from the outside can hardly be distinguished from this one but that on the inside is a cat of a different color is Oliver La Farge's "The American Indian" (ten and upward; Golden, also), adapted by the author for young readers from his "A Pictorial History of the American Indian." There is not a tomahawk in Mr. La Farge's book, or a picture of a white man. It is a serious history of the Indian tribes in this country, which attempts to keep to the Indian point of view, and it is illustrated wherever possible with paintings by contemporary Indians of ceremonial dances and games, which make the book very alive, and with colored photographs of modern Indians weaving, potting, making baskets, grinding corn, and making sand paintings, and of Indian household and ceremonial objects of great beauty. Mr. La Farge, having spent a lifetime working with and for Indians, has access to a remarkable quantity and kind of factual information, and writes with an informed heart.

To return to the American Heri-



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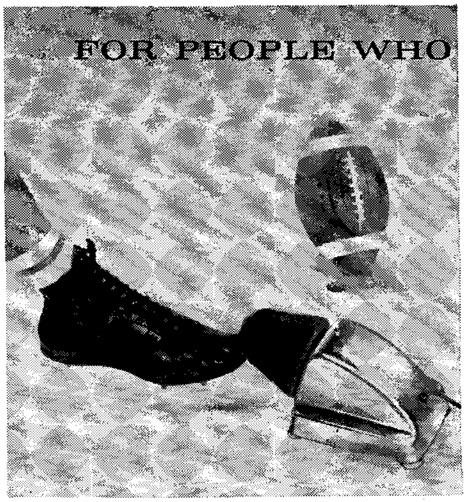

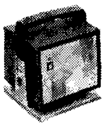

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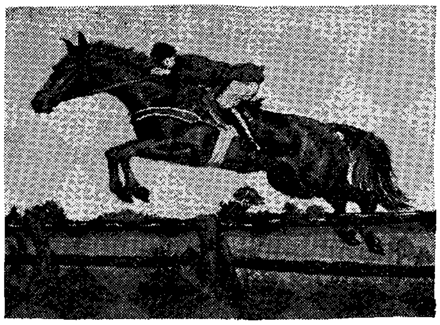

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tage series, "Discoverers of the New World" deals with the expeditions sent across the Atlantic by Portugal, Russia, Spain, France, the Netherlands, and England. It has some exceedingly gory pictures, as well as some beautiful old maps in color, and a collection of amusing paintings of the New World based on hearsay, the Indians for the most part resembling unclad Spanish grandees.

"Railroads in the Days of Steam," by Albert L. McCready, begins with Oliver Evans' amphibious steam dredge, the first steam-powered vehicle in this country (the British had threatened a penalty of a fine of two hundred pounds sterling and a year's imprisonment for anyone informing Americans of Watt's machine), and ends with the coming of the diesel engine and a farewell to the steam engine's "long sweet whistle, sounding in the night." The author is at his best with the problems of financing the railroads, and the shenanigans of Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt, and the rest of those Plains Indians. The illustrations are mostly what you would expect—Currier & Ives lithographs, posters, cartoons, pictures of famous locomotives, of Indians tearing up the rails and burning the ties, of great train robberies and memorable train wrecks—and there is also a photograph of John Luther Jones, who, because he came from Cayce, Kentucky, was given, by his fellow-workers, the nickname of Casey.

The American Heritage series has not been published before in any form, but a heavily illustrated history book in a similar style, also published by Golden, has been made over to fit the young reader from "The American Heritage Book of the Revolution," by Bruce Lancaster. Its junior title is "The American Revolution," and it was adapted by Fred Cook.

"The Story of the Pony Express" (Hesperian) is not strictly for young people but is likely to appeal to them. In celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the first Pony Express ride, the publishers have reprinted a book by Glenn D. Bradley on the first postal and express system across the western United States, published some fifty years ago. The editor, Waddell F. Smith, who is a great-grandson of William Waddell, one of the three partners of the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company, has added a recent historical paper entitled "The Pony Express: Heroic Effort—Tragic End," by Raymond W. Settle, and copious and interesting footnotes. Bradley wrote in a dry, concise style,

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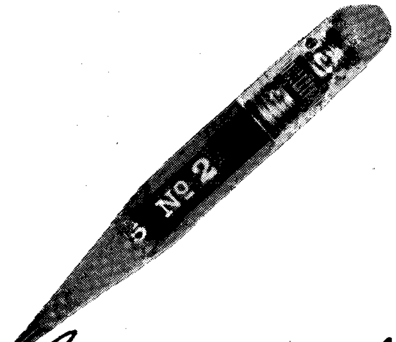

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well suited to the brief, flamboyant history of the Pony Express. With equal restraint, Mr. Settle lets the remarkable facts speak for themselves: "Through approximately eighteen months of variable weather, Indian disturbances, and almost insurmountable difficulties, the Express had faithfully discharged its responsibilities in such a manner as to win unstinted, unanimous praise. During that time 308 runs were made, covering a total distance of 616,000 miles. On those runs 34,753 letters were carried, with the loss of only one *mochila* [the leather covering that fitted over the saddle and contained four mail pockets]." Robert Haslam rode three hundred and eighty miles with only eleven hours' layoff, and Cody once rode three hundred and twenty-two miles without a real rest period. In last July's commemorative run of the Express, a thousand horses and men rode an average of four miles each, and completed the run in nine days. The old line had around four hundred and twenty horses, four hundred stationmen and assistants, and eighty riders, and the run was completed in ten days. One of the many reasons for the short life of the Pony Express was that the owners had anticipated a certain volume of business, which turned out to be far too optimistic. Even though this was at the start of the Civil War and the Express played a significant part in keeping the Northern states together, the volume of mail from the West to the East was twice as great as that from the East to the West. "Everybody on the Pacific Coast wanted rapid communication with the rest of the country," Mr. Settle goes on, "but most of the people east of the Missouri River, being preoccupied with the daily unfolding tragedy of the Civil War, were unconcerned. If they wrote to anyone in California at all, and the vast majority of them did not, they were content to send the missive by stagecoach, or by sea, even though it took ten or twelve days longer for it to reach its destination. . . . The various departments in Washington, including the War Department, mostly ignored it, although there were military establishments at Camp Floyd, Utah, Fort Churchill, Nevada, and at various points on the Pacific Coast. . . . Alexander Majors sadly remarked many years later that the Pony Express cost him and his partners $100,000.00. This statement, made without access to actual balance sheets is, without doubt, much too conservative."

Louisa May Alcott's "Hospital Sketches" (fourteen and upward),

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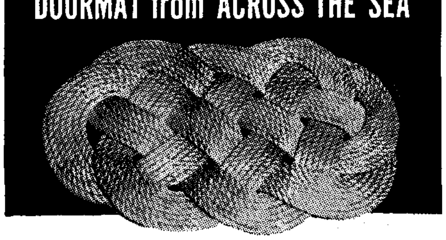
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edited by Bessie Z. Jones (Belknap), are based on Miss Alcott's letters to her family when she served as a volunteer nurse in a hospital in Georgetown at the beginning of the Civil War. They have the freshness and spontaneity of observations intended for family ears alone, and manage, in a very short space, to convey a vivid impression of life in a Civil War hospital. She had come down on the train from Concord, an ex-schoolteacher, an old maid of thirty, bringing with her her favorite volumes of Dickens, which she read aloud to the wounded soldiers. The "Hospital Sketches" appeared in book form in 1863, six years before the publication of "Little Women," and she was astonished at their general success. Far from being sentimental in these sketches, she is astringent in a characteristic New England way, seeing humor in everything, herself included. "At the beginning of my reign," she says, "dumps and dismals prevailed; the nurses looked anxious and tired, the men gloomy or sad; and a general 'Hark-from-the-tombs-a-doleful-sound' style of conversation seem to be the fashion." The hospital was poorly run, and badly equipped, like all hospitals of the period, and it was crowded with the casualties of the battle of Fredericksburg. But the spirit of Concord, assisted by the spirits of Sairy Gamp and Betsey Prig, Sam Weller, and others, dispelled the gloom. In a chapter called "A Night" there is a moving account of the death of a blacksmith from Virginia, a young man who by the tranquillity and sweetness of his nature caused Miss Alcott to reveal the real depth of hers—what Henry James, Sr., in a letter praising the sketches, called her "exquisite humanity." Because she was on the night shift at the hospital, she was able to explore Washington in the daytime, and some of her descriptions of the capital are very amusing. After a month of service, she contracted typhoid fever and had to be sent home to Concord.

SEVERAL years ago, someone lent me a book, published in Germany, of photographs—of greatly magnified flowers and wild grasses and other natural forms—that were astonishing and beautiful. I had not since seen anything remotely like them until I looked through the Sterling Nature Series (eight and upward), which shows signs of having been imported from Europe, and includes, so far, "A Bird Is Born," by E. Bosiger and J.-M. Guilcher, with photographs by E. Hosking and

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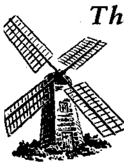
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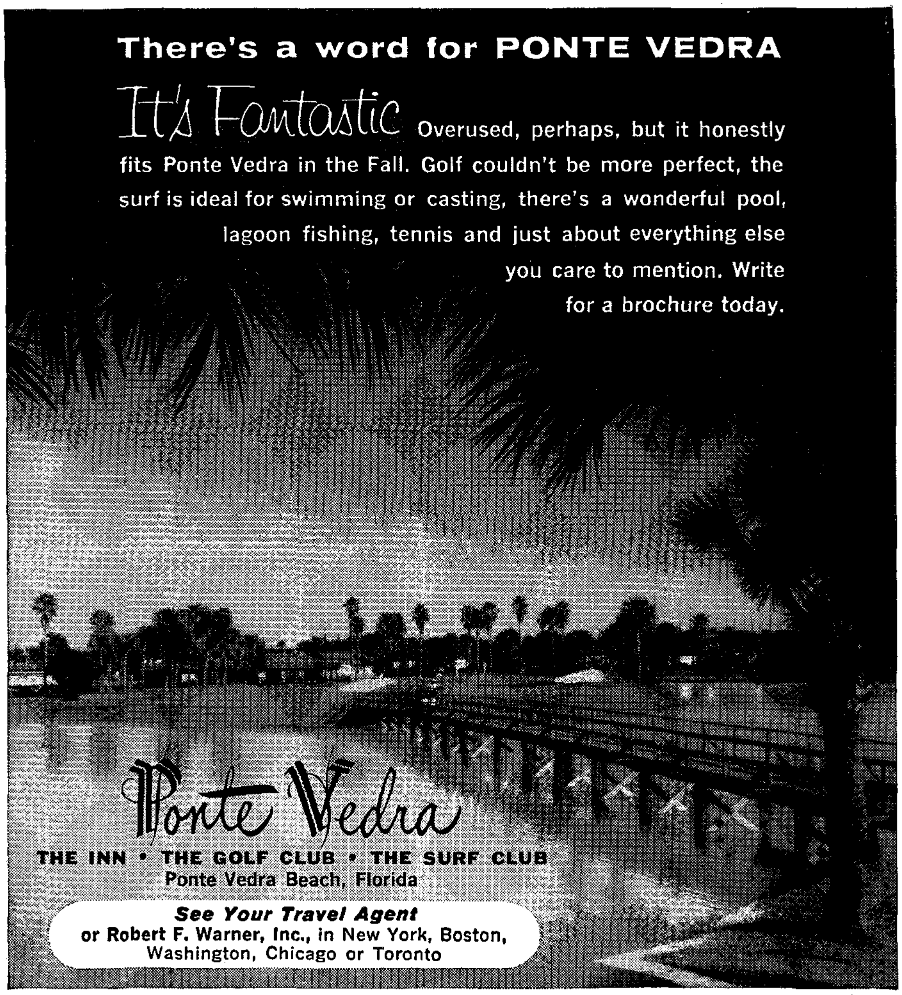
R.-H. Noailles; "A Butterfly Is Born," with text and photographs by J. P. Vanden Eeckhoudt; and "A Fruit Is Born" and "A Tree Is Born," both by Guilcher and Noailles.

My favorite is "A Fruit Is Born." It begins with a brief introduction to the reproductive system of plants. Then, according to the pattern that has been followed in all four books, there are a hundred pages of photographs—mostly enlarged closeups, accompanied by a brief explanatory text, giving an idea of nature's extraordinary inventiveness. Twelve enlarged cross-section photographs show how the hellebore forms its seeds, eighteen show the same process in the rose campion, and really it is like seeing for the first time: the elliptical berries of the bittersweet; the feathery achenes of the clematis, looking as if you *can* see the wind; the perfect spheres of the black nightshade; pods of alfalfa coiled in spirals; pods of the horseshoe vetch, like long strips of German Christmas cookies, each seed contained in a separate crescent; the capsule of the white campion, packed tight with burred seeds, like little hedgehogs crowded together; the top of this capsule (so familiar in everybody's suburban backyard) in enlarged form—a sunburst cut out of tin, with ten perfect points; the scarlet pimpernel, with its little round box, the lid of which springs open when the seeds are wanted; the tulip capsule, in which the flat seeds are packed one on top of another, as in the paper cylinders banks keep their pennies in; and so on, endlessly. I can't imagine anyone of any age who could resist this book or the three others in this series.

When the first star shines in the darkening sky, a hundred, a thousand, a million creatures begin to stir. They are the subject of "Creatures of the Night" (eight to twelve), by Dorothy Sterling (Doubleday). Miss Sterling begins by telling how to attract these creatures of the night, using yellow and blue and other kinds of light; how to talk to a firefly with a flashlight until, if you're lucky, it will come to settle on your hand; how to attract insects by a process called sugaring—painting patches of nectar with a whitewash brush on fence posts and the trunks of trees. (The recipe sounds habit-forming: Mash six rotten peaches and four overripe bananas. Stir well, adding a tablespoon of molasses and one of brown sugar. Allow to ferment for a few hours.) The author then takes up the long list of nocturnal insects. There are the firefly babies, who, even before they hatch from the eggs, give off a faint light. There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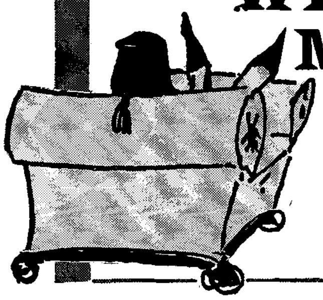

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are sexton beetles—insect gravediggers working in pairs, who shift the gigantic carcass of a dead mouse or shrew to an already prepared burial site, and then, by undermining, drop it several inches into the earth, to be preserved and stored as food for their offspring, who will be born in an adjoining chamber. There are the cockroaches who came to New York City from East Africa, and were so quick to do as the Romans do that they have been found comfortably settled in television sets, warmed by the electronic tubes and dining in comfort on glue and insulated wires. There is the eyed elater, who has, in a purely Halloween spirit (to scare the birds), two enormous black eye spots on its thorax. The reader is encouraged to try raising mosquitoes in a drinking glass, if only to discover that males do not, cannot bite. Biting mosquitoes are mothers-to-be, who must have at least once in their short lives, in addition to their ordinary diet of nectar and plant juices, a sip of warm animal blood. If anybody besides me has wondered what that deafening midnight sound of somebody winding his watch is, the answer is it's the angular-winged katydid, a first-rate pet, who is fond of lettuce and, like the cricket, has real ears just below its knees on its front legs. All these marvels are clearly and delicately illustrated by Winifred Lubell. Her most effective drawings, so evocative of night, are in white ink on soft black.

"Wildlife in Danger" (eight and upward), by Ivah Green (Coward-McCann), is about ten animals and nineteen birds, all extinct or becoming rare—the California condor and the woodcock, the walrus, the musk ox, the coyote, and so on. This may be a sad note to inject into a list of Christmas books, but people don't usually require cheering up from plays or books until they reach a certain age, and maybe the child who receives this source of anguish under the tree will someday have a chance to prevent the disappearance of one of these species. Miss Green describes each animal's or bird's habits, and what caused or threatens to cause its extinction. Each chapter is headed by a brief and sometimes moving statement on the subject of man's relation to nature. The one that best suggests the spirit of this book is Robert Porter Allen's: "If species such as the flamingo are to survive in the full grandeur of their natural status as wild, free-flying birds, then we must persuade our fellow-men that it is time we arranged to share a portion of the earth with them." There are nice photographs.

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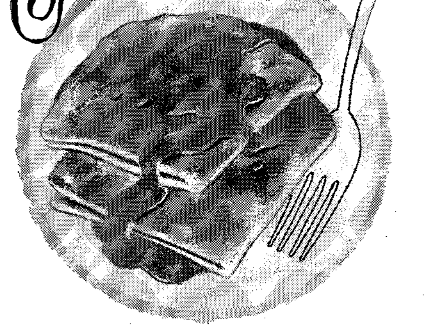

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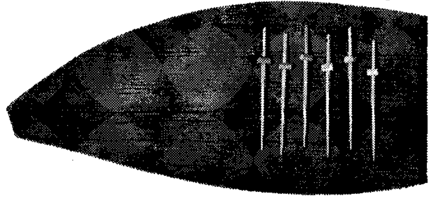

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Without resorting to tricky presentation or illustrations other than her own simple drawings, Elizabeth K. Cooper, in "Science on the Shores and Banks" (ten to fourteen; Harcourt, Brace), is able to make everything she writes about alive and exciting. This is a book that should move a stone to start collecting something. The author suggests a variety of aquariums that can be supplied with specimens from a neighboring pond, and tells what kind of developments to watch for and how to keep careful records. There are directions on how to make a seaweed collection, how and where to collect inhabited shells, how to take the ocean home by arranging an undersea garden in a mason jar filled with sea water, and how to be a tide-pool explorer. In a chapter on fish watching, she says that if the reader will examine fish scales under a microscope, he will see that during the summer each fish scale adds a wide band, and in the winter a narrow ridge, making a growth ring just like a tree's. And she always manages to leave enough unexplained so that the reader really will want to find out his own answers.

If, as W. H. Auden has said, the pleasure of reading biography lies in watching a man surmount obstacles and seize opportunities and thus make his own history, an ideal subject is offered in "Alexander von Humboldt, Scientist, Explorer, Adventurer" (ten to fourteen), by M. Z. Thomas, translated from the German by Elizabeth Brommer (Pantheon). This is a biography of the great German naturalist who died in 1859 at the age of ninety, having just begun the fifth volume of "Cosmos," which was intended to be a universal study of mankind and the earth. A poor student and sickly in his youth, Humboldt was known as "the little apothecary," from his passion for collecting and labelling shells, plants, and insects. But when he formed his ambition to be a scientific explorer, he prepared for that highly special career with extraordinary insight, thoroughness, and dispatch. Later on, when he actually undertook his explorations, he showed an almost incredible stamina and power to survive. Herr Thomas for the most part overlooks his subject's contributions to science (how can one make dramatic the discovery of the periodicity of phenomena or the laying of the broad foundations for the sciences of physical geography and meteorology?) and contents himself with writing what is essentially an adventure story. From the moment Humboldt and a young French botanist, Dr. Aimé Bonpland,

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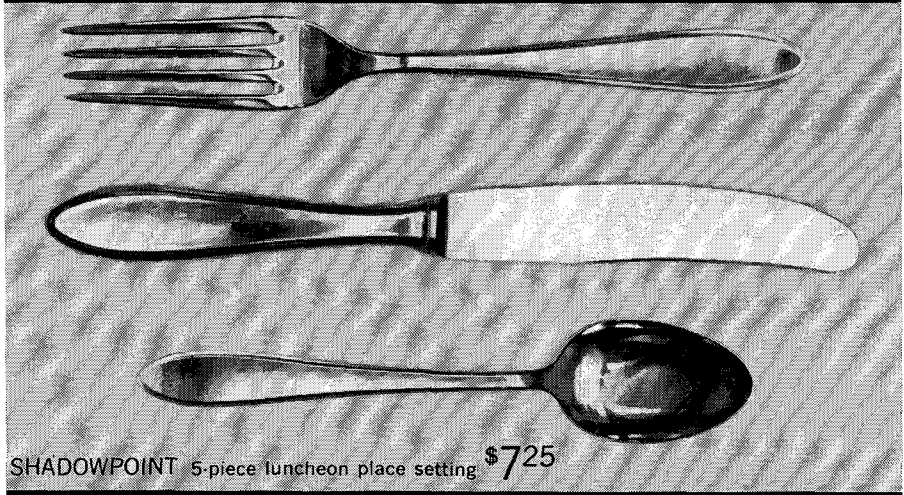

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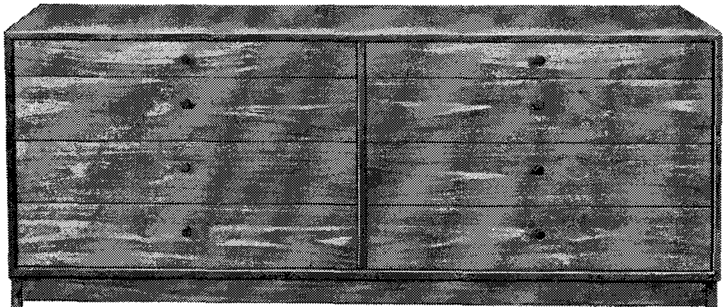

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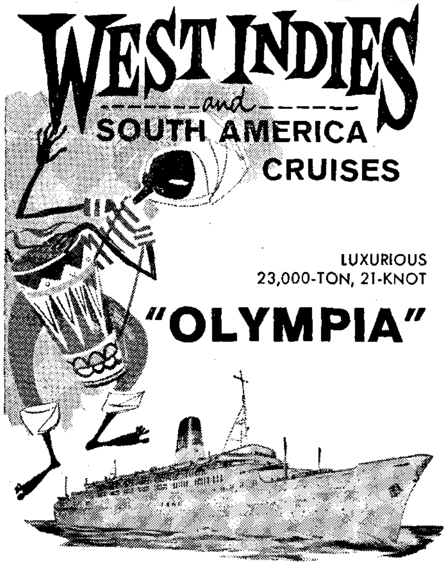
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set out for South America from the coast of Spain, which was at that time under British blockade, the reader hardly ever draws an easy breath. They set sail in a storm, which forced the British men-of-war to withdraw outside the harbor and permitted the Spanish corvette to slip out unseen. An epidemic of the black plague broke out on shipboard. They arrived in South America in the dry season, the savanna was intolerably hot, and when they came upon a large mud pond, they delightedly took off their clothes and plunged in for a refreshing bath. The pond was infested with crocodiles, and electric eels that when full grown measured six feet long and were able to stun a horse. The explorers took a trip up the Orinoco rapids in a canoe made of a hollowed-out tree trunk, thirty-nine feet long and barely three feet wide. Along with their precious herbarium (most of which was destroyed by insects), their plant press, specimens, surveying instruments, and food, Humboldt insisted on bringing a small zoo—twelve cages of monkeys and rare birds, which he had borrowed from a missionary so that he might observe them at leisure. It was hard going. Pumas and jaguars prowled about their camps at night. Crocodiles followed their tracks on the riverbanks when they took measurements. Between their toes and under their toenails, chiggers embedded themselves. After a few days the egg-bearing female chigger would swell to the size of a pea, producing abcesses that made walking an agony. But the mosquitoes were worst of all; they were enormous and stung like fire. They were also carriers of malaria. At night, the men had to bury themselves up to their necks in the sand and earth of the riverbank in order to get any sleep. A welcoming Indian tribe presented them with a basket of roasted hands, which to their partial relief turned out to have belonged to monkeys. From an Indian poison master, Humboldt learned his method of brewing curare, which is poisonous only if it enters the bloodstream. Humboldt was given a little lump of the poison, which he dissolved and put in test tubes in the bottom of his suitcase, and which later provided him with what was probably his closest brush with death. His Indian guide, in a moment of pique, got out the poison and smeared it on the inside of Humboldt's socks. The chiggers had already prepared the way for a perfect crime, but Humboldt felt the stickiness of the poison as he was about to put the socks on. He survived an attack of typhoid fever, and though his horse was torn from him by crocodiles

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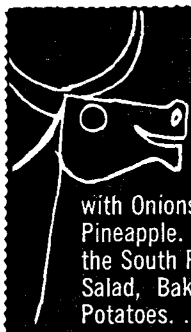
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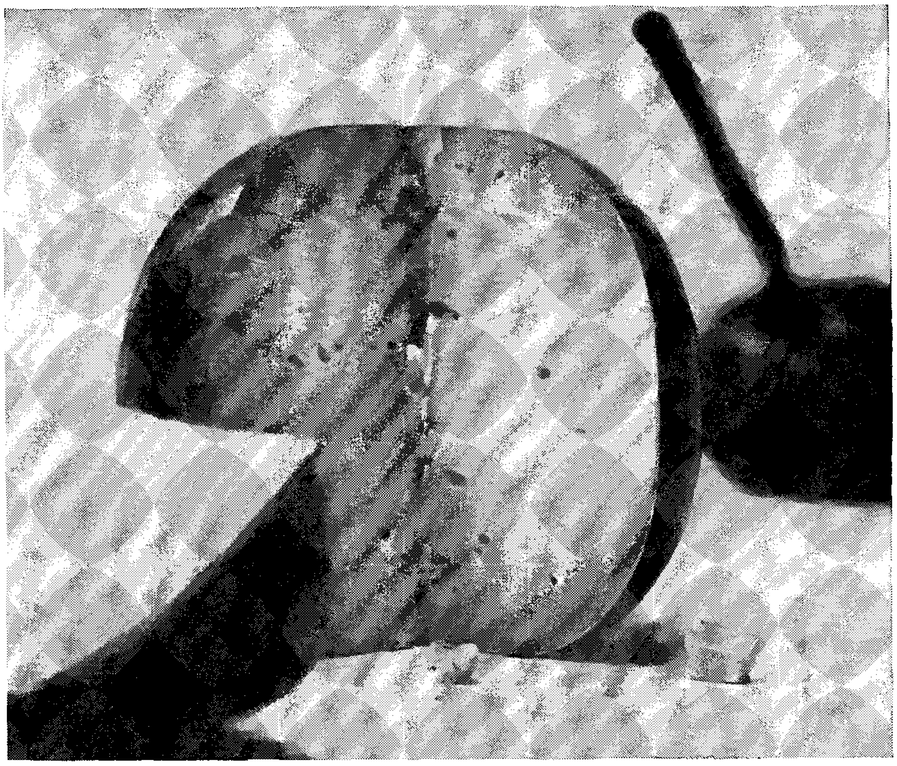
in the Naricual River, he himself escaped. In Ecuador, the chiggers still with them, the two scientists climbed Mt. Chimborazo, the highest peak scaled up to that time. On their way back to Europe, they stopped off for a year in Mexico, where Humboldt wrote a four-volume history of that country, and then they spent two months in the United States, where for three weeks Humboldt was the guest of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello—a meeting I love to think about. What conversations they must have had, Humboldt still bursting with the freshness of his impressions of South America—impressions that were to supply him with material for over fifty years of speculation and labor, and make him, next to Napoleon, the most famous man in Europe.

Easy-to-read books, apparently propagating by an underground root system, have spread into the sacred realm of science. "The Story of the Atom" (eight to eleven), by Mae and Ira Freeman (Random House), really is easy to read, in the sense of being not only in simple language but pleasurable. Generally speaking, I can't read books on atoms, but I read this one and enjoyed it and felt I had the atom and its component parts in the hollow of my hand for the first time. I don't know whether there are any children left who don't understand the atom, but more are probably being born every day.

"The Kingdom of the Sun" (ten and upward), by Isaac Asimov (Abelard-Schuman), is a brief history of man's ideas of the nature of the universe. Beginning with the attempts of the early astronomers to prove by geometry that the earth was the center of the universe, Dr. Asimov proceeds to Copernicus's suspicion that it wasn't, and then to the discoveries of Galileo, Newton, Herschel, and other astronomers and physicists, and finally to Einstein's theory of relativity. One of the recurring themes in the book is how hard it is for us to see things that have no part in our system of ideas. In speaking of this, he writes, "There are a few stars in the sky that change in brightness by an amount that is visible to the naked eye. There is the star *Algol*, for instance. Every sixty-nine hours, it enters a ten-hour period in which it loses two-thirds of its brightness, then regains it. This can clearly be seen, but the Greeks never mentioned it. Aristotle said it shouldn't happen, so they ignored it, I suppose. The Arabs never mentioned it, either, but they must have noticed it. *Algol* is an Arabic word and means 'The Ghoul.' Such a name could be given only to a star that



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really disturbed the watchers. Certainly, a star which seemed to go against all the rules would be disturbing. It is now sometimes called the *Demon Star*, and astrologers consider it very unlucky." One can judge from this what a good time Dr. Asimov has had with his subject, and what a pleasure it is to read him. He ends with this simple but eloquent statement: "There is no end to knowledge and there never can be. The more questions mankind learns to answer, the more additional questions he learns to ask. After all, Ptolemy was not quite right. Copernicus was more satisfactory but he was not quite right, either. Newton was even more satisfactory and he was not quite right. Something must lie beyond Einstein, too."

Astronomy is notorious for making human beings feel small, and the moon is perhaps the only vantage point in the universe from which the earth will appear with a pre-Copernican importance and splendor, just the way children imagine it. I read "The Moon, Earth's Natural Satellite" (ten to sixteen), by Franklyn M. Branley, illustrated by Helmut K. Wimmer (Crowell), one summer evening when there happened to be a full moon in a mackerel sky, piling up the bay tide to new heights on the sand. Later on, floating on my back in the shining water, watching the moon's passage in and out of the fish-scale clouds, I took special pleasure in thinking about why the moon doesn't come crashing into the earth; about waxing and waning moons; about neap tides and spring tides; and about the sky's always looking pitch-black from the moon—a fact that makes our blue seem painfully beautiful. Dr. Branley, who is an associate astronomer at the American Museum-Hayden Planetarium, writes with enthusiasm, and there are excellent diagrams, explaining such things as revolution, diurnal libration, rotation, and the various kinds of eclipses, and many photographs of the moon's surface; there is also a chapter on the fantasists—among them Cyrano de Bergerac, whose pleasant idea it was that anyone wanting to reach the moon should fill a series of little cups with dew and secure them all the way around his waist, and in the morning when the dew rose, so would the moon-traveller.

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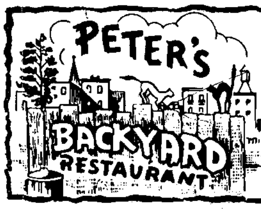

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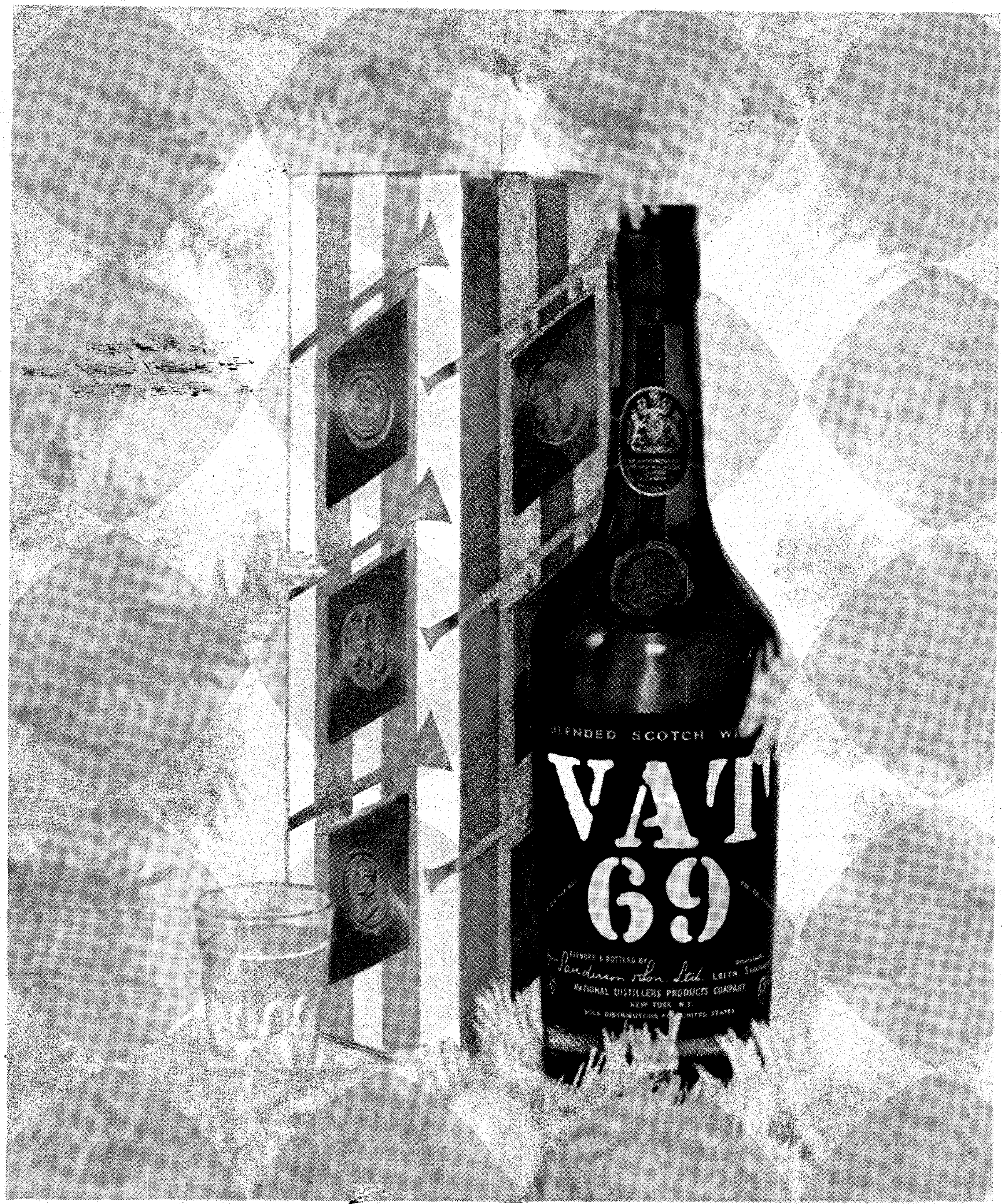
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